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THE MOTHERS' FRIEND:

A Monthly Magazine.

TO AID AND ENCOURAGE THOSE MOTHERS WHO HAVE LITTLE TIME TO READ, AND LITTLE MONEY TO SPEND ON BOOKS.

EDITED BY ANN JANE.

"Her children arise up and call her blessed."—PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

VOL. IV.

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PREFACE.

A review of the memorable year 1851 fills us with surprise and delight. The striking feature—The Great Exhibition—has been the means of a greater exhibition than its own wonderful contents and more wondrous structure. It has exhibited the character of the British nation, in the order and regularity with which so vast a purpose has been carried out. The very highest expectations have been exceeded by facts, and the confidence of nations has added another testimony to the honour of our country.

The success of the enterprise has far exceeded even the hopes of the sanguine, and the effect upon the public mind has been to inspire the absorbing thought that there are mightier things in the progress of civil society, of science, and of industry, than in direct political rights and noisy discontents. What a prospect has been opened to thousands of minds! What links of connexion have been formed with nations before comparatively unknown and unrespected! What evidence has been furnished of the power of well-regulated civil Governments leading forward a people in moral and social comfort, above all the glitter and the glare of splendid soldiery! To contribute, in any degree, to such a formation of national character, and aid the development of mind under the influence of true religion, is a high privilege; though it be but as "a hewer of wood or a drawer of water"—it is a rich reward. Mothers, help us! If we have done but little in th

work, it is our satisfaction that it is our aim, and will be our endeavour, to do more.

We have good reason to believe that our little spark has enlightened some minds, and consoled some hearts; has helped to promote order, and has imparted peace.

The steady increase of the sale of "THE MOTHERS' FRIEND" is very satisfactory. We can only hope to sustain a momentum which has pushed into notice our unpretending effort and given it success. Those whose hearts are with us will be glad to learn that parts of our little work have been translated into the Lessuto language, and are read with "much interest" by mothers in heathen lands. How glorious the work, to help in dissipating the darkness reigning in the habitations of cruelty, by throwing in only one single ray of light!

There is one subject to which we wish to draw particular attention, and which we hope to make a point of special notice. It is the case of *fallen females*. In as far as prevention is better than cure, we hope to awaken a caution and to promote a self-respect which will be essential (with the Divine blessing) to secure purity of heart; which alone can ensure true peace and real happiness. We shall he glad to receive any suggestions which piety and experience may furnish on this subject.

Again we commend our humble effort, but earnest purpose, to the blessing of Him

> "Whose frown can disappoint the proudest strain,
> Whose approbation prosper—even mine."

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THE

MOTHERS' FRIEND.

TIME IS WINGING US AWAY TO OUR ETERNAL HOME.

ANOTHER year of our life has fled, and a new era now opens to our view. What events will occur to us or our families, ere this new year closes, we cannot tell. The future is hid from our view, and not even the angel highest in power among the heavenly hosts could reveal the secret to us. But the past is in the treasure-house of memory, and all its works are recorded in a book whose pages can never *fade nor* wax old. When all the monuments of marble, and *tablets* of brass and steel, shall have become illegible or wasted away, the record which God has kept of our words and actions will be as fresh as when they were first written there: "For God shall bring every work into judgment, with every secret thing, whether it be good or whether it be evil." Has your life, your example, your counsel and instruction, your discipline and prayers, all been just what you will like to look upon and hear read at the judgment of the last great day? How many and varied are the mercies which we have to record, and how much gratitude to express, as we bid farewell to the last day of 1850! And how much self-abasement must we feel in the recollection of unfaithfulness or neglect of duties! Who among us can say we have done all we could, or have felt solicitude enough about the momentous work put into our hands, and the dear objects of our love? If we were

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but half awake to our children's danger, and did but realise the thought that they may die the second death, surely life would not be to us an idle musing,—a dreamy, half-asleep life, more dead than alive. Let us resolve to be more diligent in the future, as it regards ourselves and the well-being of those entrusted to our care for a brief space. Let us often think,

"On what a slender thread hang everlasting things."

How many have heard the funeral knell sounding, during the last year, to summon some dear one to the newly-made grave! How many, whose steps we watched with heart-thrilling interest, have now run their weary race, and are stretched out in the darkness of the tomb! How many beaming countenances, which used to cheer our hearts, are now fading in the grave! They have winged their way to an eternal home, and will tread life's wilderness by our side no more for ever. Some of us have lost revered parents; their love and care and sympathy we shall enjoy no more. Some have lost precious children,—the smiling infant, the blooming girl, the manly youth, the married son, are sleeping together beneath the clods of the valley, to awake no more until the trump of the archangel shall sound through the caverns of the earth, and the deep places of the sea. Some have lost husbands, and are saying, in bitterness of spirit, "Lover and friend hast thou put far from me, and mine acquaintance into darkness." Not long ago, at a Maternal Association, there sat ten widows who had lost their husbands by one disease. Some are weeping over the desolateness of the homes where the mother was the joy and the comfort, but for whose presence now the motherless look around in vain! Seeing, then, that life is so uncertain and death so sure, shall we not begin the year with more energy and devotedness of heart than ever? It will be too late to mourn over neglected duties when our children have passed off the stage of time. A father was

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one day observed weeping; a friend asked the cause, when he replied, "We have lost a lovely son,—his intellect was as bright as the morning, but now he is gone, conscience whispers in my ear, *you neglected that son!* and this is too true. I talked to others of the necessity of being born again, but I did not make my son believe it! Oh, I fear, I greatly fear, my son is miserable!" Again, there was an only son of his mother, and she was a widow, cut down in a moment, full of bloom and beauty, and flushed with success: that mother trained him in the world's deceitful ways, and said, that "youth was the time to dance." The veil is now rent from her eyes and heart; she feels you mock her by saying, "*I hope your son is safe.*" Her conscience will not allow her to believe it; neither prayers nor repentance will now avail for her lost son,—it is too late! Look again at another mother,—she is a poor maniac,—she raves, she tears her hair, and wrings her hands, exclaiming, "Oh, my child! my dear lost child! The Sabbath,—the blessed Sabbath, I never taught her to value. My child! my lost child!" And then she weeps tears of despair. If we would avoid such anguish, let us awake to our solemn duties; the characters of our children will soon be formed for happiness or woe. Eternity will soon reveal itself to us, and then there will be no retracing our steps. Therefore, whatsoever our hands find to do, let us do it with our might. Time is short.

ALL THINGS ARE CHANGING.

ALL things are changing—look on the flowers!
The radiant children of summer hours;
In matchless splendour they bud and bloom,
And the air is filled with their rich perfume—
Then to the influence of decay
They yield their splendour, and die away.

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All things are changing—look on the child!
Like the forest's young fawn he is bounding wild;
With his ruddy cheek and eye of mirth,
The fairest and happiest thing on earth.
A few short years, and a furrowed brow
Will mar the beauty that decks him now!

All things are changing—look on the friend,
Whose love we once thought could never end!—
Ne'er didst thou dream of the altered look
Of that heart to thee a "sealed book"—
Ah no! it vowed to be true to thee,
But, like all else, it can changeful be!

All things are changing—yet murmur not;
We should grow too fond of our earthly lot,
If the ties of earth were never riven,
To fix our thoughts on a home in heaven—
But now, with pleasure we contemplate
The future bliss of a changeless state!

GROUPS FOR STUDY.

ARE you a mother?—are you?—and is your first-born, bright-eyed boy resting on your lap, and smiling up in your face? How beautiful he looks—does he not? You never saw a baby half so fair and perfect, did you? You never saw so much intelligence beaming in a baby's face before, did you? Are you a pious, consistent, praying mother?—are you?—then you shall see more than all this, by-and-by, if you train him aright. Yes, you shall see him a youth of promise, a man of God, a companion of angels and archangels, up yonder in the world now hid from thy mortal vision; but be sure you begin your work EARLY, and begin with firmness, asking wisdom from Heaven's treasury. Take him now in your arms to your quiet chamber, and kneel down at a particular chair there, and pray for him—he will very soon understand your business there; and, very much earlier than you imagine, will he feel a holy solemnity overspread his little mind, as you approach

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that chair; and as soon as the little feet can run, he will lead the way, and take his place at that sacred spot; and in days to come, when he is far away from you—divided, perhaps, by the river of death—the recollection of that early holy shrine shall come to his heart, like a vision of brightness, to keep his lips from joining with the scoffer, and his feet from running into paths of vice. Are you a mother?—a praying mother! and has your son gone forth to battle with the world's strife? Is he well prepared to meet the enemy who will assail him on all sides, with colours as various as the hues of the rainbow? Have you stored his mind with truths divine, and taught him the value of prayer, and the power of the grace of the Spirit? Yet are you afraid of the errors which may beset his path, and the wolves in sheep's clothing always ready to destroy? Are you afraid he may be thrown among those who laugh at his mother's God, and his mother's religion, as a thing only suited to "weak women?" Are you afraid *he* may some day think and act as they do, and throwing off all restraint, rush into sinful pleasures, greedily forgetting that there is yet another world, and another life beyond the grave? Are you trembling, lest in this day of *convenient* profession he should hear another Gospel than that which he heard from the lips of your faithful pastor, when he took his seat by your side in the Sanctuary, a young and artless boy? Are you anxious about all this? Oh, then, keep fast hold of your son by prayer—bind him with strong bands of faith to the horns of the altar; let your Heavenly Father be *constantly* reminded of him, by your daily and hourly cries and supplications on his account. Make haste!—the spoilers are abroad. There are those about his path who may enchant him by sweet sounds of harmony; but, like the bird whirling round and round the head of the beautifully crested serpent, he will soon fall, if he listen long, into the fangs of destruction. Are you saying there is no danger—*you* have no fear? Well, come

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with us to yonder chamber—tread softly, it is a dark and dreary place—the gate of the grave opens into it, and the shadows of death are flying all around. A pale and dying man is gasping away his life there, amidst the sighs and tears of a few sad and melancholy women—and among them stands his *mother!* and, ever and anon, she listens with breathless anxiety to hear the sound of her Redeemer's name, but it comes not from those pallid lips! With solemn tread, a messenger brings a letter to the dying man; it comes from a gentle spirit, to whom he was made useful while he held the truth—or, at least, professed to do so—and this is a last anxious effort to remind him of the past and the future. A tremulous voice reads the letter to the dying man, while the tears chase down the cheeks of her who holds it. Does the sufferer feel the solemn truths he listens to? He smiles—but there is no love nor benevolence, nor hope nor happiness in that smile. Listen, he speaks—what does he say? "HERS IS THE ENTHUSIASM OF RELIGION—MINE is the PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION!!!" "What, my son?—speak again." There is no use listening any more, heart-stricken watchers!—he has spoken his last on that subject—and so he dies! Say, would you have your son, in the last dread day, stand by the philosophical man of error, on his mound of sand, or by the simple-hearted disciple of Jesus, on the Rock of Ages? Take heed *how*, and *where*, and *what* he hears; and keep him near your heart in prayer. But turn we now to another group. In a cottage on a mountain, there sits a widow with eight children—five of them under the age of fourteen. She called them regularly around her, and led them in family worship; and often, at the dead of night, her low voice was calling on her Heavenly Father to have mercy, and bless her fatherless children. Before the youngest had reached the age of twenty-one, all except one son had hope in Christ—that son, early in life, left the family to learn some business, but on becoming of age he

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found himself among the followers of the Lamb, listening to the Word of Life. His heart was touched—the sound of his mother's voice at midnight, when he slept in the chamber with her, came back with power—he, too, found peace in believing, and has long been a pillar in the church, and the superintendent of a Sabbath school. The mother still lives in peace and quiet, waiting till her change come, while her children are handing down her influence to the third generation. "Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, I will do it. Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

THE LAST HOURS OF A FAITHFUL FRIEND.

I WAS sitting one evening by a smiling fire, waiting for my tea, half awake and half asleep, when the postman's double rap made me start again. I turned my face to the door and looked anxiously for the entrance of my servant, who, presenting a letter, said, "I beg pardon, Sir, but I fear the old gentleman is worse, for there is put outside 'in haste.'" "Is there, John?" I said, "we shall soon see;" and on opening my letter I read as follows:—

"DEAR CHARLES,—Our old and excellent friend is very bad, it is certain he cannot continue many days; we are all anxious to see you before he goes. Come as soon as you can to

"Your affectionate Uncle,

"C. P."

My plans were soon formed,—I resolved to start on the morrow; and on the evening of a sharp but bright December day, I was wending my way amongst scenery dear to my remembrance, as recalling the happiness of bygone times. I felt fired with the enthusiasm of my youthful days, and in imagination was springing across the brook, from side to side, which winds through the park, and where I had spent delightful hours and days in pursuing good old

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Walton's gentle art; but, alas! the spring and the vigour were gone,—I had become old and stiff, and must be content and thankful for a firm and steady walk. Just at the moment the carriage drove up to the door, and I was ushered into the dining room where my uncle was seated, but rose to give me a hearty welcome. "Charles," said he, "I am glad to see you; you have done well that you are come. Our old friend is no better, and the general report is he cannot continue many days; this circumstance has made a great bustle in the whole neighbourhood, where he is greatly respected; but you will be glad to retire to your room, and when you join us tea will be ready. This is a luxury I always enjoy after travelling. On my return I found my aunt and a very old friend, who united in expressions of cordial friendship and kind welcome. The warm room, and a delightful cup of tea, soon made us all feel very comfortable, and we began to talk freely of other times. "Well, Charles," said my uncle, "I fear you are come to see the last of an old friend; it is pleasant to think of the happy days we have spent together, and we are indebted to him for much. Our acquaintance commenced under very favourable circumstances; what a pleasant meeting we had at his first introduction amongst us, and how uniform has been his kindness ever since! Indeed, our comforts seemed so identified with him, I don't know what we should have done without him. What a charming part he played on the morning of that happy day, when we went to the consecration of our new Church; he seemed to make everybody cheerful and good-natured. But, alas! our experience, like all terrestrial bliss, has been dashed with some bitter bowls. I think I never shall forget that night of suffering, when your dear wife died; what I felt when I entered the street, and found it littered with straw, no one can tell. The sudden ceasing from noise of the rattling wheels seemed to suspend me between earth and heaven; and, almost an unconscious being, I trod that hall

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where I had so often received her cheerful welcome, and when I entered her chamber, I felt the solemnities of death were there,—the darkened room, the noiseless step, the expressive look, the drawn curtains, all awakened the tenderest sympathies; and when I gently moved back the curtains, and first met the eye of the patient sufferer, my very heart died within me. The effort was too much for both, and poor suffering humanity found relief only in tears. She extended her hand, and the gentle pressure said all she was then able to say. When she rallied, the first words that broke from her lips were, 'It is all right.' O what a magician is the love of God shed abroad in the heart! It is all right,—yes, because the hand of God is in it. But hear, she speaks again: 'I am very weak, but my blessed Jesus is unspeakably precious; the fear of death is entirely taken away: soon I shall be like Him and with Him for ever; to depart and be with Christ is far better.' Then, turning her eyes upon you, she continued, 'As to my dear husband, I have such a holy confidence in God, I am sure He will never leave, never forsake him; and my motherless babe I leave with Him.' Her end was, indeed, peace." Our old friend on that day wept much. How forcibly I am reminded of those striking lines:—

"Our sighs were numerous and profuse our tears,
For she we lost was lovely, and we loved
Her much. Fresh in our memory, as fresh
As yesterday, is yet the day she died.
We gathered round her bed, and bent our knees,
In fervent supplications to the throne
Of mercy, and perfumed our prayers with sighs,
Sincere and penitential tears, and looks
Of self-abasement; but we sought to stay
An angel on the earth, a spirit ripe
For heaven; and mercy, in her love, refused,
Most merciful, as oft when seeming least!
Most gracious when she seemed the most to frown!
The room I well remember, and the bed
On which she lay, and all the faces, too,

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That crowded dark and mournfully around.
Her father there, and mother, bending stood,
And down their aged cheeks fell many drops
Of bitterness ; her husband, too, was there,
And brother, and they wept: her sister, too,
Did weep and sorrow, comfortless; and I
Too wept, though not to weeping given, and all
Within the house was dolorous and sad, —
This I remember well."

From this solemn but pleasing review of bygone scenes we were diverted by the entrance of the servant, who said, "The old gentleman, Sir, is taken worse, and wishes to see you directly." We all hastened to the room, and it was evident he had but a few hours to live. His breathing was short and difficult, a clammy sweat was all over the body, he looked wistfully to the window, as if to say, "Air, air." He was calm and perfectly collected, but unable to speak; his work was almost done, and those who had neglected the precious privileges of his life, had nothing to hope from his death. We continued with him, and saw him die. Exactly as the clock struck twelve, on the thirty-first of December, departed an old and faithful friend, — the year eighteen hundred and fifty.

M. B.

MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.

BY DR. BULL.—REMARKS ON ILLNESS, NO. III.

THE mother has a most important part to perform in the diseases of infancy and childhood. Many mothers are continually giving medicine to their children. Some trivial derangement is supposed to exist; but, whatever may be the matter, physic is the sovereign and only remedy, and dose follows dose until illness is really produced, and the medical man summoned to treat a disorder occasioned entirely by the love of drug-giving. Medicine thus unadvisedly given is a fruitful source of mischief and suffering, and the children of such mothers

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stand a very poor chance of struggling through childhood, and are certainly very unlikely to see a healthy and vigorous maturity. Temporary indisposition, from disorder of any of the natural functions, is generally to be put to rights by domestic remedies and a spare diet for four-and-twenty hours; but if these measures should not succeed, and symptoms of disorder rather increase than diminish, it is as much the wisdom as the duty of the mother to send for medical aid at once, before the health is permitted to suffer, and disease of a serious nature is established. Serious disease sometimes advances, simply because the measures prescribed are not carried out—the medicine perhaps is not given, from the carelessness of the person in charge of the child, or, it may be, from the difficulty of getting the little one to take it. There cannot be a more unjustifiable and unwise way of overcoming the last, than to threaten the child with "*What the doctor will do,*" if he does not comply,—thus making the doctor a bugbear instead of a friend. Deceit is not the way to bring the child to submission, surely; and here it does direct and manifest injury, for it not only makes the child look upon the medical man as an object of dread, but also, necessarily, so excites him by his presence as to disguise, or even aggravate the symptoms of the disease, and thus may make a wrong impression on his mind and deceive his judgment. The mischief, however, does not stop here, for ill health or temporary sickness thus proves a source of moral evil to the child. A sick child is but too often persuaded or deceived into taking medicine, when he should be directed by the calm, honest stedfastness of a mother's or a father's authority. If he once obtains the victory, or has reason to think himself imposed upon, he will become unmanageable, or meet deceit with deceit; the observance of the duties of obedience during illness is no source of pain, but produces that calm reliance upon the sense, affection, and power of the parent most favourable to recovery.

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THE PRODIGAL'S PROGRESS, AND THE MOTHER'S REWARD.

"Where will he be in the end?"

"Is Justus gone out, my dear?" asked Mr. Lane, as he entered the room where his wife was sitting. "I suppose he is," she replied; "as I have not seen him for an hour or more." "Did you tell him that I wished him to accompany me to the lecture this evening?" "Why, I did certainly say I thought you intended him to do so, but I do not think he liked the thought much." "No, I did not suppose he would," rejoined the father; "and therefore I did not wish you to talk the matter over with him—I had resolved to be obeyed, for once; but, as usual, you have given him notice of my wishes, and frustrated my plans to do the reckless boy good. I do hope, Susan, that your foolish indulgence and strange influence over our son will not send us both to the grave, some day, in bitterness of heart. A father is a mere cipher in a family, if the mother resolves to oppose him, particularly when he is from home so much as I am obliged to be—he is certainly going the wrong way, and all *my* efforts are vain. I often ask myself, where will he be in the end?" "You need not be cross, Mr. Lane," said the mother, looking sorrowful; "I feel, as you do, that Justus is going wrong, and I deeply regret it." "I am not cross, nor angry, dear; but speak from a burdened heart. I think often of the last great day, and often fear my boy will be among the despisers of God, at the left hand—he has been ruined by your indulgence, from his very birth." An hour after this conversation had passed, and the father had gone to the lecture, Justus glided into a chair by his mother's side, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes. Patting his mother's shoulder, and looking earnestly into her face, he said, "Did I not cut the governor in style? Did we not manage him nicely, as usual? I shall have an early supper,

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mother, and then, if the governor asks anything about me, you can say, of course people generally go to bed after supper, and I had mine alone—don't you see this will satisfy him, and no questions will be asked." "Your father was not pleased, either with you or me, Justus; and I feel sure all this manœuvring will not last long." "Not pleased, eh! Surely you were not so stupid as to let him into our secret—you are always making a mess of it. You seem to have less sense than anybody. Tom the porter would manage better than you do, and he is half a fool, everybody knows." "Do not talk to me thus, Justus; I will not bear it. You *are* going to ruin, as your father justly says; and I am helping you. I see it plainly enough now, and I am miserable—matters shall be altered." "Ah, ah!—altered, indeed, mother!—you begin to be wise too late! But come, come, order your pet boy something cozy for his supper, there's a good old lady, and then I will be off, out of your way!" "And where are you going, I should like to know, at this time of the evening?" "Oh, as to that, my dear old madam, never mind me; I am not quite a chicken now, you see—I have been out of the egg long enough to fly alone!" "And long enough to make me wretched," replied the mother, as she rose to ring the bell. "Bring the tray, for Mr. Justus to sup alone, if you please," said Mrs. Lane to the servant; and, placing some wine on the table, she left the room, with a heart ill at ease. "Stop a moment," said the young man, as the servant was about to retire, "give me a glass, and you may take all the rest away again, and lay my father's supper." Justus now soon made his escape by a side-door of the house; and putting a key in his pocket, and taking a little house-dog under his arm, he was seen hurrying along the gas-lighted streets. He turned into a dark alley—a gentle tap at the door of a shabby-looking house soon gained him admittance. As the door opened, it was evident that the house was more than usually lighted up, and gay figures were seen flitting

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round him, as he entered a small parlour. "How did you get away?" asked the soft female voice of a painted woman. "Oh, I can easily enough manage the old lady; I have always done this during my life—and the governor is out. He is listening to the eloquence of Dr. B.; and but for my mother telling me the secret, I should at this moment be ensconced by his side, looking at vacancy, and thinking of nothing. Come, where are the others?—let us begin the game; I have little to lose, and must be off early; for I can find it is not all sunshine at home, in my nest, just now. Tip me a drop of gin, Sally, to put the thought out of my head." Soon the midnight rioters, consisting of low, vulgar, and gaily attired females, with young pale-looking men, whose eyes were red as those who sit long at the wine, were engaged in the deadly work of gambling, and drowning the voice of conscience from the punch-bowl which stood in the centre of the table. The old clock in the steeple had sounded the second hour of the morning before Justus gained his father's house—passing in very quietly, by the aid of a private key, and placing the little house-dog on his mat, he laid his aching and bewildered head on his pillow, to dream of crime and deeds of darkness.

A CHRISTMAS TALE.

"Overcome evil with good."

"How do you do, Mrs. Smith, this fine frosty morning?" asked Mrs. Vincent. "Poorly enough, thank you," replied the care-worn mother; "there is no happiness nor mirth for me this morning, I assure you; I am sadly flurried and put out." "Why, what has come to you to-day, Mary? At Christmas everybody strives to be cheerful, and lay by grief and sorrow at the anniversary of our Saviour's

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birth." "Ah! this may be very well for the like of you, Mrs. Vincent, but I wonder who could be cheerful in my circumstances; Joe Smith would drive cheerfulness away from any home. I wish the Red Lion was far enough away from Elmton—before it was established, Joe was the very best husband in the world, but I fear he is now ruined for life. It is seldom he remains at home of an evening, and if he does chance to stay he is so testy and cross and short-tempered that I feel glad to see his back turned—and then he is always complaining that the house is not as tidy as it used to be, and that I do not try to keep things in order, as I did formerly. Yesternight, because the house was not just tight and clean when he came home, he was off again to his companions. This morning, breakfast was not quite ready when he wanted it, and little Joe was rather cross, so off he walked again, and is now at the old place, I suppose—I wonder who could be cheerful here?" "All this is very distressing," replied Mrs. Vincent, "but, my dear Mrs. Smith, do you not think that you are sometimes partly to blame, as well as Joe? I know that none of us like to acknowledge our faults, but, after all, we ought to throw no more blame on others than they deserve. Come now, Mary, be candid; once for all, do you not think you could mend matters, by using a little more patience and kindness?" "Well, Sally, I can hardly say that I might not sometimes; but when one does all she can to please, and only gets scolded, it is more than I can well bear—I am sure it would try the patience of Job himself. One cannot help getting in a passion sometimes." "Well," said the soothing neighbour, "it is certainly very trying, but we must make the best of a bad matter; and you know the text we used to say at school—'Overcome evil with good.' Our Saviour, you remember, never returned railing for railing, but suffered all sorts of bad treatment with patience. Now, Mary, let me advise you—not that I ever wish to medd-

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in any of my neighbour's private matters, but I wish your welfare—let me urge you to turn over a new leaf, this Christmas, and try the effects of kindness and forbearance —try only for one month—return Mr. Smith nothing but kind words, kind looks, kind actions, for all his sourness and unkindness, and, my word for it, he will be a better man, very soon." "I doubt it very much, Mrs. Vincent." "There will be no harm in trying, will there?" "Certainly not," rejoined Mary; "I would willingly try any plan that would be for the better, for I am really quite weary of my present life." After a little more chat, it was settled that Mary should begin her new plan that very morning, and Mrs. Vincent was requested to call in again in the course of the day. We shall hope to see, next month, how she succeeded.

J. C.

THE OLD AND THE NEW YEAR.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

I MUSED as the midnight hour drew nigh, and methought the old year stood before me; weary and way-worn he seemed, and in his hand was an hour-glass, whence the last sands were fleeting. As I looked upon his wrinkled forehead, memories both pleasant and mournful came over me; fain would I have constrained his longer stay, and spake earnestly to him. "Many blessings hast thou brought me, for which I give thee thanks; new have they been every morning, and fresh every evening. Thou hast, indeed, from my heart's garden, uprooted some hopes that I planted there; with their clustering buds they fell, and were never quickened again." Then he said, "Praise God both for what I gave and what I took away, and lay up treasures in heaven, that thy heart may be there also. What thou callest blighted hopes, are ofttimes changed

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into the fruits of righteousness." "But," I answered, "thou hast also hidden from my sight the loved and the revered; clods are strewn upon their faces—they reply to my call no more. To the homes that they made so fair they return not, and the places that once knew them, know them no more for ever." Still he said, "Give praise to God; trouble not thyself with those that are with Him, rather make thine own salvation sure, that thou mayest go unto them and be parted no more." Then, in a faint voice, he murmured, "My mission unto man is done; for me the stone of the sepulchre is rolled away; I will enter in and slumber with the years beyond the flood, till the last trumpet soundeth." I gazed upon his wan brow, and to me it was beautiful. Fain would I have swept away the snows that gathered around his hoary temples, but he suffered me not, and stretched himself out to die; by his side I knelt, and said, "O departing year! I behold a scroll folded beneath thy mantle, what witness shall it bear of me at the judgment?" Low and solemn were his last tones:—"Ask me not, thou shalt know when the books are opened, and the dead, small and great, stand before God." The midnight clock struck, and I covered my face and mourned for his death, who had once been to me as a friend. I remembered with pain how oft I had slighted his warnings, and the opportunities he had given me of doing good, and had cast away the wealth of time,—that priceless boon of the Eternal. Methought from the dying lips came a feeble sigh, "Farewell, farewell." Then a passion of weeping fell upon me, and when again I lifted up my head, lo! the new year stood in the place of the departed. Smiling, he greeted me with good wishes, and words of cheer, while around me lay many bright tokens of friendship and love; but I was afraid, for to me he was a stranger; and when I would have returned his welcome, my lips trembled and were silent. Then he said, "Fear not, I come unto thee from the Giver of every good ar

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perfect gift." "New Year," I said, "whither wilt thou lead me? Art thou appointed to bring me joy or sorrow, life or death." He replied, "I know not, neither doth the angel nearest the throne know, only Him who sitteth thereon. Give me thy hand, and question not; enough for thee that I accomplish His will. Make that will thine own, and thou shalt wear an angel's smile even here below. I promise thee nothing, be content to follow me, take with thee a prayer this winged moment for wisdom, the next may not be mine to give! Yet, if we walk onward together, forget not that thou art a pilgrim for eternity. If I bring thee the cup of joy, be thankful and pitiful to those that mourn, and let all men be unto thee as brethren. If the dregs of bitterness cleave unto thy lip, be not too eager to receive comfort, lest thou betray the weakness of thy faith. God's perfected discipline giveth wisdom, therefore count them happy who endure. When morn breaketh in the east, gird thyself for thy duties with a song of thanksgiving, for God is near to those who trust Him, and rejoice in his ways; and when night putteth on her coronet of stars, kneel and ask that the day's sins may be forgiven thee. So, when I have no longer any days or nights to give thee, and must myself die, thou shalt bless me as a friend and a helper on the road to heaven."

HAPPINESS OF CHILDREN.

CHILDREN may teach us one blessed, one enviable art,—the art of being easily happy. Give him but a moderate portion of food and kindness, and the peasant's child is more happy than the duke's. Free from all artificial wants, unsatiated by indulgence, all nature ministers to his pleasure. He can carve out felicity from a bit of hazel-twig, or fish for it successfully in a puddle.

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WE PASS OUR DAYS AS A TALE THAT IS TOLD.

Look at that lovely, fair-haired child,
So joyously with flowers playing,
From sorrow now so soon beguiled,
While with his gentle mother straying;
Her smiles are now his greatest joy,
And hers to please her infant boy.

A little while—and all is gay;
His manly face with transport beaming,
Now hailed with joy his bridal day,
His life seemed just like pleasant dreaming.
But soon the joyous dream is fled,
He weeps his gentle mother dead!

Again—and round his cheerful hearth
A group of precious ones surrounding,
He smiles to hear their childish mirth
Through every room and nook resounding.
And now he feels a father's pleasure,
While gazing on his household treasure.

Gaze on—within that upper room,
The white-haired sire is feebly gasping,
Treading the darkened valley's gloom,
Around his heart dear ones are clasping.
This was the happy, fair-haired boy,
Not long ago his mother's joy!
He lived for earth! he weeps to die!
He has no treasure in the sky!
He speaks the sad—the last—"Farewell."
Hark! heard ye not that funeral knell?

MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

A WORD OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

Last January, a little band of mothers gathered around a kind friend, who felt very desirous of aiding them in their important duties. An association was formed, and our friend encouraged. "About twenty," she tells us, "are never absent, but when unavoidably prevented, and much interest and feeling is manifested by all present." But our friend's

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heart grew large, and she felt for the *fathers*, too; and proposed to some kindred spirits that a social tea-meeting should be got up, and the fathers invited, and some gentlemen requested to address them. The plan was soon formed, and it was hailed with pleasure. About a hundred and eighteen sat down to tea; of which number, ninety were of the humble class, and twenty of them men. Young ladies with their mothers waited upon them, and attended to the comfort of all present. After tea, they sang the hymn—

"The promise was divinely true,"

and all appeared to unite in earnest. A missionary then prayed very appropriately, and Dr. B. gave a very suitable and affectionate address on the importance of the maternal character, and its influence on children, and the consequent necessity for personal religion. After another hymn, a minister addressed them on the advantages those possess who are living in the observance of the *Sabbath* and religious duties, over the infidel, the careless, or the worldly, and appealed most powerfully to their consciences. Another gentleman then spoke on the advantages of temperance, which he illustrated by an affecting anecdote. Another pointed out to the fathers what were their duties, and the mistake of imagining that they were exempt from an equal responsibility with their wives.

Another hymn was sung, and Dr. B. concluded with prayer. A suitable tract was given to each person as they departed. "Never," says our friend, "did a tea-meeting pass off better, in every respect. Many who were present expressed the delight they experienced, and the warmest expectations of the kind friends who provided for the meeting were more than realised." Is your Maternal Association in a cold state, and are mothers and fathers sleeping over their work?—Try what a social tea-meeting will do, and get some nice addresses to stir up the consciences.

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AND THEY SANG THEIR LAST SONG TOGETHER!

We sometimes talk of this life as "a vale of tears," but those who have never wept over the grave of beloved ones cannot understand the meaning of the terms; yet how few of us have not had sorrow! how few have had a pathway through life so secluded and sheltered that no rude winds of adversity have ever reached them! Who has not felt storms of affliction? who has not known disappointment and grief, affliction and bereavement? What heart has not known bitterness? Do you remember childhood? Have you forgotten how you ran to a mother, a sister, or companion, to tell your grief? Why did you go and burden another heart with your sorrows? You wanted *sympathy*. If we have deep afflictions, it is a relief to speak of them in the attentive ear of one who has experienced the same kind of sorrow. If a mother has buried her child, she seeks another mother who has been bereaved; no other can so well understand her heart, and speak to its sympathies. Is one left to the speechless sorrows of widowhood? Who can speak words of consolation to reach that heart? It is one who has known the same bereavement.

A father, who had seen the grave close over his beloved wife and every child constituting his household treasures, heard of the afflictions of another like his own. They met in the street of the thronged city. This father grasped the hand of the other, exclaiming, "I cannot speak of your trials, but *I know all about it*." These were the first words of *sympathy* which had reached that stricken heart. There is a great want about all Christians who have not suffered; some flowers must be broken or bruised before they emit any fragrance; it seems needful to the Christian character—even an apostle exclaimed,

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"If we are afflicted, it is for you;"—he could better understand the path of sorrow after having walked over it. But there is one above all others to whom we can turn for sympathy, — one who, having been "acquainted with grief," perfectly understands the bitterness of every heart, and can give *sustaining* and sanctifying grace, hushing every tumult within, causing our peace to flow as a river, light to shine in obscurity, making darkness as the noon-day, and enabling us to rejoice in tribulation; and by-and-by we shall feel that—

"The keenest strokes to us in love were given,
That hearts most crushed on earth should most rejoice in heaven."

In the room of a neat cottage lay a young dying mother, her face beaming with heavenly love, and her heart already in tune for singing the new song. Raising her sweet voice, she sang—

"Thy shining grace can cheer
This dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis paradise when thou art here,—
If thou depart 'tis hell."

Turning to her husband, she said, "Come, sing with me." While the big tears rolled over his cheek, *her* countenance was tranquil and happy, and they sang their last song together—

"When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises I will ever give to thee."

What a scene was here! How true and faithful is our God! How light and bright was this dying mother's passage to the better land! How glorious the hope she cherished of the happiness of heaven! And had she grown tired of the world? had she nothing to love—

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and nothing to leave? Listen while we tell you. By her hearth stood a lovely boy, over whose young head only two summer suns had passed! By her side, on her dying bed, rested a tender infant, two weeks old! Before her stood a young, tender, loving husband! Near her was a weeping mother and sorrowing friends, and her home was one of love and comfort; yet when asked, "Can you leave all these?" she replied, "Yes, I love them tenderly, but I can leave them all with Jesus, and for Jesus, for a golden harp to sing his praise. Oh, how loud I shall sing!" "Are you resting entirely on Jesus?" she was asked. Quickly she answered, "Entirely on Jesus.

"Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling."

"What a mercy," it was remarked, "that you feel thus." "Yes," she rejoined, "but we deserve nothing at the hands of God.

"A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all."

After this she warned those about her to seek Jesus at once, and desired that her minister would continue to warn sinners to flee to the cross, — requesting, too, that MOTHERS might be warned to be faithful to their trust, remarking, "Mothers are asleep over their work!" Thus did she warn and counsel, and on the verge of the shores of mortality, while her feet touched the brink of Jordan's river, she sang, with "joy unspeakable and full of glory." Still did we hope against hope that she might live to train her dear ones in the path she had chosen in her youthful bloom. The march of death had warned us; but we did not take the token. Slow, wasting sickness, because 'twas slow, was full of hope; but soon she ---

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arrayed, kind and tender hands had dressed her for the grave!

They had sung their last song together!

The young mother lay on her dying bed,
With an infant taking its rest;
A halo of joy shone around her head,
And peace reigned in her breast,—
"Come, sing one song—it will be the last
We shall sing together till time is past."

Quickly she raised her sweet, musical voice,
And sang of a Saviour's love,
And bid all her friends around to rejoice,
Ere she left them to dwell above.
"Come, sing a last song before we part,
It will cheer thy bleeding and sinking heart."

The husband united his tremulous voice,
'Mid his tears of anxious grief;
But the dying mother bid all rejoice,
Saying, "Jesus will give relief,—
Come, sing with me a last sweet song,
In heaven we shall the theme prolong."

The song is ended,—the music is past,—
And the angels have borne her away;
But the theme of that song she sang here last,
She sings in eternity's day.
Though the shadows of death were gathering fast,
She sang a loud song,—the sweetest and last.

Now she shines above, in the light of God,
And a crown adorns her brow,
The shadowy vale her swift feet have trod,
And she sings in glory now.
But the song they sang, 'mid sorrow and pain,
In the land of love they shall sing again.

"BLESSED ARE THE DEAD THAT DIE IN THE LORD."

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THE PRODIGAL'S PROGRESS, AND THE MOTHER'S REWARD.

NO. II.

"Where will he be in the end?"

THE parents of young Justus stood high in the world for probity and integrity, and all the virtues of social life, and the errors of this their only son was the only thing that the tongue of the gossip could bring against them; and in this, indeed, the father was always excused, for it was evident to everyone that the mother was the cause of all this confusion, disorder, and misery. From her son's earliest days, she had yielded to his wishes in everything; if he chose to *cry* for anything, this was enough, for he was then quite sure of having it, no matter what expense or inconvenience it cost. Thus, while but yet a child, he became the ruler of the house, and the pest of it, too, when the father was absent on his journeys of business. This young lord thought it a mere trifle to throw the first missile which came in his way, either at the servants or any stranger who happened to be unfortunate enough to cross his path; and if a friend spoke kindly to him, and proffered the kindly hand, they were generally received with a kick or a growl! The mother saw nothing but beauty, or spirit, or fun, in all the ways of her pet boy, and he was always her "darling, lovely, beautiful boy," whatever he did that was hateful or ugly! Thus, even when very young, he was disliked by everybody; but this is universally the case with spoiled children; they are always despised and always unhappy. During his school-days matters did not mend, and a disagreeable selfish boy and Justus Lane were synonymous terms. As he passed from school to school, each master in turn obtained a character from the mother for severity or ill-temper—for, of course, her pet boy was perfect! And now that infancy and youth were passing away, the mother, whose eyes were opened to the true state

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of the case, often wept in secret over her sin in neglecting her early duties to this only child; and yet, strange to say, she did not summon strength of mind enough to act differently towards him, but, for the sake of a momentary gratification, she risked her son's present and eternal happiness, and the comfort of herself and her husband.

The father, who was much from home during the early years of his child, would never, for a moment, have winked at his sin; but yielding up, from pressure of business, the sole management to his wife, he lived on in utter ignorance of the real state of matters, until aroused by the glaring evils now attending his son's path. It was a singular fact, that in the very infancy of Justus, his father's presence hushed him to peace in a moment; and those who, at other times, dreaded to approach within arm's length of his lordship, might venture even to expostulate when the father was at hand. His conduct towards his mother, in childhood and youth, was just in character with all spoiled children. He knew he could do just as it pleased him, and make her, at any moment, give up her will to his; it was evident he had neither respect nor love in his heart for this foolishly indulgent mother; and pride, self-will, and selfishness were prominent features in his character. He acted and, indeed, seemed to imagine that he was born to rule the world, and that all who lived in it were, as a matter of course, to obey him! When our account begins, Justus was a handsome, lively, but badly educated young man, and ruined by maternal indulgence!

THE TRAVELLER, No. IV.

GUERNSEY—AN INCIDENT.

Having performed my mission, as I turned my back upon the race-course and left behind me the votaries of folly and of crime, the words of the boasting Pharisee came strongly to my mind,—"God, I thank thee that I am not

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as other men;" and whilst a thrill of holy thankfulness crossed my mind, I felt deeply humbled from the consciousness that but for the grace of God I had been like unto them. As I went on my way musing, the days of former times came under review, and I recollected a season when in the inexperience of youth I stood tottering upon a tremendous precipice,—a crisis was nigh,—I must decide,—and decide I did; but why did I decide rightly? I now saw the consequences which most likely would have followed upon another decision, but then I saw them not; an invisible hand restrained. Again, I remembered a time of greater danger still, when the great enemy of souls had baited his hook with a master's skill, and striven to hide it under the easily besetting sin of the intended victim; and assuredly would he have secured his prey, but for the preventing grace of God,—my Jesus saw and ran to my relief. I escaped as a bird out of the hand of the fowler. "Oh, to grace how great a debtor!" Who can say how often he has been thus saved? How delightful to know that we are saved, from first to last, by the sovereign grace of God, and are kept by his almighty power through faith unto salvation. "Not unto us, not unto us, O Lord, but unto thy name be the glory."

As I thus went musing on, I was suddenly startled from my reverie by a loud and stentorian voice, and lifting up my eyes, I saw a vast bulk, in the shape of a large and powerful man, coming towards me, and evidently, as we say, a little the worse for liquor. There was something in his countenance I did not like; his eyes betokened mischief. He threw his arms about, in a strange and threatening manner, and was calling to know his way to St. Peter's Port, a part he evidently knew better than myself. He came stumbling on, and I met him with the blandest smile I could command,—putting the softest look into my eye, as I met his wild but determined stare. As he came up, he extended a hand large and

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brawny, and with a steadfast look seemed to say, "Now, what will you do?" I put my poor little hand, with inward trembling, into his giant grasp, and he gave me such a squeeze as made my joints to crack again. Had I refused his hand, I verily believe he would have knocked me down. He stood staring at me, but was evidently surprised; after a few moments' pause, he abruptly said, "You are an Englishman." I replied, I had the honour to be an Englishman, and was happy to make his acquaintance. I thought I had him at an advantage, and ventured to say, "May I be permitted to ask where you are going?" The question seemed to puzzle him still more, and he showed a disposition to move on; but our acquaintance, unwillingly began, I was not willing so abruptly to close; therefore, standing right before him, and looking him full in the face, so enforced my question that he replied, "To the races." I said, "But where is the good wife?" This question seemed to be quite a poser. Taking advantage of his bewilderment, I went on to say, "Perhaps her gentle spirit has no sympathy with races; perhaps she is, even now, in tears to think that you are gone; and then the little ones, shall they be told that their father is a companion of wicked men, and those who love strong drink?" Feeling I had his ear, and that the surprise had somewhat sobered him, I ventured to add, "May a stranger intrude his advice? if so, I would kindly say, don't go, turn back, go not in the way of transgressors, it is hard and dangerous too." Then with a smiling face and cheerful voice I said, "Will you introduce me to your wife? I should like to make her acquaintance also; you first stopped me, I should now like to stop you." I saw I had touched a chord that could vibrate,—there was a strong internal struggle, and he could scarcely restrain his emotions. "Come," I said, "lead the way; let us go and make glad the heart of one who loves you well, her happiness and yours are the same." After a moment's pause, he turned, and we walked silently

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along. I thought it better to leave him to himself, and give him time to recover and arrange his thoughts, whilst I silently lifted up my heart to God for wisdom and prudence to guide me. In circumstances like these, how beautifully applicable are the Scriptures of truth! I felt with the patriarch of old, "how forcible are right words, but what doth your arguing prove?" And also with the man of wisdom, who said, "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver." A walk of about ten minutes brought us in front of a newly built, respectable-looking house; he opened the door, and led the way into a pleasant parlour, comfortably furnished. The unexpected noise soon brought the wife to see what was the matter.

I am one of those much influenced by first impressions, and I scanned her closely. She was neat, clean, and tidy; no unlaced boots, with the tag and the tongue trailing on the floor; she had an intelligent, meek-looking eye, the mouth betokened good nature, and I was persuaded she was a good housewife, from the general glance I had cast around. She stood wondering, looking first at her husband and then at me, seeming to say, "What does all this mean?" I broke the silence by saying, "I am a stranger in Guernsey, madam, but have been happy to make the acquaintance of your husband to-day, and he has brought me home to introduce me to you; come, sit down, and I will tell you all about it:—When I met him, he told me he was going to the races, but he now sees the folly and danger of going with the multitude to do evil; he listened to the voice of Scripture, which says, 'When sinners entice thee, consent thou not.' He now prefers the bosom of his family to the company of noisy, drunken men. She looked at her husband and gave him a smile of the tenderest affection, but spoke not. He now said, "I don't know how it is, wife, but this stranger has turned me about uncommonly!" She interrupted him by rejoining, "Oh, my dear, I am so glad to see you." I now spoke, and said, "Peace be to

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this house; may the blessing of the God of Abraham rest upon it for ever." I inquired of the wife, "Have you any family?" She replied, "One little boy, Sir, about five years old." I said, "Fetch him in, and bring a Bible." Then, turning to the man, I asked, "My friend, will you permit me to set up in this house an altar to the Lord of Hosts, to that God in whom we live, and move, and in whom we have our being?" He immediately replied, "That you shall, Sir." I then took the Bible, and read the 47th Psalm, after which we all knelt down, and joined in fervent and affectionate prayer. On rising from my knees, I went up to the man, and presenting my hand, said, "I now charge it solemnly upon you, to keep alive the flame of devotion which has this day been kindled on this altar. Morning and evening, let your sacrifice ascend to God, and may you all be saved through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ." Then shaking hands with the wife, and kissing the child, I bade them farewell.

M. B.

THE MOTHER'S MUSIC.

WHAT is music? I would fain know what music is. I seek it as a man seeks wisdom. I walked late in the moonlight, in the beautiful avenue of lime trees on the banks of the Rhine, and I heard a tapping noise and soft singing. At the door of a cottage, under the blossoming lime tree, sat a mother with her twin babes; the one lay at her breast, the other in a cradle which she rocked with her foot, keeping time to her singing. In the very germ, when the first symptom of life appears, music is the nurse of the soul; it murmurs in the ear, and the child sleeps; the tones are the companion of his dreams; they are the world in which he lives; he has nothing; the babe, although cradled in his mother's arms, is alone in spirit, but tones find entrance into this half-conscious soul, and nourish it as earth nourishes the

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life of plants. Mother, do you soothe your infant by singing one of the songs of Zion to it? Angels would like to sing to your baby of Him whom they praise in heaven?

A CHRISTMAS TALE.

NO. II.

"Overcome evil with good."

MARY SMITH was a sensible, good-natured woman, though her good-nature had been rather soured, of late, by her husband's conduct. Like other people, she had her feelings; she often allowed her passion to gain the ascendancy over her prudence, in their frequent quarrels,—the house was not always just as tidy, certainly, as it might have been,—she acted on the principle, "TIT FOR TAT!"—and Joe, on his part, was minus of that most amiable quality, patience!—Hence he often walked off on an evening from his own uncomfortable home to the "Red Lion,"—and, certainly, the pleasant hearth, the cheerful fire, and neatly arranged room, with the mirth-loving company in Mrs. Swallow's sitting-room, presented a contrast to his own dull, untidy home.

Mothers! let us here address a word to you. If you would have your husbands love their own fire-side better than their neighbour's, try to make it comfortable and agreeable; let gentleness and affection irradiate every look, soften every word, and endear every action; let kindness be the guardian angel, the presiding genius of your household. Home should be the abode of everything sacred and holy,—a little heaven of hallowed peace and sanctity,—an ark amid the world's stormy commotions, where the dove and the olive-branch should be seen amidst the indoor sunshine.

On the morning in question, both Mary and Joe were very much to blame;—Joe was fretful and peevish, and completely out of sorts, through the previous night's

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carousal,—Mary was sullen and ill-tempered; both sat for some time in a taciturn mood; Joe, at length, finding that breakfast was not forthcoming, started off in search of more sociable company.

After Mrs. Vincent had left, Mary thought the matter over, and came to the resolution that she would take her advice: so she went to work in good earnest, to make her house tidy and comfortable, and then with some taste she adorned it with good old Christmas holly, bearing its coral berries; then came forth from its hiding-place the carefully folded silk gown which Joe had given her as her marriage present, and Mary seemed to look and breathe in a new atmosphere.

By-and-by Joe entered, apparently something the worse for his morning ramble.—"Is dinner ready yet?" he asked, in a tone not the most amiable. "Not quite; I hardly expected you yet," said Mary, in the kindest tone she could assume. "Oh! I am too soon, yet, am I?—I am ever too soon for you:—if I were to go without breakfast till night, you would have nothing ready!" replied Joe, in a voice which indicated that his evil temper had not quite left him. Mary felt it rather a difficult task to restrain the anger that was rising in her bosom.—"I can bring you some bread and cheese, till dinner is ready," she mildly rejoined. "No, thank you," said Joe; but much wondering what could have come across Mary's mind. He had said enough to rouse her fiery indignation, but she bore it without a cross look; he gazed at the silk gown, only worn on great occasions,—at the clean white apron,—the tasteful cap; then he wondered at the gay holly, so trim and joyous; then he admired the neat order of the house:—but his greatest marvel was, the way in which Mary's words fell on his ear, so gentle and kind; he began to think his own home pleasant again,—even better than the "Red Lion;"—he had sundry misgivings about meeting his companions there, in the afternoon, as they

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had arranged; and now he made an attempt to rouse his wife's ire. "Mary, bring me a mug of beer," said he, in a provoking tone, expecting her to scold, and ask him if he had not had enough at Mrs. Swallow's. But again he was doomed to disappointment: Mary was firmly resolved to carry out her newly adopted principle of resisting evil with good!—so she quietly fetched him a mug of beer. Joe was completely unmanned;—scolding, he could bear; but this kindness he could not stand. At length, dinner was served;—Joe partook of it without once finding fault!—This was something so new to Mary, that she began to rejoice at the success of her plan. Just as dinner was finished, Mrs. Vincent came in: she, too, was pleased with the turn things had taken. Hastily exchanging a glance with Mary, she said, "A merry Christmas and a happy new year to you, Mr. Smith." "The same to you," replied Joe; adding,—"won't you taste our Mary's mince-pies?—they are really good, to-day, I declare." "Thank you for the compliment,—it is not often I get praise for my cooking abilities," said Mary, in a joking manner. "Will you come in to us to take your tea?" asked Mrs. Vincent, thinking it might be an inducement to keep Joe at home. "No, thank you," he replied; "but we will reverse it, and you shall take tea with us." This was settled; and as the little cuckoo-clock struck five, Mrs. Vincent entered.

The fire blazed merrily away in the clean grate, casting a ruddy glow around the neat room. On the little mahogany table, an antiquated set of china was nicely arranged,—a set which had been an heir-loom in Mary's family, for at least three generations, and, like the silk gown, was only brought forth on high days and holidays. Pleasantly did the evening pass, enlivened by tales of other days. As they retired to rest, Joe was forced to confess to himself that home was, after all, better than the "Red Lion;"—his better feelings had been awakened, the well-spring of long pent-up affection and sympathy had been opened by

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the magic touch of kindness. Mary continued her new plan, and, by degrees, Joe left off his bad habits, and once more loved his home. Now the garden looks neat and trim, the window is filled with fine plants, the roses are trained around the door-way, peace and domestic happiness reign within the abode of Joe Smith, and Mary feels very thankful for the grace which enabled her to overcome evil habits by kindness and love.—Try the plan yourself, wife!

J. C.

TIMIDITY IN CHILDREN.

"Doth a sudden noise affright him?
Say—this or that hath caused it;
The seeds of madness have been sown in infancy,
Therefore take heed—that nameless fears
Be not the nightly companions of thy children."

Since reading the interesting papers on this subject, in *The Mothers' Friend*, I have been reminded of the old adage—"Prevention is better than cure." May we not do much, very much, to avert so sad a calamity from befalling our children? Beginning, then, with infancy—if a child cannot recollect when first he was laid down to sleep alone in the dark, I believe a very important step is gained, because the fact of some one remaining with him, or a light being left in the room, till he falls asleep, will tend to engender a timid feeling; besides which, a habit is thus formed very difficult to break. When the mother, or nurse, can be in an adjoining room, so as to watch over the little sleeper, an infant may be laid down, and left awake, at two months old—but, of course, this must vary with circumstances.

Let us next consider what causes give rise to fears in children;—generally, something has been either read or heard by the child, perhaps but imperfectly understood, kept to himself and pondered over in silence. A weighty responsibility, therefore, rests upon us with regard to books, and we are inexcusable, if, during the early years of our

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children, we permit them to read any, or leave any in their way, which might have this sad tendency. Again, with regard to what they hear, let us use all possible caution as to those with whom they associate, or who take the charge of them; in how short a time may something be uttered, in their hearing, which they may *never*, NEVER forget! Mothers! let us urge it upon you to make any arrangements, any sacrifices, so as to have your children with you as much as possible.

But there is another safeguard which we should *especially* do well to heed:—Let us accustom our little ones ever to cherish the fullest confidence in our love and sympathy, so that whatever gives them any uneasiness, or sorrow, may be brought at once to us for explanation. Here, I believe, lies the great secret after all. It is possible that our utmost endeavours to keep from our children's ears and minds subjects of terror may be unavailing; but surely we may succeed in gaining their love and confidence, not by questioning them about others, or encouraging petty scandal, or tale-bearing—but by so entering into all their little feelings, whether of joy or sorrow, that they may as it were instinctively pour them into our ears. How often would a long train of mental sufferings be thus spared to a child, and what is of far more consequence still—confidence in his mother secured for after years? How is it we see so little of this delightful feeling manifested around us? *Has not something been wanting in early training?* But here I would pause awhile, for I wish to speak of higher, holier themes, deeply connected however with our subject.

There is, and always must be, a peculiar sympathy existing between the hearts of mothers. Did you never feel such an emotion spring up in your bosom, as you watched some wretched object giving nourishment to her half-famished babe, or carrying it along the road with weary step, and haggard, toil-worn countenance? This is natural sympathy, and we all feel it. Yes, there are many feelings we possess

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in common, simply as *mothers*, and I suppose the desire to prevent our children from foolish fears, and to give them a sound and vigorous turn of mind, is one of those feelings. Christian and worldly mothers feel it alike—but can they act alike with regard to it?

Unbelieving mother! from my heart I pity you! My spirit yearns over you and your little ones; in the holy and happy privileges of a Christian mother *you* have no part. You, like her, have to guide the beloved of your soul over a rough and dangerous way, but without a guide, destitute of a protector! You must journey on as best you can. You may talk to your children of courage, of a manly spirit, of whatever you think will rouse their minds to vigour and energy, but have you found this sufficient for yourself? Be candid with your own heart, and say. Ah! if you have never sought an interest in Jesus for your own soul, may you be aroused to do so for those of your children.

Christian mother! how confidently, how sweetly, may *you* tell your little ones of Him who never slumbereth, nor sleepeth—who keepeth the feet of his saints—who giveth his angels charge over them. There is something in the ministering care of angels very comforting to the mind of a child. You can teach him, *from your own experience*, how to calm his beating heart, and soothe his agitated spirit. It is peculiarly interesting to hear children, who have been thus trained, after they have thought themselves in danger, speaking with confidence, in their own simple way, of how earnestly they prayed to God, and recount the manner in which He heard their petitions; nor would I ever discourage such feelings for a moment, even if connected with circumstances the most trivial. We may always say to our children—God *does* hear and keep his people; He is all wisdom and love. Try to impress the hearts of your children with early confidence in God, but seek to possess more and more of it yourselves, or you cannot succeed. Soon may all the mothers of our

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land feel deeply on this subject, and be able to teach their little ones those blessed truths which alone can sustain the heart in seasons of alarm or anguish, too real, too deep for the things or the maxims of this world to soothe or charm away. "His hand, while holding oceans in its palm, and managing the worlds, surrounds my life—guards the poor rushlight from the blast of death!"

Oxford. MARY.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

[Under this head it is our intention, in future numbers, to present our readers with some choice and short articles, which we trust will prove both entertaining and profitable.—ED.]

SOMETHING WORTH KNOWING.

WE heard a gentleman one day mention a number of books he had read in a short time, and knowing that he was very much engaged, we asked him how he managed to read so much. He replied, "I always have two or more books in reading, and I take them up every spare moment." This is a secret worth knowing!

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

"MY DEAR MADAM,—I was much pleased to find that we are to have some of the January numbers of your valuable periodical printed on thin paper, and I wish to advise our *young* friends to purchase a few copies and introduce them to any friends they may be visiting. I feel, dear Madam, that my heart is indeed in the matter, and you will not wonder at this when I tell you that a dear young friend of mine brought the second copy of your *Mothers' Friend,* when she came on a visit to me, and requested me to take it, saying, 'As you have little ones I doubt not you will find it useful and interesting.' This was indeed true, and I ordered it the next month. After I had read it, I had a great desire to read it monthly to my cottage neighbours. I knew nothing, then, of Maternal Associations, but soon after was enabled to form one in our

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village. Soon the next village joined us, and my room is now full. Since then I have been induced to establish one in an adjacent town, which is well attended. Nor is this all; a friend of mine has established one in the village where she resides, so that the good work is progressing. I now order nineteen numbers of *The Mothers' Friend* instead of one, and all this from the simple fact of one of the numbers being introduced and recommended by a young lady. I feel it is indeed an honour to be allowed to work in the vineyard of our Lord. For some time I had to conduct my meetings alone, but now a lady has joined me. Truly, 'how great a matter a little fire kindleth!' May we meet those in heaven who have joined us at our meetings below.

"M. L. E."

[The same warm-hearted friend encloses to us the following paper, which will, we are sure, be read with interest, and solemn thought and feeling.]

WORK WHILE IT IS CALLED TO-DAY.

The great importance of obeying this injunction was felt, deeply felt, a little time since by the writer. At a Maternal Meeting there sat a poor woman, who appeared to be deeply interested in all she heard. At the close of the meeting, she remarked to one of the mothers, "This has been a delightful meeting to me. It is the first I ever attended, but I do not mean it shall be the last; but I was so sorry I could not hear every word, as I am deaf." The friend promised her that, at the next meeting, she would procure a seat for her by the side of the reader. But, alas! no "next meeting" came to her below. Before another month had gone, she was called to meet God, and a hymn, which was a comfort to her in her last short illness, was sung at the next meeting, but her voice was not heard there again. It was silent in death, and her place vacant; thus showing to those who so lately had been her companions, the importance of being ready to

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obey the Master's call, seeing we know not what a day nor an hour may bring forth. Time is passing, and soon, perhaps very soon, the last grain of sand in our glass may run out.

DIFFICULTIES EASILY OVERCOME.

If persons would only be determined to overcome a difficulty, they would find it half performed before they thought they had commenced. It is the want of exertion, and not ability, that causes so many to be unsuccessful.

BETTER RUB THAN RUST.

Idler, why lie down to die?—
Better rub than rust.
Hark! the lark sings in the sky,
Die, when die thou must.
Day is waking, leaves are shaking,
Better rub than rust.

He who will not work shall want;
Nought for nought is just.
Won't do *must* do when he can't—
Better rub than rust.
Bees are flying, sloth is dying,
Better rub than rust. E. ELLIOTT.

HINT FOR A PRAYERLESS MOTHER!

As a little boy sat looking at his mother one day, he said, "Grandpapa will be in heaven!—aunt will be in heaven!—Mary will be in heaven!—baby is in heaven!—but mamma!!"—here the child paused, and looked very solemn. "Well, dear," said the mother, "what about mamma? Will not mamma be in heaven?" The little fellow shook his head very gravely and replied, "Oh, no, no!" "Why do you say so?" asked the mother, deeply affected. "Oh, you do not pray," he replied, "so you will not go to heaven!" "Yes, my dear, I do; I often pray for you when you do not see me, very often indeed." "Ah, I never saw you then. Kneel down now, and let me hear if you can pray." The mother knelt by her child, and prayed aloud for herself and little one, and that day

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learned a lesson she will never forget. Mother! are you going to heaven? Do your little ones *think* you are going, by all they observe in your daily walk and conduct? Are you leading the way to heaven? Do they often hear your voice going up to the throne of God for them? Those who do not pray on earth, may pray when life is past, but their prayer then will not be answered. The rich man prayed for one drop of water—a very small request—but he did not obtain the boon he asked. May you be anxious to pray *now*, that your prayer may be heard and answered.

BOOKS RECEIVED AND APPROVED.

[We purpose giving a small space to this department, with a desire to call attention to such books as may be specially adapted to help on the work in which we are engaged.—Ed.]

Death-Bed Experience of Mrs. Little. London: J. Snow. 32mo. Pp. 188.

This is a book we most cordially recommend to young mothers and Sabbath-school teachers; it speaks to the heart.

Silver Blossoms. London: Dean and Son. 12mo.

It is a long time since we met with a book for our little folks we like better than this. A proverb is illustrated by a useful and attractive tale. We will give you one as a New Year's motto—"Every dark cloud has a silver lining!"

Golden Berries. London: Dean and Son.

A suitable present at this season, being an instructive collection of stories for the young. We should have liked the "Fairy Tale" to have told the same truths in another form.

Anne and Jane. By Miss Strickland. London: Dean and Son.

A sweet little tale, written for the young; but we believe it would prove useful to many adults. Cheap, too!—buy it.

Reading Lessons on the Testament. By Lady Charlotte Proby. London: J. J. Guillaume, Chester Square.

Selected portions, with questions at the end of each. A cheap little book for poor mothers.

The Child's Book on the Soul. By Rev. T. H. Gallaudet. London: B. L. Green. 18mo. Pp. 209.

These lively dialogues between a mother and her son will be found useful as a Sunday book, to help the child to think, and the mother to explain things relating to her child's best interests.

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THE PROFESSING MOTHER, AND HER DYING DAUGHTER.

"What manner of persons ought we to be, in all holy conversation and godliness?" This is a question which we should do well often to ask ourselves, seeing what momentous responsibilities are ours. Have we, indeed, to train immortal souls? And is it possible that our inconsistencies may draw them away from the narrow path which leadeth unto life eternal? Yea, even by the indulgence of a worldly spirit, lead our dear children to the brink of everlasting perdition! Awful thought! Even into that fire which never shall be quenched!

Oh, how closely observant are our children of our words, our actions, our very looks! Then, should we not keep a watch over our hearts? "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." The state of the heart will influence looks, words, actions—as the fountain will send out fresh water or bitter; then, shall we not keep our hearts with all diligence? How often do we hear of the children of professing parents proving unworthy characters! Far be it from me to say, that it is always the result of the mother's inconsistency, especially when the *sons* are in question; but, in respect to our daughters, they are always looking up to us for direction and guidance.—Is there not, then, great fear, if we are inconsistent, that they will be led astray, unless grace—the grace of God—prevent? And, under these circumstances, what "shame" must cover that mother's brow, who is reproved by her own child!

A painful circumstance in point has occurred under my own observation, and has led to these reflections. The daughter of professing parents was brought to the feet of Jesus, while absent from home; and, on her return, sh-

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became the guide and teacher of her younger sisters and brothers—her consistency and lovely Christian deportment were admired by all who revered real piety. On one occasion, being invited to the house of a Reverend Doctor, to an evening party, to the astonishment of her mother, she said, "Mamma, I shall not go!" "Not go, my dear!" exclaimed the mother; "pray, why?" "Because," replied the daughter, "it is to be a quadrille party." "Then, I hope you will write, and explain your reason!" rejoined the mother. "Oh yes, mamma, I mean to do that."

The watchful care of this dear girl over the younger branches of the family was most exemplary, and never was a sister more loved and respected. But it pleased our Heavenly Father to call her early away from this world of temptation; and this lovely and beloved girl was laid on her bed of death, at the very time when her mother had just said, "I think she is getting more like other young people!"—having, at last, induced her child to conform a little more to the world. Doubtless, there was One who loved her too well to suffer her to be drawn into the vortex to which her mother was leading her near, and the voice was heard, "Come up hither!" Deafness, and occasional delirium, soon closed communication with her; yet she was permitted the opportunity of reproving her mother.

On one occasion, being the Sabbath morning, she observed her mother busily employed in dusting, and giving more attention than was due to the ornaments on the chimney-piece and table. Looking affectionately, but sorrowfully, at her, she said, "Oh, my dear mamma, I am distressed to see you caring so much for those things to-day!" Her mother turned round, and looking out of the window, replied, "When you get well, dear, how you will enjoy this window!" The dying girl made no reply; but, a short time after, when her mother again entered the room, she found her child sleeping, with an open book near her, and her hand pointing to the following verses:—

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THE DYING CHILD TO HER MOTHER.

Mother! why speak of the things of earth,
Which, brief as the sun of a winter's sky,
And fleet as the hours of an infant's mirth,
Soon pass away?

And thinkest thou, mother, to charm thy child,
By telling of things so false and frail,
Of those gay streams that once beguiled—
And she so pale!

Oh! tell me not of the bright, clear sun,
As his radiance lights up the morning skies;
For, oft as his race is just begun,
His brightness dies!

Nor bid me think of the placid moon,
As she calmly smiles from the brow of night,
And sweetly beams, then wanes, and soon
Is lost to sight!

Oh! tell me not of the far, bright stars,
As they softly steal through the evening shade;
For, though nothing now their lustre mars,
They soon must fade!

Nor tell me now of the gay and young,
Who seem to be joyous or sad at will;
For the heart's wild beatings, the mirthful tongue,
Shall soon be still!

Nor bid me dream of the beauteous flowers,
Whose fragrance perfumes the forest glade;
Though blooming now, in a few short hours
They too must fade!

There are things, dear mother, sweeter far,
Than the music which sighs in the waving breeze,
And lovelier than midnight's brightest star—
Oh, speak of these!

Yes, tell me of Heaven—the home of the blest,
Where all is changeless, and bright, and pure,
Where the soul, escaped from its bonds, shall rest,
Calm and secure!

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Oh, point me beyond that star-lit sky,
Where brightens my spirit's long abode—
I shall die—I sweetly then shall die,
And go to God!

But the most affecting scene occurred a short time before this dear, dying girl became unconscious. She requested her father and mother might be called to her; as soon as they stood by her side, she looked most earnestly and affectionately on them, and said, "Oh, my dear papa, are you safe for eternity? My dear mamma, are you safe? Shall—oh, shall I meet you both in Heaven? Think of those awful words, 'In hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments!'" These were her last words, as she passed through the shadowy vale to a congenial home above the azure sky.

What, think you, must have been the feelings and the thoughts of these distressed parents? Must they not have thought that their dying child had some misgivings as to their future prospects, and eternal safety?—Will they meet in Heaven? A day is coming that will reveal secrets; then—yes—then we shall know. But, will YOU be there?

MATER.

CARE YOU NOT FOR THE LITTLE VOYAGER?

How difficult it is to induce mothers to think of their responsibility; and how seldom do any of us realise the fact, that no influence can reach our infant children but our own! Mother! is it, indeed, true that you will mould the mind of that boy of yours? Do you believe it? And are you acting upon this belief? Oh! if we could persuade you to follow the example of good Hannah, the Hebrew mother, and consecrate your dear ones to the service of the Lord, and *train* them for it; if you would only pray earnestly for their conversion, and take pains to instruct them, to impress upon them religious truth, to set before

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them an example of consistent godliness—telling them of the world's deceitful ways, of Satan's fiery darts, of the enemy they always carry in their own bosoms,—an evil heart of unbelief,—and use every means within your reach to win them to Christ,—oh, then, what could withstand such a moral influence? What should we care for error, if the mind were filled with Divine truth?* What should we care for a little storm, if an anchor were cast within the veil? Satan might rage—the world might laugh—and even "Bulls" might be issued to disturb our liberty, or our peace; but what then?—the still small voice from Heaven would quiet all our anxieties by saying, "Fear not, I am with thee."

The dear little children now sleeping in their mothers' arms will soon be our men of commerce—our ministers—our rulers—our judges—and it is with their mothers to train them, either for a blessing, or a curse to society! Oh, look upon that fragile little barque, launched so lately on life's ocean; he must make the voyage—it may be longer, or shorter—it may be tranquil, or tempestuous—it may be beneath sunny skies, or amid the darkest storm-clouds of ocean—oh, will you not give him a chart to take with him on this dangerous voyage? Will you not teach the young immortal mariner on the sea of life to *understand* it, and to use it? Will you not teach him to keep watch—to be vigilant—to keep his eye of faith, too, on the compass? And, when the frail barque is fairly launched on the stream, and passing out of your sight—when he goes forth to meet the fierce winds of temptation, and the adverse gales, which may blow furiously around him—oh then, mother, while your heart is anxious, and your eyes streaming at the sound of your son's "farewell," will you not hasten to the mercy-seat — to Him who rides upon the storm, and "gathers the winds in his fist"—to ask, that he may have

* Good John Newton used to say, "An enemy may wish to fill a measure of mine with tares; but if I can fill it with wheat *first*, I can defy him to do so."

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that lovely, affectionate, and sensitive step-mother, you would have wept with her. Oh, treat your step-mother with kindness and attention; she desires your happiness; shield her from all the shafts of malice, or envy, or ingratitude that may be flying around her dwelling.

It cannot be that any woman can feel for the children of another just what she feels for her own. No, God has not so ordered it. We once heard a young aunt say, that she felt "quite sure she loved her little baby-niece as much as any mother could love her child." But, some time after, we sat by that aunt, while she held her first-born treasure beneath her admiring gaze, and we reminded her of her remarks as to an aunt's love. "Ah," she replied, "I really thought then it was impossible to love an infant more than I loved my dear little niece; but I have been taught another lesson now. A sister's children are very, very dear; but, oh! a *mother's* love for her own precious babe is such a new and absorbing thing, that none can understand it but by experience."

We said that sometimes a "new mother" is very quickly found to fill the place of one who has departed. We once stood by an artist in his studio, and while in earnest conversation with him he removed the portrait of a lovely, but rather sorrowful-looking face from a handsome frame, and was about to replace it by a sprightly-looking girl. "What are you doing?" we asked. "Ah," said he, "I forgot at the moment what I was doing;" and quickly replacing it on the easel, went on with the conversation; but, as we observed the unbidden tear fall over the cheek, our womanly curiosity was aroused, and we begged to learn the history of the frame with two portraits.

It was some time before the artist could trust himself to tell the tale. At length he said, "That lovely face you saw me take from the frame is the portrait of a dead wife, which I am about to replace by that of the young girl, who is very soon to be her husband's bride!" "How

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long has she been dead?" we asked. "She has not gained her heavenly home a year yet; it is a melancholy subject to me; she was one of those lovely beings we seldom look upon in this world of selfishness; her life was devoted to the happiness of her husband and little girl." At this time a sister of the dead wife was visiting at the home of the widower. One morning, not knowing what had been done, she took her little niece into the room where the portrait of her sister hung, to talk to her about her mamma. As soon as the little creature saw the stranger's face instead of its mother's, she hid her face in her aunt's neck and wept bitterly, and pulled her out of the room. The next evening the following lines were found on the widower's dressing-table.

AN ELDER SISTER'S LOVE.

Oh, Henry! wear another year
Our dear Eliza's ring;
O bring not yet another bride;
Wait—wait *one* other spring.

Her grave you've seen looks fresh and new;
And how can you forget?
The flowers we planted are not seen
Above its surface yet!

Eliza's baby will not smile
Upon that stranger's face;
And as for *me*—O, I will find
Some more congenial place.

Nay, do not take her portrait down—
'Tis smiling on you yet,
And seems to ask, in accents mild,
"*Can you so soon forget?*"

Cherish awhile those looks of love
Seen on her dying face,
And wait—O wait ONE other year,
Before you fill her place.

We must not give a longer paper, but our subject is not half ended.

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GIVE HER SOMETHING TO DO.

FROM A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

* * * I not unfrequently hear mothers speak of your little magazine as *their* friend. I, for one, very often get something useful from its pages. I may mention the papers, "Give your child something to do." My eldest is only twenty-two months old,—the other, eight; but, notwithstanding the infancy of the eldest, I often find it well to give her something to do; and I am doubly repaid for this, for it puts her in good spirits, and she gets exercise by it. I am often amused to see her dusting after me, and putting things in their places. She loves order, and when she is engaged in this way, the baby is highly delighted, and watches her with great interest, trying to catch anything she may have in her hand, as the little thing lies on the floor. I do not know how I should manage to get the food ready for my husband, and do all my other domestic matters, if I did not accustom the baby to lie on the floor, and make my eldest busy in some way.

I read a piece, some time since, in our *Mothers' Friend*, on the subject of putting little ones early to bed. I place my little ones in bed about six or seven in the evening, and I hear no more of them till six the following morning, and they both take sleep during the day. I always place them in their cribs awake. I thus get many a half-hour for work, and other domestic matters. * * *

I often observe that whatever I promise to my little girl she expects with all her heart. I quite believe, if a child is once disappointed, it will lose confidence in its mother.

Yours in Christian love,

H. M.

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TAKE NO THOUGHT FOR THE MORROW.

Oh, think not of to-morrow,
  It belongeth not to thee;
It is safely in the keeping
  Of the great Eternal Three!
The Father hath appointed
  Thy steps, from day to day;
The Saviour will uphold thee,
  And guide thee on thy way.

And the Spirit's sacred office
  Lies deep within thy breast,
To testify of Jesus,
  And hush thy fears to rest.
Then cease thy dark forebodings,
  And learn to trust the Lord,
And a sweet and happy confidence
  Shall be thy sure reward.

Oxford. MARY.

THE PRODIGAL'S PROGRESS, AND THE MOTHER'S REWARD.

NO. III.

"Where will he be in the end?"

"Why were you so late, Justus, this Sabbath morning?" asked Mr. Lane. "You did not hear the Doctor. I must have some new plans in my household. I like all my family to be in the sanctuary, and if you are too late, you not only break the Sabbath yourself, but you prevent one of the servants from going also; do not let it be so again." "No, father, I was not out. I do not much like the Doctor; and, besides, my views are a little changed of late; the Doctor belongs to the old school. I like something more modern, more palatable. I like Mr. Alvain much better; he does not put man down so low in the scale of creation as the Doctor does. One feels more sati-

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fied with one's self after hearing such doctrines as his." "Where does the *Bible* put man, my son, that is the question? There is no new Gospel; and if you read the character Paul gives us of human nature, you will not think very highly of it. Take heed, my son, what you hear, and take no man as your guide. Let the Bible be the man of your counsel. Try yourself by that touchstone, and then see what inherent good you can find within." "Ah, we don't think alike, father; I like the new school better than the old one—it suits me best." "If a man has a dangerous wound, Justus, it is far better to allow a skilful doctor to probe it, though it may cause pain, than to have it slightly healed over the surface, while there is danger of mortification going on beneath, that may cost the man his life. You may find, too late, that you are going the wrong road, my son, and then where will you be at the end? Remember, your father has often warned you, and if you persist in your downward course, your ruin will be chargeable on yourself." "Oh, as to all this, father, the fact is, I don't see the good of religion, unless it makes people consistent," rejoined Justus, glancing at his mother, who sat mute and sorrowful during this conversation; "at any rate, if I believed all that religious people *say* they believe, I could not do as I see many of them do; for one thing is certain—the Bible teaches us to be sincere, upright, and transparent, if it teaches anything; and, for certain, we precious seldom see this in those who are called saints!" "This will form no excuse for you, Justus, at the last day, for, by your own showing, the religion of the Bible is a lovely thing, and you are right, it is PERFECT; but the faults that you have evidently seen somewhere, in those who profess religion, should serve as a beacon to you to avoid their sins." "That were a very difficult thing," said the young man, again casting a look towards his mother; "one begins to sip of the contagion at one's birth, and through life one sees it—morning, noon, and

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night; one cannot push it away, if one would; and I am come to the conclusion, that it is as well to be without religion as to have it, with such accompaniments." "Fatal conclusion, my son; you have been walking in the counsel of the ungodly, and standing in the way of sinners, and now you are sitting in the seat of the scornful; you had better count the cost, for the end of such is eternal death." "Well, father, I see those who profess to believe all this, *act* as if it were a mere fable; so I think it does not matter much, I shall but share their fate." "Ah, my son, believe me, the *number* of those who are lost will only increase their misery, when they find themselves where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched."

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHER'S WALK.

TRUTHFULNESS.

My mind was deeply impressed, not long since, by a conversation which accidentally met my ear in one of my walks. Two little girls were walking beside a rippling stream, in one of dear old England's shady meadows, when I heard a little one lisping out, "Oh, dear Ally, that is not quite the truth!" The other, who was about eight years old, replied sharply, "Well, Polly, mother will never know it is not all the truth, unless you go and tell tales!"

Being their Sabbath-school teacher, I stepped forward and asked what was the question at issue, when beautiful blue-eyed Polly, from whose eyes the tears were streaming, informed me that her sister had told her mother she only walked to the mile-stone with Hetty Lowe, when she had gone as far as Farmer Clapp's haystack! It grieved her to hear Ally telling "not quite the truth," and the dear child asked, "will God love her, teacher, if she tells a lie?" My reply of course was, that no one who told lies could belong to the lambs of Christ's fold. Ally was

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convinced of her fault, and begged me to accompany her home, to hear her tell her mother that she had hidden part of the truth from her. The mother felt deeply, as she expressed her regret, that her darling could forget that the great God was always listening to what she said.

This little circumstance reminded me of a young friend with whom I had held many an argument on the difference between truth and falsehood. She would say, "I had no intention of telling a lie—I only prevaricated; I cannot think God would think it a lie!"

Oh, mothers, warn your little ones of *speaking* or ACTING a lie,—tell them that God has said, liars have their portion among the wicked; and be sure your own example in this respect will be such as will lead them straight on in the road to that city, where no liars can enter.

E. M. G.

A SCRIPTURE FRAGMENT.

A LOVELY day had dawned, and the throngs of Israel's tribes poured into Jerusalem. Her streets were filled with holy worshippers, and crowds were hastening to her temple gates, there to acknowledge the Lord God of their fathers in that sacred house of prayer. In the evening twilight might be seen a pensive, solitary one, descending from an upper chamber in a lonely part of the city. He emerges into the street, and is followed by thoughtful but deeply-interesting looking men. They wend their way and pass the many strangers unnoticed and unknown. They enter a lovely garden, a place of solitude and sweet retirement, without the walls, and together pass along its shady walks.

Presently the master stops, and, after addressing a few words to his followers, passes on with three only in his train, and having entered the more shady part he again stops beneath the shade of some venerable palms; then, after saying a few words, he goes on alone, leaving the three

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in thoughtful wonderment, but soon overcome by sleep. Presently he is seen returning, and after addressing a few words to his drowsy followers, retraces his steps again; and again he was observed to do this with an increased melancholy on his brow. This last time a few words, spoken in a firm and decided tone, yet mingled with love and pity, seemed to arouse them from their heaviness. They arise and quicken their returning steps, when lo! the lovely quiet of the sequestered spot is broken by the approach of a rabble multitude, and before them comes one with familiar air and gait, who approaches the sorrowful one and kisses him! A tumult ensues, and he is forcibly taken away. Terror and alarm seem to have seized his friends, and they seek their safety in immediate flight. Roughly and unkindly is he hurried through the streets of Jerusalem.

On the opposite side, in the shadow of the houses, might be seen two figures, carefully but fearfully watching his course, at a safe but convenient distance. They track them to the house of the High Priest, and as they were entering in, the younger of the two pressed forward, and joining the multitude, went in with them to the hall below, whilst he in custody, with the principal men, ascended the staircase to the council chamber, where the chief priests and elders and scribes were assembled awaiting him. The servants with the multitude remain below, where they soon kindle a fire and amuse themselves.

Now he that came in with them being known unto her who kept the door, spoke to her, and immediately went out; returning with his fellow, together they mingle with the multitude and sit down among them; but soon a scrutinising glance is cast upon them, which, added to the trouble of their hearts, makes them sorrowful indeed. When a bold and decisive challenge is given to him who came in last—"This man was also with him,"—he denied, saying, "I know not, neither understand I what thou sayest."

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He was now still more troubled and sad; but another saw him and said, "thou art also one of them;" and again he denied with an oath, "I do not know the man." But after a little while he was startled into terror by several confidently asserting, of a truth, "This fellow also was with him, for he is a Galilean;" then he began to curse and to swear, saying, "I know not the man," and immediately the cock crew. Whilst he yet spake there was a noise and confusion in the chamber above, and the person and his accusers were seen descending the staircase, the soldiers and servants making way for them to pass, standing on each side of the hall, and among them the two strangers. The suffering prisoner, as he passed between them, turned and looked upon him who had denied him. That look broke up the deep fountains of his heart, and he went out and wept bitterly.

M. B.

TEACHING TO READ.

TO AUNT G——.

"No, thank you, aunty," said a sweet little motherless boy, when his good kind aunt called him to read—the tiny thing did not like the dull, uninteresting page of hieroglyphics, and no marvel! Who would like to be obliged to look at the dull page of a book in an unknown language, till the eyes are weary, and the mind becomes a blank, having no idea connected with the long, tiresome lesson? No, no, "aunty," do not cloud the bright sunny path of his young life, by "ab—bo—co;" allow us to tell you of a better plan, that will only be "playing a nice game with aunty!" Buy a box of letters—it will only cost you a shilling—with pictures on one side of the card, and fine large letters on the other. Call the little fellow to have a "game" with you; he will come bounding along, with smiling face. Throw all the letters out of the box into the

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middle of the room—he will dance round them with delight. Then go to your seat, and take your work, if you like; and bid him bring you "C," which he will know, tell him, by the fine red cow on the opposite side of the card. When he finds it, and brings it to you, place it in view, in some convenient place near you, where you can arrange all the others, side by side; then tell him to bring "D, for donkey," or any other you may like; he will be delighted to observe what a "pretty parlour" you are making, and gain knowledge as he plays the "game of letters." When he seems to tire, take the letters all up, and place them *out of sight*, till another convenient season presents itself to you.

By-and-by, you will observe, as he takes up "C, for cow," he will pause, and look earnestly at the word, and the tiny finger will be placed on the three letters, as he says deliberately, "C—o—w." "I can spell cow, aunty!" he will exclaim, with delight, as he feels he is growing wise; then "aunty" can tell him all about the fine, useful red cow, and point him to the God of love, who made it, and of the glorious place where He lives, and where his dead mother is gone.

When he has in this way learnt all his letters, amidst sunshine and smiles, and the little words on the cards, follow Mrs. Wesley's plan with him; or rather, I would call it, the "Hamiltonian system." Let him begin to read at once, without spelling, the first chapter in John's Gospel—repeat the words to him as he looks at them, and read one verse thus, four or five times over—then let him run away, if tired. The next day repeat the lesson, and the words will soon be so familiar to his eye, that he will know them everywhere; increase the lesson as he proceeds, and as often as you can spare a few minutes, let him read. Soon you may attach an idea to the words, and the little fellow will like the exercise. Do not fancy that he will not spell well, by learning to read on this plan; we write fr—

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experience—he will spell better than many of his compeers, very soon.

As he progresses, you may give him a very short lesson in spelling, once a day, to commit to memory; and thus, in a year or two, combine the two systems. He will soon like lessons, and reading—aye, and *thinking*, too; and surprise "aunty," by his love for subjects that many a child, taught in the old way, would wonder at from ignorance.

We would teach a little child, for the first five or six years, all sorts of knowledge by *conversation*. At the same time, give him something *to look at*. For instance, while you explain to him the names of the different parts of a pretty flower, hold it in your hand, and point out the different parts to his wondering gaze; and when he has thus acquired a stock of useful knowledge, all huddled together, as it may be, help him to arrange it in order, as he mounts the ladder to the temple of wisdom. Try the plan, "aunty,"—try the plan, young mother—and tell us, if we are among your "friends," a few years hence, the result of your experience.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

A REPROOF.

A short time since, a lady, who had always been remarkable for her thoughtlessness, requested a pious friend to accompany her that day to visit a mutual friend, who was also pious. The afternoon passed away, and the subject of religion was not mentioned—probably, for fear of offending the gay friend who had proposed the visit. As the two neighbours walked home, the lady who had hitherto seemed to dislike religion remarked, "I have lost the afternoon! Nothing would have induced me to leave home, but the hope of hearing something about religion. I came to the conclusion, just now, that there is nothing

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in religion, or that my neighbours do not possess it, for if they did, would they not speak to me about my soul! I have been greatly alarmed," she added, "about my state, for several days; but if religion is not worth talking about, it is not worth having!" "Never shall I forget," said the pious neighbour, "that look of despair and reproach." *Pious mother*, read this again.

A HINT FOR SISTERS.

A little fellow came running into the house one day, exclaiming, "Oh! sister Mary, I have such a pretty thing; it is a piece of glass, and it is all red. When I look through it, every thing looks red too; the trees and houses —the green grass, and your face, and even your blue eyes." "Yes, John," replied Mary; "it is very pretty, and let me show you that you can learn a useful lesson from this pretty thing. You remember, the other day you thought everybody was cross to you; you said mother, father, and I were all finding fault with you. Now you were like this piece of glass because it is red; you thought, as you were cross, that everybody else felt the same; but when you get up in the morning in a good temper, loving and helping everybody, you think we are all kind too. Now you must try to be all you wish others to be—kind, gentle, loving; and then, looking at others through this beautiful colour of your own disposition, they will seem beautiful too!" Is not this true? Do you use a red glass?

A HINT BY THE WAY.

A minister was dining at the house of a friend; when dinner was placed on the table, the master of the house requested him to ask a blessing. As soon as he had finished, one of the children, a prattling boy, asked the following appropriate and memorable question:—"Papa, what is the reason we *always* have a blessing asked when the minister is here, and *never* at any other time?" I wonder how the father enjoyed his dinner after this?

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HOME COMFORTS.

Kind words never blister the tongue or lips; and we have never heard of any mental trouble arising from this quarter; though they do not cost much, yet they accomplish much! They help one's own good nature and good will. Soft words soften our own soul; angry words are fuel to the flame of wrath, and make it blaze more fiercely. Kind words make other people good natured; cold words freeze people, and hot words scorch them; bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. There is such a rush of all other kinds of words in our days, that it seems desirable to give kind words a chance among them. There are vain words, and idle words, and hasty words, and spiteful words, and silly words, and empty words, and profane words, and boisterous words, and warlike words. Kind words also produce their own image on men's souls, and a beautiful image it is. They smooth, and quiet, and comfort the hearer; they shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. We have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used.—PASCAL.

BOOKS RECEIVED AND APPROVED.

Missionary Encouragements. By Rev. W. CLARKSON. London: J. Snow. 18mo. Pp. 138.

This valuable little work we have noticed before as being calculated to stir the missionary spirit within by reading its pages.

The Sunday-school Teacher's Hand-Book. London: Ward and Co.

A little book full of useful hints and directions to the Sabbath-school teacher. We recommend it most sincerely to our young teachers.

The Teacher's Offering for 1850. London: Ward.

We have watched the deep interest children take in this amusing and instructive little volume. It is nicely got up, and would be an acceptable present for our young friends.

Pleasant Pages. Part 6. London: Houlston.

A little periodical full of useful information, written in an attractive rm for children and young people.

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THE MOTHERLESS.

NO. II.

We have a beautiful rule in most of our Maternal Associations, that when any mother is taken away, the remaining maternal band shall do all they can for the comfort and happiness of the bereaved family. Would it not be well to carry out such an important and Christian resolution to a greater extent among mothers? But we must pass on.

A family of bereaved little ones has lately deeply interested us.—Their good, and excellent and energetic mother had presided over a maternal band for some years, and there was good hope that she might have been spared to see her lovely group grow up around her; but Death came to that dwelling, like a midnight robber, giving no notice of his dread approach, and while dear friends were hoping soon to welcome a little stranger to that home of love, the mother went up, without one sigh, to dwell among the redeemed, in the land beyond Jordan. Thus speaking to us, in a loud voice, "Be ye also ready." The dear children are led on to follow in their dead mother's steps by their aunt, who supplies to them a mother's place as faithfully as any relative can do.

One day, the aunt and the eldest little girl were sitting at work, when the following conversation took place:—"Aunt," said the little motherless one, "I wish that Jesus lived on earth now." "Why, my love, do you wish this?" "Because, aunt, He was so kind; He used to send pain and sickness away, and make the dead to live again; and he would raise my dear mamma for us. Oh, I wish she would come back again, now this very minute, while we are working here!" "My dear," replied the kind aunt, "Jesus did not raise all the dead when he was on earth, only a very few." "Ah, yes, I know that; but He raised those He loved, and He loved my dear mamma—so, perhaps, He would bring her back to make us all happy again." "As this cannot be, my love, we must try to follow her in the road

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to heaven, and then we shall all live together in that glorious home beyond the sky, which will be far better."

It was our privilege, while on a visit to the home of these dear motherless children, to preside at the Maternal Meeting, and sit in the same chair where their dead mother had sat. A deep feeling pervaded the assembly. Callous, indeed, must have been the heart that did not feel—for the motherless family and their aunt were in our midst.

After the meeting, a lady arose and told us that some of the poor mothers who obtained a livelihood by washing, had arisen during the night to get their work forward, in order to spare an hour for the Mother's Meeting; and some of their neighbours, who were not thus engaged by day, stepped in to lend them a helping hand—encouragement this to us—and this was as it should be.

The same lady also mentioned, that while attending a religious meeting, not long before, the son of a pious, praying mother entered; he had lived a wretched, reckless life, but during the service that day he was melted into tears, and on being spoken to, he said that the meeting had so reminded him of his praying mother, who was far away, and of all his sad conduct towards her, as well as all the good instructions she had given him, that he had resolved, while there, to go home and write to her, and tell her that he repented, and would from that time think about religion in earnest. Here is encouragement for the sorrowful mother—in the morning sow the seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand—God can find means everywhere to bring your prodigal son to His feet.

Now, mother, you may talk to baby awhile—be thankful that he is not MOTHERLESS; and if you have a Maternal Association near you, attend it, that you may get all the help you can in training the little fellow for time and eternity. Never forget that you are both to appear at the judgment-seat of Christ, and you and your boy must live for ever in happiness or woe.

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THE WISH OF THE MOTHERLESS CHILD.

"Oh, I wish that Jesus would come to us,
And live in this world again;
He used to be kind, and do good on earth,
And take away grief and pain."
"But why do you wish to see Him now?
What causes the cloud on thy sunny brow?"

"Oh, I wish He would come this very time,
And make mamma arise;
He raised the dead when He lived on earth,
He would bring her from the skies."
"Perhaps not, my dear, for but few of the dead
He commanded back from their dreary bed."

"Ah, but still I wish He would come again,
For His heart seemed full of love;
He called His FRIENDS to return to earth,
Though they were safe housed above.
I wish He would bring my mother home,
To cheer us here as we sit alone."

"Thy mother may not return, my child,
She dwells in her home above;
And you must try to join her there,
'Tis a glorious home of love.
Jesus will listen when you pray,
And lead you there—He is the way."

"MOTHERS ARE ASLEEP OVER THEIR WORK."

LISTEN! The dying mother says, "Mothers are asleep over their work!"—Oh let us all ponder these words. Allow one who feels a deep interest in mothers, to pen a few thoughts suggested by reading this short but stirring sentence, contained in the interesting article commencing the February number of our "Mothers' Friend."

A young mother rests upon her dying bed; beside her sleeps the unconscious babe, that has yet scarcely breathed the atmosphere of our polluted world—around her s

her cherished first-born boy—bending over her, their anxious father catches each sentence as it slowly falls from the expiring lips of his beloved. Lingering awhile on this side of eternity, ere she unfolds her wings and takes her flight to her heavenly Father's home, she endeavours to point those around her to Jesus, telling them somewhat of the glories of that bright place whither she is hastening, and warning them to "flee from the wrath to come." Then taking a more expansive survey of the fallen world, from which her happy spirit is about for ever to depart, and contemplating the vast connexion between the mother and the child, she exclaims—"Mothers are asleep over their work!"

You have often gazed with delight on the infant forms of your household treasures. You have thought, "what would I not do or bear for my beloved children." You feel sure that *you*, at least, will not "sleep over your work." Ah! that precious casket, beautiful as it may be, contains a jewel of far more intrinsic, of even infinite value; those beaming eyes, that lovely countenance, radiant with intelligence, are but the outgushings of the indwelling soul. That soul is plastic, and it is to be formed under your influence—every action, every word of yours is tending to the formation of its character; that soul is immortal—you are training it for immortality. It is in your hand to form—to elevate—to fit it for action here; nor does the influence of your conduct in training your children stop within the narrow limits of the passing moment, but stretches onwards into the wide eternal futurity. Can you think of this, mother, and "SLEEP over your work?" SLEEP! with such a precious, immortal charge in your keeping! Can the mariner sleep as he guides his frail bark across the ocean's breast? The mother sleep whilst holding the tremendous responsibility of rearing immortal spirits for this world and the next! Ah! she would not sleep if her child were in *physical* danger; yet she too often "sleeps over her

work," by *forgetting its deep importance.* The mother may guard the fragile frames of the children so dear to her from outward danger, and yet be asleep regarding their best interests.

When you delay to enforce the obedience due to your parental authority—when you hesitate to inflict needful correction—when you neglect to guide your children, you are "asleep over your work." When you omit to instil into the mind of your child thoughts suited to his infant capacity; thoughts beyond the mere baubles that, for his amusement, may surround him—when you allow that child to live from day to day, without directing his thoughts to things of God and heaven, you "sleep over your work." When, regardless of your convictions, you journey on in the path of life, in company with your little one, forgetful of the immense, the lasting influence you possess over him, you "sleep over your work." When you cease to view your child as a creature, the chief end of whose being is to live and glorify God for ever, you "sleep over your work." When you pass the whole day without retiring to the solitude of your own closet, to pray that the blessing of Him who gave you your child may abundantly rest upon him, and crown your efforts to train him in the way he should go with success, you "sleep over your work." Yes, the mother too often "*sleeps*" while the undying—the immortal—the unquenchable spirit of her child is awake to every passing influence! Would that a voice might be heard, in accents of love speaking to every mother:—Awake to the thrilling consciousness of your position. Awake to duty. Oh! slumber not at your post. This scene of action will soon be past. Soon you, like the young mother who uttered the words heading our paper, you may pass away to the regions beyond the tomb. This life is not the time for slumbering, to the mother above all persons.

"Life is real—life is earnest."

Oh! use its precious moments, whilst quickly they speed

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their flight, as golden seasons granted you to mould the character of your child; ever remembering that this life is but the threshold of eternity!

A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

If there be in the wide world one station in life more important than the rest—more complex in its nature—or involving a greater amount of responsibility, it is that occupied by the Christian mother. In her are concentrated the hopes of the family, the church, and the world. To her, in a great measure, belongs the awfully responsible duty of forming the minds of the future generation; instilling, in early youth, the principles of moral rectitude, social obligations, and religious faith. To her keeping is entrusted a treasure worth more than ten thousand worlds. Immortal minds, whose latent energies and dormant powers she is, with unceasing assiduity, to cultivate and improve; beings whose ultimate destinies in the eternal world, either of happiness or misery, may be traced, directly or indirectly, to her training, her example, and her prayers. She is to explain, illustrate and enforce, by precept and practice, the great principles of Christian duty. She is to train them to habits of industry and diligence for both worlds—to a knowledge of their special obligations to God—to worship, love, and serve Him as their Creator, Preserver, and Redeemer—to a knowledge of their duty to society—to live honestly, prudently and circumspectly—to love all men as the children of one common Father. She is to nourish with fostering care the fragile plant, and guard it from the storms and blights which may threaten to destroy it. She is to watch the unfolding mind, and store it with ideas which will come forth in future life.

The moral influence which a mother's example exerts in

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the formation of the character of her children, is unbounded; they imbibe her sentiments—they adopt her habits—they speak her words—and their piety takes its tone from hers; in short, they follow her example in all things, not only in the prominent traits of her character, but in the minor ones also. Eternity alone will reveal, in its awful realities, the extent of her influence on the minds and hearts of her children. Oh! how important, then, that the mother's mind should be properly informed. How important that she should be wise in all things pertaining to this life, and the life to come, and embrace every opportunity for adding to her stock of knowledge. What great need has she to look to Him who only can lead her, and help her to guide her children into the narrow path ending in eternal life. What need has she for pleading earnestly and constantly for the Holy Spirit to be her help and comforter, and impress, upon the tender minds of her charge, the Divine truths she teaches them from the Bible—that she may meet them without dismay, before the great throne of the Eternal, when every one shall receive according to her works. Her sowing time is passing away—her reaping time is at hand. J. C.

SOMETHING WONDERFUL.

"Oh dear! how glad I shall be when the time comes to go to Prince Albert's Exhibition! Jump, Mary, jump!" said Harry Alpine. "Are you not glad? I want to see the Queen's carpet, and the Prince's pieces of sculpture, and all the things that are coming from different parts of the world—shall we ever get near enough to see it all?" continued the loquacious Harry. "Well," said Lucy, "I should like to see the electric telegraph again, and send a message to Bristol, to tell Matilda to join us there." "Ah, was not that wonderful?" rejoined Harry. "The handle was just turned, and the bell rang in London; a-

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But another will say, "I never touch a child of mine for correction—I would not do so on any account—I govern them all by love." Well, you cannot do better—but, may I ask, "Do you *govern* them at all?" There are many ways of managing children without any GOVERNMENT—perhaps you put up with them, or humour them; but this is very different from *governing* them! Some children are, I know, so mild and gentle in their dispositions, that from their earliest infancy a word, or a look, is sufficient. Where this is the case, it were worse than folly to use the rod. Yet we should be much surprised to see *a whole family* of such children. A mother *must be obeyed*—she *must govern;* and if she cannot do it in one way, she must in another.

I do believe that this mode of punishment need rarely be resorted to, except with very young children. If they are early trained to obedience, and accustomed to love and confidence, then after a few years they may be reasoned with, and the affection they feel for their mother will be a most powerful incentive to avoid giving her pain. Mothers! let me entreat you, never correct a child unless you can first speak to God about it—if you cannot, you had better leave him alone.

Again, always let him see and believe that it is to you a most painful duty—that you would not do it unless you loved him much—and that you fear lest you should be like Eli, and he like Hophni and Phinehas. If you are sincere—and children are quick to detect this—then his affection for you will be increased, and not lessened, and you may hope it will soon be your happy task to govern him by love, and love only. "A wise son maketh a glad father, but a foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."

Oxford. MARY.

FALSE FRIENDSHIP.—A false friend is like a shadow on a dial—it appears in clear weather, but vanishes as soon as it is cloudy.

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THE PRODIGAL'S PROGRESS, AND THE MOTHER'S REWARD.

NO. IV.

"Where will he be in the end?"

"Mother," said Justus, one day, as he stood before the parlour fire, looking at his mother in the chimney glass, "I am in a little bit of a fix, and I want you to help me out of it. You can, if you like; but of late I do not think you are quite so willing to lend me a helping hand as you used to be." "No, Justus," replied the matron, looking rather stern, "you have sadly disappointed all my hopes, and paid me with sorrow and anguish for all my care of you in early life; and, I fear, your father's words will prove true, that we shall be sent to the grave before our time by your conduct." "Ah, that is all very fine; but I don't want a sermon from you, too. You should have preached to me earlier in life; then, perhaps, I might have thought there was some wisdom in your words; but that is not to the point. Will you help me, or will you not? that is the question—because if you will not, there is but one course open to me—and then good bye, mother, for ever!" "What do you mean, Justus?" asked Mrs. Lane, putting down her work, and looking fearfully alarmed. "I mean just what I say, mother; and with the same feeling with which I threw the old cat into the pond, because she would not easily learn to jump over my hand when I was a boy, I should just go in to see what sort of a thing it is to be under the water. You understand me?" "Justus, you are surely mad!" said the mother. "Oh dear, no, I am not mad, but speak what I mean; and now, without any more parley, will you induce my father to allow me something like a sum to live upon? Say the word, yes or no, and I am off." "Why, my son," said the mother, trembling from head to foot, "you have already a good sum from your father, and you know you keep me without or

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farthing in my pocket—then you have everything provided here for you, if you only like to enjoy it—and, besides, you are so seldom in the counting-house, that I feel sure your father will advance nothing more than he already gives you—nor, indeed, do I think he *can*." "Well, then, mother, you must manage the matter for me, as you have often done before; *money* I must have, for, to tell you the truth, I have claims upon me now which I never had before, and I must meet them, that is certain." "Claims, my son!" exclaimed the astonished mother, "what claims can you have?" "Why, mother, if you must know, I am married, that's all!"

This was a shock the misguided mother was quite unprepared for, for she had vainly imagined he had more love in his heart for her than this conduct manifested. She sank back in her chair, unconscious as to where she was, or what she had heard. After a few moments a flood of tears came to her relief, and she caught her son's hand as he was about to take his hat from her side to rush out of the room. "No, Justus—no, you shall not go," she faintly articulated, "till you have told me the whole of this dreadful affair. Who have you married? where? and when? tell me quickly, for my heart feels bursting!" "Oh, well, as to that, mother, I do not think Mrs. Justus Lane will exactly suit you; she is pretty, they say, but not so good-looking as I at first thought her; and then, you see, her class—though, to be sure, a man always raises his wife to his own class; but, then, her previous way of life—her home, I mean, is not like mine, you see—so you had better not meet." "Who is she? What is she? You will drive me mad!" "Well, then, good mother, we may as well get mad together, for I feel as if I were on the verge of something terrible; but let me go." "No, my son, I cannot let you go; all the troubles I have ever had before seem nothing to the anguish of this hour; how could you treat us with such contempt, and destroy our happiness?"

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"Well, mother, you have to thank yourself for it—so now I tell you so; if you had taught me to subdue my passions and my pride, and acted with firmness towards me, I remember many a time when I felt ready to yield, but you always allowed me to feel I could wind you round my finger as I liked, and it was more agreeable to human nature to command than to obey. There, now I have told you the truth for once, and so please tell me if you intend to influence the governor—because, if not, good bye." The mother still grasped the hand of her son, but he became furious, and striking the table violently with his fist, at the same time stamping with all his strength on the floor, he demanded, in an insolent tone, "Are you willing to do it, or not?" The distracted mother, alarmed at her son's desperate manner, feebly uttered, "I will try." And the prodigal son rushed from the room.

THE FIRST DEATH.

Long ago, when but few years had passed over the world, and nature still wore the freshness of early youth, when every created thing breathed life, and death had not appeared, two brothers came to worship the great God by whom all things were made, and to offer Him as a sacrifice the first-fruits of their toil. The elder brother brought in his hands the produce of the field, and the younger a firstling from his flock. When they had kindled the fire, and prepared the offering, they retired to pray that it might be accepted, and that they might be blessed.

Now, in the heart of the elder brother there was no love to God—no gratitude for His mercies. He was filled with envious hatred of his brother's holy life, and jealousy also for the love his parents bore him, and for the favour he found in the eyes of the Most High. When God's answer came, and the smoke of the younger brother's sacrifi-

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ascended straight and clear to heaven, whilst the elder brother saw his own brooded darkly over the altar, the cup of his wrath was filled, and as he "talked with his brother in the field he rose up and slew him." . . . . .

From the spot to which a brother's hand had hurled him, Abel never rose again. As the life-blood welled freshly from the wound, death entered in and took possession. With folded arms and knitted brow, Cain stood beside his victim, and watched the agony and strife of his departure. He saw death close the hand that was extended in forgiveness; he saw it quench the light which flashed forth from eyes beaming with unutterable love; and saw it set its seal upon the lips that vainly tried to breathe a prayer and ask a pardon for the guilty man. Then, overwhelmed with horror and dismay at the deed he had committed, he fled from the spot, destined to wander about the earth as a vagabond and fugitive, with the mark and brand of Divine vengeance on his brow. Meanwhile, ministering angels bore Abel's soul above, where he now reposes in the bosom of the Father.

It is impossible, with much accuracy, either to portray the circumstances which attended this event, or to describe the emotions it must have awakened. As the family had often offered sacrifices, death, as experienced by animals, must have become familiar to them; but never, previously to this, had they seen its power upon human nature, nor, as a necessary consequence, had it been witnessed by the angelic beings who desire to look into those things which concern our welfare. With what unspeakable emotion must our first parents have gazed upon the lifeless corpse of their best beloved, and have realised the result of their own transgression! With what holy sadness must the angels have beheld the first regal act of the King of Terrors! One can imagine that the first funeral must have been attended by the whole band of heaven and earth, while the bereaved parents bore the body to the tomb, and

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wept as those who refuse to be comforted. Doubtless, a pious and sanctified sorrow pervaded the realms of heaven, and its inhabitants, unseen by mortal eyes, swelled the number of the mourners.

This simple narrative teaches, among other important lessons, the necessity of constant watchfulness on the part of *every mother*, lest she should inadvertently sow the seeds of rivalry and jealousy between her children—lest she should unguardedly plant and foster the elements of passion, whose maturity and fruition may make her child in thought, if not in deed, a second Cain! Oh, mothers, if there should be, among the number of your little ones, one whose perversity and evil temper repels every effort of your love, instead of slighting and neglecting him, make him the object of your special care. Is he jealous? surround him with fresh proofs of your *impartial* attention. Is he wilful and headstrong? Rule him *firmly*, yet with much *gentleness*. Is he depraved? Restrain him by the power and intensity of your love. You will soon find, as a reward for your labour, some spot in his young heart which patient love may reach; and if your utmost effort seems to fail, gather fresh encouragement when you remember, that as woman brought sin and guilt upon the human race, so it is given to her as her birth-right, if she acts wisely and faithfully, to reclaim and bring to God her sons and daughters.

Every mother may acquire unbounded influence over her children, and being careful to train them in the way they should go, will realise the promise, "that when they are old they will not depart from it."

E. C.

THE WRONG BOAT.

WEDNESDAY morning, the 8th of July, 1846, came weeping into the world, yet on that day I had determined to leave Plymouth for Falmouth; and about eleven o'clock that all-important personage, well known to all traveller

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by the name of "Boots," came into the room and said, "The packet has just come, Sir, and dropped her anchor." I asked if he had got my luggage down, when the ready answer was, "All right, Sir." So I put on my great coat, took up my umbrella, and bidding "good morning" to some fellow-travellers, hurried out of the Globe Hotel into the street, and truly it was, as Mr. Boots said, a "nasty morning."

When we got down to the harbour, the steamer was hardly discernible, for fog, smoke, and steam all mingled together. I followed my luggage into the boat, which immediately pushed off for the steamer; stepping on board, I got my luggage stowed away, and then turned round to see where I was and what was doing. Every thing looked and felt comfortless — the deck wet and dirty —the crew busy discharging and receiving cargo—passengers going and coming, for the boat was from Portsmouth—the very sounds around you seemed to have caught the gloom and spoke sorrowfully.

At length the master gave the word, and in an instant the capstan was manned, the clanking of the iron cable was heard, and the huge anchor soon made its appearance. The captain took his place on the paddle-box bridge, and cried out, in a gruff strong voice, "Go a-head there," which was repeated by the boy on deck in a penny-trumpet voice to the engineer below. This repetition is both striking and amusing, yet very important.

Soon the noble vessel was threading her way through scenery the most beautiful, but now, O how changed! Yesterday the landscape was bright and lovely; the sun shone forth in all his glory, whilst his bright rays streaked every headland with light and beauty. The near—the distant—the green—the grey—the moving—and the still, all blended together to make one harmonious picture. Now no object was seen distinctly; even the huge breakwater was hardly perceived till we were close upon it, and the

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lovely points of Mount Edgcombe only formed a dull, broad outline.

What a picture we have here of the experience of the child of God! One day has been bright and sunny—the next, dark and gloomy. Let us take a lesson from our good helmsman. Is the navigation more difficult?—*he* is more diligent. Is the fog dense?—he keeps his eye more intent upon the needle, and his ear is open to receive the first sound of danger from the man on the look-out forward. Mother! Christian mother! has a cloud come over your path? Look well to your way—see that you take not a false step—perhaps your wisdom is to stand still! Do doubts and fears trouble you? Look through them to the Saviour—steer clear of the shoals and quicksands of frames and feelings. You are saved through faith, and that not of yourself—it is the gift of God.

We were now fairly at sea, steaming away to the westward, having the noble Eddystone behind us, a standing and a shining warning to all bewildered mariners on dark and stormy nights. The wind began to freshen, and the sea to roll heavy, so that there was great commotion both within and without the vessel. Here and there might be seen one and another starting from their seats by a sort of convulsive effort, who, after a few agonising throes, returned staggering to their seats, and were very unconversable. The waves now became more rough, and occasionally swept the deck; their repeated visits acted as a powerful persuader, and one after another sought shelter below.

After bearing the weather some time, I began to wish for shelter, and meeting the captain, he said, "You had better go below, Sir; the weather is very dirty, and there is no prospect of its clearing." So, throwing off my dripping macintosh, I descended—but what a sight met my wondering eyes! The ladies' cabin was full to overflowing, so that several sought refuge with the gentlemen.

The floor was literally covered; and what with human beings, and what with white basons, it was no easy matter, amidst the rolling of the ship, to make a safe passage to your seat. I looked out for one free from danger, for in such company it is very great, and seeing a vacant space by the side of a young middy, I sat down and cast an inquisitive look at him, which he seemed to understand, for he immediately stammered out, "I never was sick before, Sir." Whilst I was listening to the sobs, sighs, and groans around me, we were all suddenly terrified by the most unearthly noise that ever proceeded from mortal man. In real alarm I turned to see what could be the matter, and perceived an enormous man stretched upon a sofa, who was thus giving vent to his inward agonies at the expense of the nerves of all present. The shock was general; those who seemed to have lost all power of motion started, and the half-dead were awakened. Two poor ladies, in awful suffering, stretched upon a bulk-head, whose bonnets had forsaken their owners, whilst their caps had all but parted company with their heads—the hair hung in wild confusion—just raised themselves up, and cast a most deplorable look to the place whence the noise came, and seeing this big man in all his agonies, they sank helplessly down again, seeming to say, "You good-for-nothing creature you."

But I perceive, if I continue my narrative, I shall indeed get into the wrong boat, and must, therefore, leave the conclusion of our voyage for the next number of the *Mothers' Friend*. In the meantime, farewell. Mother! you and your children are on the voyage of life. Are you on board a good ship? Have you a skilful pilot, and a sure compass? You must expect and prepare for stormy weather; but, with Christ at the helm, you will safely reach your destined haven.

M. B.

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FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

"DID HE DIE FOR ME?"

A little child sat quietly on its mother's lap. Its soft blue eyes were looking earnestly into her face, which was beaming with love and tenderness. The mother was telling the story of the cross! The tones of the voice were low and serious, for the tale was of sorrow and joy. The listening child caught every sound; as the story went on tears glistened in its eyes, and the little one inquired, "Did He die for me, mamma?" "Yes, my love; for you, for all." "May I love Him always, mamma, and dearly too?" "Yes, my child, it was to win your love that He left his bright and beautiful home." "And He will love me, mamma, I know He will. He died for me. When may I see Him in his other home?" "When your spirit leaves this world, my darling." "My spirit!" murmured the child. "Yes, that part of you that thinks, and knows, and loves; if you love Him here, you may go to live with Him in heaven." "And I may love Him here! How glad you have made me, dear mamma." The mother bowed her head, and prayed silently and earnestly that her babe might love the Saviour.

INFLUENCE OF A MOTHER'S LOOK.

"I was struck," says a dear friend, in writing to us, "by the earnest appeal of Mr. C. (a minister at Hackney) to parents, to make religion attractive to their children—to let them see, by their every-day walk and conversation, that it was religion made them happy." One sweet instance he gave:—"A boy, about twelve years of age, was deeply awakened about his soul, and sought earnestly to obtain peace with God, but all his efforts increased his misery, till one day he was pacing up and down the breakfast room in such great distress, that he exclaimed, 'This religion only makes me wretched, I will give it up.' Just at that moment, a side-

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door opened, and his mother appeared; she came out of a little closet, where she was accustomed each morning to retire for communion with God. She did not speak, but her whole countenance was illumined by a holy joy, a sweet calm peace. Her son looked at her, and from that moment resolved, saying, 'I will never give up seeking religion, till I obtain that which makes my mother so happy.' He kept his resolution, devoted himself to the Saviour, and continues to walk in the truth. That happy mother has joined the blessed company, who serve God day and night without ceasing, and the son is preparing to join her in that glorious place."

BOOKS RECEIVED AND APPROVED.

The Father's Messenger. Bath: Binns and Goodwin. London: Whittaker.

A little book full of instruction for the heart. The dying mother—the pious youth—the repenting nephew—and the missionary father—are portraits worth looking at.

The Bible the Book of the Lord; or, the Divine Authority of the Sacred Scriptures, addressed especially to the Young. By a Town Missionary. London: Snow. Brighton: Miall.

This little tract is from the pen of one of our best friends, who has been recently taken from us by death. It is a sweet memorial of a mind and heart deeply interested in the spiritual welfare of parents and children. A few copies are left, and we earnestly recommend the circulation of them. We hope to be able to give some account of the late author in a future number.

Old Narquois, the Negro Driver. Bath: Binns and Goodwin. London: Whittaker.

A beautiful illustration of the power of the Gospel.

The Scholar's Friend. London: Bartlett.

A cheap little periodical of dialogues and poetry, suitable for the lambs of the flock; evidently the product of a clear head and a benevolent heart.

The Band of Hope. Nos. I and II. London: Partridge and Oakey.

An illustrated children's paper, calculated to be useful in the cause of temperance and peace.

Protestant Catechism. London: Baisler.

This little tract contains much information suited to the times that it would be well for our young friends to study.

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THE PRODIGAL'S PROGRESS, AND THE MOTHER'S REWARD.

NO. V.

"Where will he be in the end?"

"Dear me, what is the matter, my dear?" asked Mr. Lane, as he looked upon his wife, still weeping bitterly, as he entered the parlour; "what can be the matter now?" The mother's heart was too full to speak for some moments, but, roused by the earnestness of her husband's manner, she replied, "Oh, the worst thing that could have befallen us has happened—Justus will, I believe, kill me!" "What has he done now?" asked the father, anxiously. Mrs. Lane was silent for a moment, and then, trying to compose herself, she said, "He wants you to allow him more pocket money." "Is that all? Then, my dear, he will want in vain, for my path is plain, and my resolve made—he will have no more from me. He is now seldom in the office, and I have almost made up my mind to send him off altogether, to go where he likes. I am worn out with his conduct. As to money, my path is plain; he will have no more from me, so do not mention the subject to me again." "Then," said the mother, in a paroxysm of grief, "something dreadful will happen to him." "Well, then, something dreadful must happen, that is all—I am firm." "But he has involved himself!" "Well, then, he must get out of it the best way he can." "But he has formed an imprudent marriage, and is almost mad, and so am I.' "Marriage!—woman!" exclaimed the husband, starting from his seat, as if he had received an electric shock, "then now he has finished the matter, and I have done with him; you now see the effects of your ruinous indulgence, and your sin in your punishment. All *my* efforts to train him as a boy in the right way you have frustrated, by counter-working and double-dealing. This is, indeed, the climax of

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domestic misery!" "Yes," replied the mother, "I see it all now, but it is too late—I have too often kept from you the bad conduct of Justus, and you little imagine the pressure on my aching heart, in the recollection of it—but what can I do now?" "You can do nothing now—but pray do not see him—do not see him!" and, repeating these words, the agitated father left the room. An hour after, a lad from the office rushed into the parlour, in breathless haste, saying, "My master has fallen down in a fit!"

On Mr. Lane's making an examination in the counting-house, he found that his own private desk had been broken open, and cash to a considerable amount removed, as well as sundry other transactions of a dishonest character, leaving no doubt on his mind that his own prodigal son was the guilty person. This, together with the shock of his marriage, had proved too much for him; and for some weeks he lay in a state between life and death, utterly unable to make himself understood, and apparently taking little notice of those who passed around his sick bed. This was wave upon wave to the heart-stricken wife; but she could only exclaim, "It is the righteous judgment of the Lord—I am the guilty one, who has brought this sorrow upon my household!" During his father's illness, Justus often sought an interview with his mother; but the last words she heard her husband articulate, sounded in her ears like a warning voice—"Don't see him—don't see him!"—and she resolved to abide by the admonition, at any cost. Sorrowful months passed away, and Mr. Lane partially recovered, so that he was enabled to arrange his business, and dispose of it to some advantage; and the sorrowful couple retired on a small income, much lessened by the heartless and dishonest conduct of their prodigal son. The mother's heart still yearned towards Justus, but no tidings could be obtained of him from any quarter, and it was supposed he had gone off to America, with the stolen property of his father.

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TEACH YOUR CHILDREN TO EMPLOY THEMSELVES.

Do not forget, mothers, that if you really wish your child to be cheerful and industrious, you can scarcely begin too early. It is a great mistake *to be always nursing* little children. An esteemed writer has said, that there is in very young children so much natural joyousness, that all they require is to be allowed to enjoy themselves without restraint. One great advantage of this plan will be, that if, from the child not being well, or the mother having a little leisure, she should choose to devote a little time to his amusement, her efforts will be valued, and produce a good effect—half an hour may sometimes be thus spent most happily, either in dressing a doll, or perhaps making one—turning walnut-shells into boats or thimble-bags, &c., certainly far more suitably than in reading a novel, gossiping with a neighbour, or doing nothing at all!

It is very amusing to watch the ingenuity of children who are accustomed to depend upon themselves for amusement; the variety of plays they will invent, and the many purposes to which they will apply the same thing. As soon as a child can sit up alone, he will amuse himself very happily on the floor, with any trifling articles, if encouraged now and then by a kind word and a look of approbation. I would always have a cupboard, or large box, within the child's reach, to hold his playthings; and another smaller one for his "very own," where he may keep those he values most. Now ask him just to upset his box, and let you take a peep, if you are puzzling what toys to purchase next for your child. Take care, little one, that none of your treasures get broken, for some of them are rather brittle!—small gallipots—little empty boxes—cotton reels and ribbon rollers—a tiny pair of scissors—odds and ends of various sorts, commonly designated "rubbish." Mothers, do not be too anxious to have your room alw-

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neat, while your pets are about; be satisfied, if they are willing to "clear away" when you desire them to do so. "Bricks" are excellent things for parlour amusements—they are so easily put away, and afford so good an opportunity for the elder children to be kind to their younger brothers and sisters. Look at that deep "well"—sister has built it for the little one who is now hunting for mother's thimble and a little piece of cotton to be tied round it. "What for?" Look again. Do you not see the tiny bucket descending, knocking against the sides of the well as it goes down—now it is drawn up again. A few times more, and down comes the well, burying it in the ruins, while the little one sits by, laughing at the noise, and looking carefully for the thimble.

Mothers! you know something by experience of the world in which your children are to live, if their lives be spared. It is not like the world of poetry and romance, far from it. Some have called it a "busy, work-a-day world;" others, a "cold, selfish world." At any rate, it is a world in which the less we are obliged to depend upon others, and the more resources we have in ourselves, the better. Let us ever bear this in mind, while training our little ones. Oh, that while seeking to prepare them for a world, where at most they will only pass a few fleeting years, we may yet more anxiously endeavour to fit them for that world, where we would fain hope their eternity will be spent. "There is a happy land, far, far away!" Mothers! are you travelling thither yourselves?

Oxford. MARY.

PASSING UNDER THE ROD.

WHY is the painful discipline of the rod necessary for those who have been adopted into the family of God, and upon whom He looks with all a father's tender love? Why? Ask that devoted father, whose very existence

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seems bound up in the life of his child, why he corrects his son,—deprives him at times of some gratification on which his heart was set, and subjects him to a discipline which he knows will be painful,—and that father will reply, "It is just the love I feel for my child which prevents me from indulging his every caprice, and leads me to pursue that course which, though at present painful, will eventually promote his real good." Just so is it with our heavenly Father; he does not afflict willingly, but he sees that the unlimited gratification of the desires of his children would lead them to say, "This is my rest, here will I dwell, for I have desired it;" and therefore—

> "He who knew what human hearts would prove,
> How slow to learn the dictates of his love,
> That hard by nature, and of stubborn will,
> A life of ease would make them harder still,
> In pity to the souls his grace designed
> To rescue from the ruins of mankind,
> Called for a cloud to darken all their years,
> And said,—'Go spend them in the vale of tears.'"

Mother! has your path led you through scenes of suffering? Have you seen the blight resting on your cherished flowers? Have you beheld with anguish the desire of your eyes removed by a stroke? Have your household treasures been taken from your embrace to be laid in the tomb? And have you been ready to exclaim sometimes, "It is better to die, and go to those who may not return to me?" Ah! well, many such hearts as yours are around us,—try to realise the fact, that a wise, a tender Father holds the rod in his own hand, and watches all the process of the afflicting scourge. "In all your afflictions he is afflicted," and perhaps he saw that in the sunshine of prosperity evil weeds were growing,—worldliness, selfishness and idolatry; and that the chilling frosts of adversity were needed to prevent them from choking the good seed of the kingdom. Seek to learn the lessons these

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painful dispensations were designed to teach, and exhibit to all around you the proofs of sanctified affliction; let your life be holy and useful, that your family may see you are like your Redeemer, made more perfect by suffering.

"I saw the young mother in tenderness bend
O'er the couch of her slumbering boy,
And she kissed his soft lips as they murmured her name,
While the dreamer lay smiling in joy.

"O sweet as the rose-bud encircled with dew,
When its fragrance is flung on the air,
So fresh and so bright to the mother he seemed,
As he lay in his innocence there.

"But I saw when she gazed on the same lovely form,
Pale as marble, and silent and cold;
But paler and colder her beautiful boy,
And the tale of her sorrow was told.

"But the Healer was there, who had smitten her heart,
And taken her treasure away,
To allure her to heaven He had placed it on high,
And the mourner will sweetly obey.
There had whispered a voice,—'twas the voice of her God,
'I love thee,—I love thee,—pass under the rod.'"

I saw when a father and mother had leaned
On the arm of a dear cherished son,
And the star in the future grew bright to their gaze,
As they saw the proud place he had won.

As the fast-coming evening of life promised fair,
And its pathway grew smooth to their feet,
And the sunlight of love glimmered bright to the end,
And the whispers of fancy were sweet.

And I saw when they stood bending low o'er the grave,
Where their hearts' dearest hopes had been laid,
And the star had gone down in the darkness of night,
And joy from their bosoms had fled.

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But the Healer was there, and His arms were around,
And He led them with tenderest care,
And He showed them a star in the bright upper world,
'Twas *their* star shining brilliantly there.
They had each heard a voice,—'twas the voice of their God,
"I love thee,—I love thee,—pass under the rod."

P. W. M.

THE MOTHERLESS.

NO. III.

While we were thinking and writing of the melancholy situation of motherless children, we met with an interesting account of a dear little motherless boy. A little child had wept himself to sleep; his heart was sad and desolate; the hour of his first grief had come. He had listened for the last time to the tender words of a mother, and had seen her close her eyes in dreamless slumber—the slumber of death. Poor child! he had reason to weep, for he was, indeed, an orphan. His father, alas! was no kind father to him. The poor motherless one had reason to weep! The sobs of the sleeping boy grew fewer and fainter, and he gradually sank into a quiet sleep. It was long ere he awoke, and when he again appeared a peaceful smile rested upon his fair young brow. "I have been dreaming," he said, "and such a pleasant dream! I wish I might dream so all the time. When I went to sleep I was thinking of the cold dark grave where they laid her—my dear mother; but there was no grave in my dream. I saw my mother; but not as she was when they held me up to look at her in her coffin. Her face was changed—all was changed. She smiled upon me, and spoke kindly to me, as she used to do. I thought we talked together for a long time about God, and Christ, and heaven. She said, 'Do not cry, dear William; do not cry because I have left you. Be a good child; learn to love the Saviour; God will take care of you then. He will lead you along kindly through the

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they wear the white robe — they grasp the palm of victory —they are telling their history, which is a mystery to angels—they have the blessed Saviour for their teacher, and the volumes of eternity to study. The map of God's universe is their chart, and the telescope of heaven to assist their unclouded vision. True, they need no more the light of the sun—true, from seraphim and cherubim they learn the notes of heaven, while Gabriel leads the choir; but has the mother forgotten her boy? Has the boy forgotten his mother? No, no; neither memory, nor love, dies in heaven; there all is perfected; but if they could converse with us, what would they say? "Time is short—eternity is glorious—press on, Zion's travellers, the prize is before ye; a crown never fading—a kingdom of glory." But, oh! as ye march upward, try to wipe the tears from the cheeks of the motherless children.

"MY CHILD CANNOT TELL A LIE."

"EMILY, you may go and play with your cousin in the dining-room, or in the library, but I must on no account allow you to go into the drawing-room," said a mother to her little girl and her cousin. "We may go into the garden and shrubbery, may we not, mamma?" asked Emily. "Yes, but return soon, and amuse your cousin with your books and pictures until I come back." Mrs. Manton then left the house with a friend, expecting the two children would be obedient and happy. Soon the little girls were tossing a ball, and running after each other in childlike glee. At length, Emily ran upstairs into the drawing-room, where Mary quickly followed her, and having the ball in her hand, she threw it with all her strength at her cousin. In its flight the unfortunate missile smote the splendid glass chandelier in the centre of the room, a portion of which came rattling down on the table in hundreds of

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pieces. Quickly the poor children left the room, but did not forget in their flight to softly close the door of the drawing-room, and creep noiselessly down stairs. That day, Mary's father and mother were to dine there, and after their arrival the accident was soon discovered, but none could tell who had done it; the servants were accused, —they all denied, of course,—then Emily was questioned, and, alas! *she*, too,—although looking very guilty,—denied all knowledge of it. Mary's father, in the meantime, had sent for her, and requested she would produce her *diary*,—for he had thus early in life instructed her to keep a journal of all particular events, whether they were faults or otherwise. "We shall soon know the truth now," said he to Mrs. Manton, who had become very angry, "my child cannot tell a lie." Mary then entered the room, bringing to her father her little book; he opened it, and read in her diary, newly written,—"*This day, broke Mrs. Manton's beautiful chandelier playing with a ball.*" "What did it cost, madam?" asked Mary's father. "One hundred pounds," answered the astonished lady. "Come to my arms, my child," exclaimed the weeping, yet delighted father, placing his pocket-book full of notes before Mrs. Manton, "I would not have my child tell a lie for a thousand." How forcibly does this circumstance remind us of the power of truth. How grieved that mother must have felt, when her child was thus found to have denied the fact, and how condemned was Emily in the presence of the whole party. How much more precious than gold was the truth-loving daughter to the good father! Mothers! let this warn you to make strict truth-telling an early lesson for your children. Point them, above all, to *Him* who is truth itself, to ask His grace and Holy Spirit, to lead them into all truth.

G. B. S.

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THE WRONG BOAT.

NO. II.

After a few hours' steaming we came within sight of Falmouth, and it was really wonderful to see, when we got into smooth water, what a change came over the motley group; one and another sat up, and, with a sort of returning consciousness, began to arrange their forlorn habiliments, and look after many a stray article of dress. We were now entering the large and noble harbour, and, as we steamed up, I was greatly delighted. The rain was over and gone—the rays of sunshine lit up every object with splendour and beauty—many a noble ship lay at anchor—whilst others were shaking out their sails, preparing for their outward voyage. As I saw them standing out to sea I could not help saying, "Farewell, brave mariners; brief, indeed, has been our acquaintance; you are about to brave all the dangers of a long and perilous voyage, whilst I have just entered the harbour; may the blessing of the God of heaven go with you; perhaps, some pious mother has stowed away a Bible in your chest; do the sobs and tears of the last sad interview still vibrate on your ear, and swell your manly bosom? Cherish, oh! cherish those saintly feelings, and ever bear in mind the solemn request then made, that you would take that precious book as the man of your counsel—the guide of your youth. A mother's prayers go with you; and do you think you shall never lose the remembrance of the solemn moment?—may you never, till you meet again!"

The two castles of St. Mawes and Pendennis look formidable, and their very threatening seems to provoke aggression. The constitution of our nature is pugnacious—one frown begets another, whilst a smile turns away wrath; but where the love of God is shed abroad in the heart, the love of man must follow. Our steamer

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had now come to an anchor, and the shore-boats were busy taking away the passengers, and, as is mostly the case on such occasions, there was a great rush at first; so I waited my time, and seeing a nice, clean, four-oared boat alongside, I told them to lower my luggage, and bidding a kind farewell to the friendly captain, I stepped in myself. After we had pulled a short distance, I said to a man who sat next me, who, from his appearance and manner, I took to be the master, "I want to go to Morris's Hotel." He looked at me, with a peculiar expression of countenance, and quaintly replied, "Then I doubt you are in the wrong boat." After recovering from my surprise, I inquired, "And where is this boat going?" "To the Green Bank Hotel, where I hope to make you very comfortable, Sir." Somewhat discouraged, I answered, "Very well; we shall see." To the "Green Bank" we went, and a lovely spot it proved; situated upon the very edge of the water, commanding a view of the entire harbour and surrounding country; I was afterwards glad of the mistake, for the other hotel was in the middle of the town, in a long, narrow street; but I have often thought since of the "wrong boat." I had left the good steamer and the captain whom I took to be a friend—was in a little boat, among strangers, and going I knew not where! Escape was impossible—submission inevitable; I compared it to a man on his death-bed, about to be separated from his friends—die he must. Oh! if he should step into the wrong boat! and, instead of friends, find himself surrounded by enemies; instead of going to heaven, to be thrust down to hell; resistance is useless—escape is impossible—he is dragged to the judgment-seat of Christ, and perishes at the feet of mercy. Oh! mothers and fathers, take heed what boat you and your children embark in; for, once in, you cannot get out.

One beautiful morning I left the Green Bank, to take a survey of the scenery around, and during the

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walk the sun, as we say, went in. Dark clouds were seen gathering, and thunder was heard in the distance; a smart shower of rain fell, and it was very evident there was a storm a few miles off; but little did I then think, as I viewed the darkened horizon, what terrible struggles, what death-throes were there; but so it was. A water-spout had burst upon the edges of a beautiful amphitheatre of hills, and, pouring down its sides, gathered at their bottom, and there being no sufficient outlet it rose again up the sides, until it reached the mouth of a mine, down which it rushed with the force and noise of an avalanche. In a few moments seventy or eighty immortal beings passed from time to eternity, without a moment's warning. The hammer and the pick-axe laid down for ever, and in the twinkling of an eye they stood before the judgment-seat. What an unexpected meeting-place was that! There they stood, friends and fellow-workmen, to hear, each one, his awful sentence, which was to fix his eternal destiny. Were they prepared? We cannot tell; but be *you* ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man may come.

Some ten days after, I was passing through the country, and it was wonderful to see the excitement it had produced; the mine had been pumped dry, and most of the bodies got up and laid in rows, to be owned by their relatives; the whole population seemed to be hastening to the awful scene, on foot, on horseback, and crammed in carts, to the evident danger of life and limb, on they went. Such terrible calamities terrify men—alarm them for a moment—but few, we fear, are led to forsake their evil ways, and turn unto the Lord. Mother! father! if this paper should, by the blessing of God, lead you to the serious inquiry, "What boat am I in?" it will not be written in vain, and such a hope would encourage the writer to appear again.

M. B.

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THE SISTER'S PAGE.

MY SISTER.

My sister Hannah was ten years my senior in age, and in my youth I was almost constantly under her influence. Now that she has gone to heaven, I like to recall her history and testify my gratitude to God for giving me such a sister. My first recollections of her bring her before me as the general collector of money for all benevolent objects in her native town. Young and ardent, she was yet always ready for this thankless task, which most Christians decline, while her cheerful face and earnest confidence in her work, made her both popular and successful. I remember, too, how she taught me the Bible, and led me to the Sabbath school. But it was at the death of my dear mother, that my most vivid impressions of her begin. I was then twelve years of age. She waked me from sleep to tell me that my mother, who, five hours before, was in her usual health, was dying, and led me up to see her expire. When I became motherless, my affections fastened more strongly than ever upon that sister, and she became to me more than a sister—a mother in Christ. At that time she and my other sister were all of the family who were really pious. A father and seven brothers, all unconverted, were the objects of her intense anxiety and earnest prayers—an anxiety that knew no cessation till one by one they all became disciples of the Saviour. How much she prayed for the dear old man, our father, who has just now followed her to heaven, we cannot know. By uniform kindness, anticipating all his wants, she smoothed the path of his declining years, and gently led him to the cross. What influence she exerted over the other brothers, from most of whom she was separated, I have no means of ascertaining; but, I doubt not, eternity will show that her meek and quiet example, and her excellent correspondence, were among the more important

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means of their conversion. But over me her influence was constant and most happy. All my best ideas of religion were derived from her; and, in her, religion was presented to me as an earnest, serious, and yet eminently happy life. While pursuing my studies for college, I was drawn away into much dissipation, and the strongest influence holding me back was derived from my sister's letters. Scarcely a week passed without bringing me something from her pen, though often but a short note; but never one, however short, that did not contain some word to remind me that, without an interest in Christ, I must be lost. Her very hand-writing had become so associated with religion, that the sight of it called my thoughts to my soul's salvation as certainly as the sight of the Bible. Though my heart had become exceedingly hard, and my conscience seared, there was yet one spot which would always feel, and that she and she alone could touch. It was kept tender by my love for her, and by the kindness and skill with which she always touched it. When she heard of the conversion of some young men near me, her letters began to speak of a more intense anxiety for me. I knew she was praying for me, while I was ridiculing the Saviour she loved. I read her letters hastily, and threw them into the fire, giving myself up to a more daring career of ungodliness than ever. One day a pious young man, who knew our family, called on me on business, and as he was leaving the room he said, "Albert, how would your sister Hannah feel, if she knew how you were carrying matters on?" This was a heaven-directed arrow to that only tender spot in my heart. It fastened, and I could not pluck it out; that I might bring anguish upon one whom of all on earth I loved the most, was a thought that I could not bear. It was not so much anything that she had said, as the strong hold she had upon my affections that subdued me. Her Christian influence was the result, not so much of any attempts to do good, as

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of her every-day life, in which the love of Christ, the master-passion of her soul, breathed itself forth, making it appear easy and natural for her to speak, and toil, and deny herself for Christ's sake. Religion never exhibited itself with her as a *profession*, whose sanctity she must not violate, and whose duties she must gird herself to discharge, but as "a life of God in the soul," welling itself forth in the ten thousand acts of sympathy and kindness of the family circle, and sanctifying a cheerful temper and an affectionate heart. Such a sister is a blessing in any family circle, whose value cannot be appreciated this side the grave; so, too, the power of a faithful, pious sister over brothers, in strengthening them to resist temptation and in leading them to the cross, no human mind can estimate. Let pious sisters appreciate their privilege and their responsibility—let them make religion *attractive*, not by compromising with the world, but by exhibiting the dignity and blessedness of living for the glory of God.

ALBERT.

A SISTER'S LOVE.

A SISTER'S love! O priceless gem!
Surpassing far mere mortal ken!
To what on earth may I compare
A sister's loving, anxious care?

A sister's love! What tongue can tell
The secret of that magic spell?
Enchanting by its wondrous power
The sons of men in every hour.

'Tis like the sun in yonder heaven,
A sacred boon to mortals given,
To cultivate the human mind,
And make it gentle, loving, kind.

'Tis like a star in yonder sky,
Emblem of love that cannot die;
Like lowly flower in yonder dell,
'Tis nature's true, unerring spell.

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Oh, never may the blush of shame
Rise at an erring brother's name;
And never may he cause to fear
A sister's sigh—a sister's tear.

But ever be it mine to prove
A brother's true and constant love;
My high ambition be to share
A sister's love—a sister's care.

March 7th, 1851. T. H.

THE INTEMPERATE FATHER AND HIS DYING BOY.

In the small room of a cottage, on his narrow bed, lay a little dying boy, not quite three years of age. His sorrowing mother was leaning over him, and there, too, stood his father,—his dull, heavy-looking, bloated father,—who had well-nigh ruined himself and family by indulging in the deadly poison of the intoxicating cup. Often had this little child seen its poor but praying mother weep over the husband she still ardently loved, and now, fixing his glassy eyes upon that father, he addressed him with a lisping, dying tongue. "Father," said he, "do not, O do not go and have drink; Jesus Christ says, if you do, you will be put in the fire, father,—do not have drink." The mother, when speaking of this scene, with tears said, "Oh, I could have clasped the darling in my arms as he uttered the words, and I fondly hoped they would be remembered, for the precious child died very soon after he had given this warning." "Did your husband keep the dying child's request?" she was asked. "For a very short time," she replied; "he is now as bad as ever, and I fear he will bring me soon to my grave. All I can do, is to pray for him, that the Lord may lead him to see his error, and change his heart." What misery does "strong drink" occasion! Here was a man, earning good wages, ruining

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his family,—breaking his wife's heart, and destroying his own soul. Ah, should he die in his sins, will not that little one appear against him in the judgment-day? Will not his own babe be a swift witness against him? And is it not true now, as it was when the prophet wrote, that very many "Have erred through strong drink, and through strong drink are out of the way!"

Mother! is your husband an intemperate man? Try to allure him to his home by *kindness* and *comfort*,—a neat house, a clean hearth, and a smiling face; and imitate this good mother, who being "afflicted" prayed the more earnestly. She had taught her little one to lisp the name of Jesus, and now, in its last dying agony, the babe becomes a "preacher of righteousness," to warn its father "of sin, and of the judgment to come." "Father, do not go and have drink; if you do, Jesus Christ says you will be put in the fire! don't go, father!"

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

A WORD TO YOUNG FATHERS.

A YOUNG father and mother were seated at the tea-table, and on the father's knee sat their lovely first-born boy, all activity and life—the tiny hands were stretched out to pull the articles from the table. The mother expostulated—the father smiled at the dexterity of the little fingers, and the opening of the dawning mind, desiring to possess the brittle plate. "Ah!" said the mother, "we shall have to punish baby, by-and-by, for what he is allowed to accomplish as fun now!" "Oh, no," replied the delighted father, "we will teach him better, by-and-by!" We say, No, father,—*begin right at first*, if you wish to spare your boy suffering, and your own heart anguish. We know you will profit by this hint by the way, to BEGIN ARIGHT!

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HEALTH OF CHILDREN.

Rising early is a habit of high importance to fix in children; and, in forming it, there is far greater felicity than some people imagine. There is a natural inclination in children to rise early—they usually retire to bed some time before their parents, and at sunrise are generally ready to jump up—it is difficult to keep many a little active one late in bed. Let the father deny himself so far as to retire early, and become an early riser too. His health, enjoyment, and usefulness will be benefited by the plan. The morning is the time of activity—the frame, invigorated by repose, is prepared for exertion, and motion gives pleasure—the pure atmosphere of the morning is so much more bracing than at other times. Early rising and early exercise may, more than anything else, keep off disease and induce health. Everything except sloth invites us to train our children to enjoy the early morning hours, and to embrace this season for strengthening the body, and making favourable impressions on the youthful mind.

BOOKS RECEIVED AND APPROVED.

Tract for a Sunday School. Bath: Binns and Goodwin. London: Whittaker.

A very useful little gem, as supplying the teacher with subjects for the children to find texts to prove during the week—a practice often useful *at home.*

The Taught of the Father. Bath: Binns and Goodwin. London: Whittaker.

The interesting history of the widow's weak-minded son, in this little work, proves the truth of God's word, that "a wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein," and that the intellect becomes expanded when the heart embraces religion.

The Condemned Negro. Bath: Binns and Goodwin. London: Whittaker.

A touching tale of light shining in a dark place.

Annie Grey. Bath: Binns and Goodwin. London: Whittaker.

A very useful present to a little girl who does not understand her own heart.

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THE EARLY DEATH.

One moment a little pilgrim here,
The next, a saint in Heaven!

WHAT a touching narrative we find in the fourth chapter of the second book of Kings, respecting a mother and her only boy!—and what a lesson it teaches us of the frailty of those dear ones committed to our trust!—how suddenly and unexpectedly may they be taken from us, and laid to sleep in the arms of death! In the morning, the Shunamite's little son ran forth to his father among the reapers in the harvest-field, full of life and buoyancy, doubtless delighting his fond mother's heart, as she gazed upon him, by those thousand endearing little actions known only to those who bear the maternal relation,—and well we can imagine her glad eye following the beloved boy as he passed from her household-door towards the scene of activity; but at noon—oh, how changed was the scene!—like a drooping flower smitten by a chill blast, he was returned to his mother, and sitting upon her knee till noon, he died!

"Like snow that falls upon a river,
A moment white,—then gone for ever."

Children and youth are vanity;—"like grass which groweth up in the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth—the wind passeth over it, and it is gone." Death often comes in haste, and snatches our most beautiful flowers, in the midst of their freshness and glory, telling us that they could not continue to blossom here, the atmosphere was not suitable!—bidding us follow in the path leading to the upper garden of the Lord, where, amidst cloudless skies, our tender plants are flourishing in beauty celestial.

But, weeping mother, there is a worse death than that of the body! Your infant child lives among the blessed—he walks the golden streets by the river of life, angels are

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his companions and teachers, and Jesus his glorious leader and friend—for ever happy, and for ever young! What if you had seen him grow up to wring your heart with anguish, the companion of the drunkard and the Sabbath-breaker, and then die the death of the wicked, causing you to wish he had never been born! When David's infant son died, he arose, washed, anointed himself, and took food; but when the rebellious Absalom was driven away in his sin, he burst forth in an irrepressible flood of grief—"O my son Absalom! my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son—my son!"

The blessed Jesus holds the keys of life and death, and, like a tender shepherd, who sees the storm coming, he takes the lambs in his arms, and places them safely in his heavenly fold. Your infant boy, mother, had but just begun to live and gladden your maternal heart by his freshness—you saw him droop and fall into the grave; but he lives still, and you shall hear him and see him in the spirit-land.

We have been led to these reflections by a recent death. —In the early morning, an affectionate father went forth on business to a distant place, leaving his family in health and happiness. Soon after his departure, a carriage was sent to bring him back to scenes of anguish and death!—The mother was admiring her lovely boy, arrayed in a new dress, and he, in his childish glee, was holding it up to her view, saying—"There, mamma!—there, mamma!"—then looking up into her face with an expressive smile, he exclaimed—"Oh dear!"—another moment, and the angels had borne him away to their glorious home above!

What are those sounds from yonder home?
And where is that carriage flying?
What means that heart-rending, piteous moan,
Like anguish around the dying?—
List! the sound of a bell comes on the ear;
Can it be that the reckless king is there?

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Early the father went forth that day,
From his home of peace and joy,
When the angel of death was on his way
To fetch his young blooming boy.
He had given the last—the parting kiss,
Ere he winged his way to a home of bliss.

Fondly the mother gazed on her boy,
Arrayed in his neat new robe,
While he laughingly danced with childhood's joy,
His voice echoed through the abode—
"There—there, mamma!" said the happy child,
And he seemed to speak in accents wild.

Again he exclaimed—"Oh dear!—oh dear!"—
And a sigh escaped his breast,
Then, without a shade of sorrow or fear,
He went up to dwell with the blest!—
One moment, amused with earthly things,
The next—mounting up on angel's wings!

List, mothers! list! to the solemn voice
From this little new-made grave!—
Though in household treasures you now rejoice,
Your love has no power to save,
To-morrow, your child, or you, may die!—
Are you sure of a home above the sky?

LET ME PLEAD FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

Do you love your children, mother? "What a question!" you will say, "to be sure I do!" Permit me, then, to chat with you a little, through *The Mothers' Friend*, on habits which I witness in every lane I pass through.

Why do you knock and slap your poor little children so sadly? You will reply, "Because they are naughty." But, mother! *blows* will not teach them what is right. In infancy they will shrink with alarm from your angry countenance; and when older, they will try to deceive and "outwit" you! Harshness to children invariably makes them grow up tyrants or slaves. It is quite true they need

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correction sometimes, but they should be punished with kindness, and made to understand *why* they are corrected.

I heard a mother say one day to a little child, "If you worry me so, I will beat you." Poor child! Is it right, mother, that an innocent babe should suffer for your indisposition or vexation? In its life of poverty and privation, there is hardship enough surely! Shall a mother add unkindness to its daily trials? My heart bleeds when I see and hear the hasty slap,—the cruel beating, which is inflicted in so many streets and alleys, where none plead for the tender victim. But, remember, hasty mother, there is *One* whose eye sees every unkind act of passion, whose ear hearkens to every groan of unjust suffering, and for all these things He will bring thee into judgment.

Those dear little children are only entrusted to your care for a season, but during that season they are to be trained for eternity. God declares they are "His heritage." You have, therefore, no right to treat them unkindly, while not old enough to discern their right hand from their left. These "little ones" were ever objects of peculiar interest to the blessed Saviour, and He himself bids us take heed how we "offend" them by our cruel or unjust treatment. "Forbid them not to come to me," said our Lord, when on earth; then, mother, take them to Him—to His throne of grace; plead for them there, and for yourself, too; it will help to make them better, and calm thine own troubled spirit.

And then, too, allow us to press on your attention the importance of sending them to the Sabbath school. The pious teacher there will be glad to help you in your great and important work of training immortal beings for eternity. The teacher will tell your little one about the blessed Saviour's love, and the way He has opened for them to get to heaven. If you cannot lay up treasures for your children on earth, oh! do not prevent them from seeking those true riches which perish not in the using,

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but which will afford them happiness and joy, when this poor world and the fashion of it shall have passed away.

Much cottage misery might be spared, by mothers allowing their little ones to retire to rest *early*. During childhood much rest is required, and when kept up late in the evening, the tiny, weary creatures become over-tired, and too restless to sleep, when at length they are laid in their beds. Nature generally indicates the time of rest for them, by the drowsiness which we have sometimes seen sending these little ones to sleep, even on the DOOR-STEP IN A DRIZZLING RAIN! It is a very mistaken notion that keeping a babe awake late in the evening makes it sleep later in the morning. Placing these little ones comfortably to bed *early* would afford the mother a valuable hour for needlework, or any other domestic duty she finds it difficult to accomplish when baby is awake. The father, too, would less frequently stray to the tap-room, if he had a nice quiet home, a clean hearth, and a cheerful wife, to welcome him on his return from his daily toil. The fretfulness of weary children often drive from home those fathers whose habits are not sufficiently disciplined to render them objects of love and reverence to their little ones.

Attention to cleanliness, also, wonderfully promotes good temper and happiness among children. The skin of these poor little ones often becomes very sore, by the dirty state in which they are allowed to live day by day; and very much suffering is endured by them, which they can only express by the heart-rending wail, so trying to the mother, and so painful to every passer-by.

Mother, do try to sympathise with these little ones; remember how they suffer from cold or heat, pain or hunger, and let your vexation at the trouble they occasion be modified by the recollection of their *helplessness*. Let the joy you see at your smile, or affectionate kiss, check the hand that is lifted to strike them in a passion,—

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perhaps for breaking something of the value of which they had no idea;—perhaps they have tried to please you, then "provoke them not, lest they be discouraged." When the tiny feet soil your clean room, or when they make more noise than you can bear, remember how your heavenly Father bears with you. He is kind, not only to the good but to the froward and unthankful. He is slow to wrath, and retaineth not his anger for ever.

Very beautiful is the incident recorded of Mary, who, when her son had remained behind in Jerusalem, and she had been subjected to the anxiety and inconvenience of a three days' search, calmly remonstrated with him, "Son, why hast thou dealt thus with us?" How many mothers storm and rave at the truant son, till he runs away to sea, or, enticed by evil companions, is ruined both in soul and body. *Win* your children to the Saviour, and come to him yourselves. He is all meekness and tenderness. He gave his life a ransom for us; He died that we may live. Should your child's life be short, let it be as happy as you can make it. If spared to you, see that you train him in "the nurture and admonition of the Lord," setting a good example, and so tempering your correction with gentleness, that he may love and thank you for the discipline in future years, remembering the pain he saw it caused you to inflict it.

Do you inquire how you are to learn this wisdom? "Ask of God, who giveth liberally and upbraideth not." In the Bible you will find all needful direction, and if you wish the help and experience of other mothers, seek for a Maternal Association,—you will find a blessing in attending it. If there is not one formed near you, speak to some pious, kind-hearted lady, and ask her to commence one in your neighbourhood, that you may read and pray together over your maternal duties.

A MOTHER OF LITTLE ONES.

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ETERNITY.

From the German.

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity?
Yet onward still to thee we speed,
As to the fight the impatient steed—
As ship from port, or shaft from bow,
Or swift as couriers homeward go—
Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity?
As in a ball's concentric round
Nor starting-point nor end is found,
So thou, Eternity, so vast,
No entrance and no exit hast—
Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity?
A ring whose orbit still extends,
And ne'er beginning, never ends,
Always thy centre ring immense!
And *never* thy circumference—
Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity?
Came there a bird each thousandth year
One sand-grain from the hills to bear,
When all had vanished, grain by grain,
Eternity would still remain—
Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity?
As long as God shall God remain,
So long shall last hell's torturing pain,
So long the joys of heaven shall be—
O long delight! long misery!—
Mark well, O man, Eternity!

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Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity?
O man! let oft thy musings dwell
Upon the dreadful woes of hell,
Oft on the saint's all-glorious lot,
For both shall last when time is *not*—
Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity?
The thought of thee in pain how dread!
In joy how bright thy prospects spread!
For here God's goodness glads our eyes,
And there his justice terrifies—
Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity?
Who here lived poor and sore distressed,
Now truly rich with God doth rest;
With joys consoled for all his ill,
He lives to praise God's goodness still—
Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity?
A moment's pleasure sinners know,
Through which they pass to endless woe;
A moment's woe the righteous taste,
Through which to endless joy they haste—
Mark well, O man, Eternity!

Eternity! Eternity!
How long art thou, Eternity?
O man! I warn thee, think on me—
Think oft on me, Eternity;
For I the sinner's woe shall prove,
And recompence of pious love—
Mark well, O man, Eternity!

1617. DANIEL WÜLFFER.

Never forget, mothers, that characters for eternity are formed in time. The blossom is set, and the fruit must

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correspond. Heaven and hell are begun on earth. Human ingenuity has been exhausted, as the wisdom of an angel might be, in attempting to delineate existence without end. The days of eternity have been compared to the leaves of the forest, and to the blades of the meadow—to the drops of the ocean, and to the sands upon its shores—to the stars of the sky, and to the beams of the sun—but what are leaves, and blades, and drops, and sands, and stars, and sunbeams, to eternity? Add the whole and multiply them by each other, subtract the mighty sum and it would diminish nothing from the ages of eternity, from the duration of the soul of your child!

It is this idea that gives importance to human life and to the mother's work. Here the affections choose their object, which eternity will not change. Here a taste is formed which we shall carry with us to the eternal state. Here we and our children are preparing for the spiritual and divine enjoyments of the heavenly world, for communion with saints and angels, with God and the Lamb, or for the abode of devils and the lost from earth in the burning lake, beneath the wrath of God. Oh, try to fix your own hearts and attention and those of your dear children upon the sublime and celestial glories of the eternal world! Let nothing be lacking on *your* part that these dear ones to whom your hearts are clinging may escape the blackness of darkness for ever!

RESPECT THE AGED.

"Father, shall I treat you so when you are grown old?"

To honour the hoary head is not only the dictate of a truly refined mind and well-regulated heart, but is enjoined with all the authority of the law of God. The aged often stand on the brink of death's cold river *alone*, with heads whitened and vigour diminished, while all their early and

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dear friends have departed. As we gaze on their care-worn cheek and wrinkled brow, with the flower of the grave around it, we are reminded of a column which has withstood the ravages of time—or the ivy-crowned castle, through which the winds of centuries have made melancholy music—they appear like remnants of a former age, from whose experience we may be alike enriched and made better. Tender and marked attention is due to these weary voyagers—

"They ever should be viewed by us with love and awe—they stand
On the threshold of another world, a mystic spirit-land;
They should be cherished and revered as tenants of the sod,
Soon to receive their summons to the mansion of their God."

They ought not to be left as the denizens of some solitary isle, where love never visits, and which the gay vessels newly launched on the sea of life pass by, and regard not the tribute of respect which is due to them,—a tribute which adds as much to the honour of him who pays it as to the happiness of those who receive it. Reverence for age should early be impressed on children, and especially should parents be careful, by their own conduct, to set their children an example of the respectful deportment they wish them to exhibit. If their *own* parents are living, they have the best of opportunities to teach their children all they desire to receive from them, should they themselves live to become old. How often do we see disrespect to parents visited with evils in *this* life. A wicked son was once seen to drag his aged father along the rough floor of his cottage, to put him out of doors. "Hold, my son," said the aged, heart-broken man, as he got near the threshold, "hold—just *thus far did I drag my poor old father!*" From a principle of imitation, the child frames his manners on the model which his parents sanction—their mode of treatment to their own parents will probably be perpetuated in him. Reverence for age being a Divine

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command, should form an inseparable part of the earliest education. It seems inexplicable that parents should neglect to impress on their children the solemn injunction, "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honour the face of the old man, and fear thy God." The command derives force from the situation in which it is placed, guarded by the majesty of Him from whom it emanates, and linked with the duty which man owes to his Maker and his Judge.

There is one feature in the training of our children that should have much weight with us, as mothers, if we wish to see them happy in themselves, and beloved by others. It is, carefully to check the first rising of everything like MIMICRY, or laughing at the real or supposed faults of others, either in person or mind, accidental or natural. Who has not trembled at this sin, while they have read the account given of the children mocking good Elisha, in the second book of Kings? We read the word *children* in our version, but the probability is, that they were a band of profane youths, who, disbelieving the account of Elijah's ascension to heaven, were guilty of blasphemy, in ridiculing the marvellous miracle which the God of Israel had wrought, and thus despised and mocked his honoured servant, crying, "Go up, thou bald head—go up, thou bald head!" doubtless referring to the *going up* of his master, in a chariot of fire; the holy man, turning, pronounces on them the *Divine curse*, repeating the just sentence of the law, which declared that blasphemous and profane persons should be cut off from Israel—and God, at once to show his displeasure, commands two she-bears out of the wood to execute his vengeance. They had, in all probability, been robbed of their whelps, and sought *revenge* more than food. These creatures are said to be the fiercest of all wild animals at such a time—and they came forth as God's executioners, to destroy those who had *mocked* his holy prophet. Who

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can tell but these youths had been trained to *misery* by those *mothers* who would now weep bitterly over the mangled bodies of their ungodly children; and who, perhaps, were only reaping what they had sown?

More next month.

"MOTHER! MOTHER!"

I WAS startled one afternoon by a loud knocking at my neighbour's door, and upon getting up to see what was the matter, I saw a little boy—a nice, quiet, orderly fellow—standing with the handle in his grasp, whilst with his foot he was kicking away; but, as if conscious the dear object of his search was not within, his curly head was turned in another direction, and he was calling at the top of his voice, "Mother! Mother!" and presently a door opened, and the mother was seen going towards him. As she passed I heard her say, "Don't make so much noise, my child."

Now this mother must by no means be confounded with those who spend more time in the houses of their neighbours than in their own. She was a pattern to wives and mothers in general. Her husband was a journeyman tallow-chandler; a superior man, above rather than below his station; he was fond of reading, and had more books than are usually found in the house of a working man; several volumes of the old divines had a place on his shelves, with Sir Walter Raleigh's "History of the World," and many others. He was an Episcopalian, and regular in his attendance at his parish church, much respected by his excellent vicar, who was always pleased to notice him whenever he met him, and had been very kind in a time of serious affliction.

Being neighbours, I sometimes called upon them, and always enjoyed a pleasant, intelligent chat, either on the politics of the day, or divinity; he was equally ready upon

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both, and had a clear, sound judgment. The house was small, consisting only of two rooms, one below, and one above; yet all was perfect neatness; "a place for every thing, and every thing in its place," was fully carried out with them. On one side of the room was an old-fashioned mahogany table, so bright, you might almost see your face in it; on it stood a tea-chest of the same date, and behind was the best tea-board. Around the walls hung some good maps, and a few prints; among the latter was one of William Tell on his knee, preparing to shoot the apple from the head of his son, by an arrow from a bow: on one side was the mother, fainting; on the other, the Governor, his hat on a pole, whilst he sat proudly on horseback. My friend was ahead of the opinions of the day with respect to liberty, both civil and religious; many a strong thought have I brought away with me from these visits. A round table stood in the centre of the room, and a few chairs pretty well completed the furniture.

On this occasion a chair was placed for me near the fire; and I could not help feeling that comfort and happiness were not confined to parlors and drawing-rooms. Here all was made up of little things, things within the reach of every family. The good man was just returned from his daily work, and, although in his working dress, was yet respectable. The wife was neatness itself; her clothes plain, but nicely and tidily put on,—not thrown about her. Here was the secret; she was not indebted for her appearance to expensive things, but to the way and manner they were put on. Alas! how many wives make a grand mistake here! They are no sooner married than away go all their tidy habits, if they really ever had any of their own. Let me tell such, they were right in supposing such habits necessary to gain the attention of him whom they wished for a husband; and let me also tell them, that having gained him by such habits, they are now doubly necessary

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if they wish to retain his affection, and dwell securely in his love. Nothing sickens the heart of a man so much as to see his neat, tidy girl turned into a slovenly, dirty wife!

> "Think not the object gained,—that all is done;
> The prize of happiness must yet be won."

The duties of the household and the cares of a mother are no excuse; they may and they must combine. No doubt it will require an effort, and well will it repay an effort. The hearth here was swept clean, and the work of the house had evidently been all done before the good man returned; the wife was at her work, whilst the little boy who opened my narrative was seated upon a stool, conning his lessons for the morrow. In reply to a remark, my friend observed, "Sammy is a good boy, Sir, attentive to his learning, and a great comfort to his mother—indeed, I ought to say, to us both. May the Lord direct him, as he grows up, into some useful employment. Children are an heritage from the Lord, but they bring many cares."

What a contrast, thought I, is this house and family to many that I know. Some people are always in a bustle, always in confusion. This happens mainly from not doing one thing at a time, and not finishing it when once begun,—they cannot overtake their work, and then they become peevish and fretful, dread the coming home of their husbands, and very probably receive him with some hasty observation; whilst he, on his return through the wet and cold, had been pleasing himself with the thought of a cheerful fire, and comfortable, tidy home; but he can hardly see a spark in the grate, whilst some wet things are standing before it. The floor is unswept, every chair out of its place, and the wife up to her elbows in grime and dirt! He must wait for his tea, and get it when he can. Shall it be a matter of surprise that families so ordered are unhappy? Certainly not.

Oh, ye wives, in most cases ye have your destiny for

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good or for evil in your own hands; don't for a moment allow the thought to enter your heads that it can be indifferent to your husbands whether you are clean or dirty, tidy or slovenly. His happiness, and his affection too, rise and fall with one or the other; and if he be thus disappointed at home, you must not wonder if he repairs to the smiling fire of the beer-shop, and takes the chair set for him by the clean, smiling hostess. M. B.

THE PRODIGAL'S PROGRESS, AND THE MOTHER'S REWARD.

NO. VI.

"Where will he be in the end?"

Two years passed away in dreadful suspense, when one morning Mr. Lane received the following letter from a far-distant county:—

"My dear Sir,—I am sorry to be the messenger of evil tidings, but a sense of duty must be my apology. In the course of my professional duties I was called, a few weeks since, to visit a young man, who seems to be suffering from incipient consumption. I found him utterly destitute of every comfort, and it was after long and earnest solicitation that he gave me your address, as that of his father. It is desirable that you should see him speedily, as a short time, in his present wretched abode, may bring him to the grave. His address is, No. 6, Green Lane, M——, county of ———. Yours truly,

"CHARLES MEYES, *Surgeon.*

"P.S. I would add, he appears very contrite, and deeply deplores his past conduct."

"What shall we do?" asked the frantic mother, clasping her hands in an agony of grief; "Oh! pray let us go to see him before he dies, my own dear, deluded, ruined

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child!" "Be calm—be calm," said Mr. Lane; "I dread anything like excitement, for either of us; but we will go, certainly;—and if Dr. B—— will accompany us, I trust he may be able to speak a word in season to this wanderer, and lead him to the cross." The next day, the father and mother, with their minister, the Rev. Dr. B——, commenced their sorrowful journey, and by the end of the second day they reached the wretched abode of their prodigal son. In a dirty garret, without any furniture, on a heap of straw and rags, lay the remains of the miserable young man, so pale and changed, that when his mother rushed forward to fall upon his neck, she started back with evident horror. There was everything about the place to make sickness and death more awful; and the want of ventilation oppressed the lungs of the travellers as they entered.

By the side of the heap sat one who seemed to have some vestiges of beauty, but her manner and appearance betokened a degraded woman;—at the first glance it was evident, either that her senses had fled, or that her mind was beclouded by the intoxicating draught;—her long, black hair was hanging, unbrushed, beneath a filthy bit of muslin that was once called a cap, with artificial flowers dangling in all directions; her dress hung in loose fragments about her person; her dirty fingers were placed upon her pouting lips; her face was flushed, and her eyes red and swollen; and it was with difficulty she could keep upright on the broken chair on which she was sitting. As the strangers entered, she cast a vacant stare towards them, and then relaxed into her former state of apathy. The sick man turned his eyes feebly towards the door, as it opened, and with a hollow voice exclaimed, "My father!" and fainted. "Gin!" said the woman, in a rough, unnatural voice. Mrs. Lane was soon administering cordials, which she had brought with her, and Justus was relieved by a flood of tears; as he slowly recovered, in a faint voice he said,—"You are come to a dreadful place, and to witness dreadful

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sufferings of body and mind; but I have no charge to bring against my father's God:—He is only just, though I shall be lost—for ever lost!" "Lost! lost!" muttered the woman; "ah!—ah!—lost!—yes: we are all lost, to be sure!" she continued, and then she laughed wildly. "Don't interrupt me, Sally:—and you, mother," said he, as he observed his mother turning towards the debased creature, "do not take any notice of my wretched wife; she is under the influence of gin, and she has taken my last article of dress to procure it. God is just, I say; but I entreat you, my parents, to forgive your misguided, your deluded, your ungrateful son:—I shall never forgive myself. Let me hear you speak the word pardon, and I shall then bid adieu to all other comfort, for time and eternity." "Say not so, Justus," gently whispered Dr. B——, taking the sick man's hand, "there is pardon for the chief of sinners, through the blood of the cross." "Ah! yes: I heard you say that, Sir, when I was a happy boy, by my mother's side. Did I say happy?—oh, no! I was never happy; the child who never has his passions subdued is never happy; I was not trained to be happy:—but I mean, when I was a child, I remember your repeating such words as these; but it is too late for me, Sir, now." "Yes,—too late!—ah! ah!—too late!" repeated the besotted woman; "too late, to be sure; you will never be rich, now; you will never get the old man's money, you talked of:—too late!—ah! ah!" "Silence!" said the sick man, "or leave the room. I am on the verge of another world, Doctor, and my time for pardon is past; I have gone over my day of grace, and there remaineth nothing for me but a fearful looking for of fiery indignation from the presence of the Lord." Just then the medical man entered, and a consultation was held as to the best mode of removing Justus from this abode of misery.

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MOTHER, MAKE YOUR CHILD OBEY.

"Take your feet from the sofa, Mary," said Mrs. Allas. Little Mary, a tiny thing of three years old, looked at her mother, but kept her feet still resting on the clean sofa-cover. "Mary dear," again said her mother, "take off your feet." But the little feet remained immovable. Her mother then walked up, and gently placed them on the carpet, but before she had regained her seat, the little feet were again placed on the sofa, with a determined sort of look fixed on her mother. Again Mrs. Allas removed them, when a dreadful scream followed. The child's grandmamma, who was looking on, now entered into the contest, saying to her daughter, "My dear, you must be firm, or you will live to weep over that child" "Oh, there is no fear of that, mother," said Mrs. Allas, "she has too much love in her heart for that."

A few years passed on, and Mary was a tall girl,—too tall, certainly, to place her feet on the sofa! But she had not "love enough in her heart" for her mother, to prevent her from throwing a knife at that mother on a very trifling occasion. Grandmamma was right! Mrs. Allas *did* live to weep over her disobedient Mary. Mother! read this over once more. Have you a disobedient, self-willed child? Begin aright in time, lest you live to weep over her,—come, read it again.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

A SAD CONTRAST.

A painter once met with a beautiful child; so enraptured was he with its countenance, and expression of loveliness, that he resolved to paint it. He did so, and hung his favourite picture in his studio; in sorrow and pain he often sought relief in gazing upon its charming countenance.

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He purposed to paint a contrast, but years passed before he could select it; at length he found it in a wretched being, lying in despair upon the floor of a prison cell. But what was his emotion when he found that it was the very same person he had painted before! The first was the face of the innocent child—the last, that of the reckless, ruined youth. That little angel-like face had been metamorphosed into the reality of a fiend! Mother! will it ever be thus with that precious baby-boy of yours? Oh, begin EARLY to prepare him for the society of angels, and of the angels' Lord—lest he should be found in prison among the lost!!

BODY AND MIND.

"Children should be taught in such a manner, as to be prompted unceasingly to the most vigorous exertion of their own talents. The human mind is not a mere vessel into which knowledge is to be poured. It is better compared to a bee, fed during the first period of its existence by the labours of others, but intended ere long to lift its wings in the active employment of collecting sweets from every field within its reach. To such excursions, and to the accomplishment of such purposes, the mind should be early and sedulously allured. This is the only way to give it energy and strength; without the active exercise of its powers neither body nor mind can acquire vigour—without bodily exertions, GOLIATH, six cubits high, would have been only a gigantic boy. Without mental efforts NEWTON would have been merely an *infant of days*."—PRESIDENT DWIGHT.

DO YOU OBSERVE THE SABBATH?

A young Jew, who thought that Christians were idolaters, was living for a short time at the house of a Jewess in London. On the Saturday (when the Jews keep their Sabbath), instead of going to the synagogue, he spent the whole day in going through the city, gazing at every novelty. On Sunday morning, he was astonished at the quietness

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of the city, and still more, when he saw all the shops shut, and he inquired of his Jewish landlady what it all meant. She replied, "The people of England are a God-fearing people, and if we had kept our Sabbath as they keep theirs, Messiah would have come long ago." This was the first arrow of conviction that pierced his heart, and never left him till he was brought to the feet of Jesus. He has been now more than thirty-three years a missionary to the Jews, and has maintained a consistent profession of the truth.

EDUCATION.

The modern system of education stretches every mind upon the same rack. What sums of money are wasted in the attempt to make a musician of one whose ear cannot distinguish a false note from a true one—an artist of another, whose eye cannot discern the perpendicular from the oblique—a linguist of a third, whose tongue cannot even catch his native accent in its purity! The endeavour to subject every pupil to the same mental discipline, no doubt helps to cause the monotony of English society.

BOOKS RECEIVED AND APPROVED.

Advice on the Management of Infants. By Thomas Barrett, Surgeon, M.B.C.S. Bath: Binns and Goodwin.

A valuable book for young mothers, answering the anxious question, "How shall I manage my infant?"

The Mainspring of Usefulness, or Little Annie. Bath: Binns and Goodwin.

A useful study for mothers and children.

English Grammar Simplified. By Harriet Smith. Bath: Binns and Goodwin.

A suitable little book for mothers and teachers to commence with. The subject is simplified as much as it possibly could be, in our view.

The Children's Friend. Muirhead: Edinburgh.

A cheap and amusing little periodical in the cause of abstinence

Simple Questions with Answers in Scripture Language; and Catechism on the Gospels. Bath: Binns and Goodwin.

These two little books will be found very useful to mothers and teachers in reading the Bible with their children.

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"MY MAMMA HATES LIARS."

"I MUST cry, Sally, indeed I must," said little Albert, "for my mamma hates liars, and she will punish me, for she said she must. Besides, remember old Eli, Sally! Ma' read all the story to me, one day, when I was naughty before." "Well," replied Sally, "but I don't see the use of crying now, before you are punished." "How can anybody help crying, when they are sorry, I should like to know?" "Well, Master Alfred, if you are sorry, that's enough; your mamma won't be angry, if you are sorry." "No, Sally, I know that—she is never angry; but she hates liars, I tell you; and she has promised to punish those who tell lies, and she never breaks her word." What a testimony does this dear child bear to the integrity and wise treatment of his mother! He vindicates her character, and his conscience approves her conduct. What a different world would this be, very soon, if every mother would act thus. Mothers, "remember old Eli."

When persons find a little child guilty of uttering things that are not true, how often are they ready to remark, "No wonder the little one tells lies, for he has a deceitful mother!" How very important it is that a strict regard to truth should influence the conduct of fathers and mothers, as they walk through life in the midst of their ever-observing families. It has been said, that "some children appear to be born with a propensity to lie, steal, and cheat;" but we think the great difference seen in various households, in regard to honesty and truthfulness, in speaking and *acting*, arises from the early training the little ones experience, and the example of their parents. Do we ever see a child of integrity come from the home of deceitful parents? How can we expect a child, born with a depraved heart, to do right, while he sees those who are to guide him in every movement, for ever doing *wrong?* Such an expectation would be folly. "My mother never tells

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lies," said a little girl one day, in reply to a lady who had offered to ask her mother not to punish her, although she had said she would do so for disobedience. The child knew too much of her mother's truthful character to imagine, for one moment, that she would sin against God by telling a falsehood. Do *your* children feel thus respecting your conduct? Perhaps they say, as we heard a child exclaim once, when his mother had told him she would send him to bed if he went into the pond. "Oh," said the boy, "my mother does not mean what she says; her speeches never frighten me!" We pity the poor child who has such a mother.

"Where are you going, mamma?" asked a little sick girl, when her mother entered the nursery, handsomely dressed; "are you going out, mamma?" "Oh dear, no!" said the mother. "I am glad of that, then," rejoined the child; "for I don't like to go to bed when you go out." "You need not fear, love," replied the mother, "I will sit down here, and remain by you." "Oh that will be nice, then I shall go to sleep so happily." When the little one was slumbering, the mother went off to a party; but, not long after she had left the house, a cough awoke the little girl, who looked round, expecting her mother would administer the usual portion of cooling drink, to still the irritation. "Where *is* mamma?" asked the little anxious one. "Go to sleep, my dear," said the nurse; "mamma will be here again, by-and-by." "Ah, but I know what, then!" said the child. The next day, while playing by her mother's side, she looked into her face, saying, "Mamma, nurse says, those who tell lies will never go to God's house; is that true?" "Yes, dear; I suppose so." "Then you won't go there, mamma; because you know you said a lie to me last night; won't that be shocking, ma'?" The mother was dumb; as dumb as the man in the Gospel, who ventured to appear at the marriage of the king's son without the suitable garment. Yes, and such mothers will be

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dumb, too, when the Judge, who calls himself a "God of truth," comes to appoint the liar a place with him whom he declares to be the "father of lies." Take care, mothers and fathers, that you are not found there.

The power of example is incalculable, particularly of BAD example; and, perhaps, in no case is it greater than in that of *falsehood*. Few persons imagine how very soon children begin to understand the conduct of those with whom they live. Many things are done and said before them which would be carefully avoided, if it were believed that they clearly comprehended, and will surely remember and imitate, all that is going forward. Sometimes, falsehoods are uttered in earnest—sometimes in jest; in both cases, their influence is equally pernicious. Sometimes, a multitude of falsehoods are combined together in a marvellous story; and, in some families, such stories form no small part of the domestic conversation. At other times, the private history, real or imagined, of persons and families in the neighbourhood, furnishes an endless tissue of truth and falsehood, and constitutes the chief entertainment of the house. In many instances, deception is used towards young children, to persuade them to acquiesce cheerfully in things which are disagreeable. For instance, when medicine is to be taken, bitter and nauseous, the child is told that it is something nice and pleasant. Of course, he can only be cheated *once* in this way, as he will remember his mother's lie next time he is sick, and will refuse the healing draught at once. Sometimes, false promises are made to the child, beclouding his mind and destroying his happiness, and causing him to suspect everybody. Oh, if you value the present and future well-being of your children, impress on their minds, by precept and example, the importance of being honest, transparent, sincere, truthful characters, remembering that all your actions and words will, by-and-by, be weighed in the balances of the Sanctuary, by Him who is the God of truth. Truth is the

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real friend of man; falsehood, his great enemy. A person *distrusted* is never loved; if, therefore, you send your child into the world a liar, it is impossible he can be happy—his promises will be doubted—his threatenings despised. If he is a *master*, he will not be respected—if a *servant*, he will neither be valued nor trusted.

Let every mother remember, that lying, in whatever agreeable dress it may appear, if once the companion of her child, will inevitably open to him the broad door-way leading to destruction; for Jehovah has said, "that all liars shall have their portion in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death." And if the father and the mother practise falsehood or deception, in any way, the children will not, cannot, in human probability, grow up lovers of TRUTH. Oh, no; they will take after the mother, and quote her maxims and awful doings, when her tongue of deceit is hushed in the grave. A liar must always be miserable, for conscience, like God, abhors a lie, and always delights in truth; and conscience, like a faithful friend, who has warned and warned in vain, will speak ere long with a loud and fearful voice. If, then, you would have your children respected and happy in life, and prepared for that pure and perfect world, where the streets are as transparent glass, and from which all liars will be for ever excluded, train them EARLY in the path of truth. "Lying lips are an abomination to the Lord." There is a world where truth is unknown, and there, with the "father of lies," must be the portion of all who partake of his character.

The mother who is ACTING lies
Before her household band,
Is closing up the gate of life
To the holy, happy land.
And parents who are SPEAKING lies,
Shall surely feel and know
The portion which all liars have,
Among the lost in woe!

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THE LITTLE MAID AND HER MASTER.

"Sir, who have you been talking with?" asked a little girl, of the praying master of the house in whose family she had come to reside. Her father lived in a remote part of the country, and had a large family of children. He was very poor, and obliged to send them forth into the world as soon as they were able to work. It was the favoured lot of this little girl to go into a family where daily prayers were offered up to the God of heaven. This was altogether new to her; at home, the poor child had never heard a prayer. She was unacquainted with the character of her Creator and Redeemer, and knew nothing of her own state in relation to Him. Astonishment seized her when she saw her master, night and morning, standing in one corner of the room, "talking," as she termed it, "with something that she could not see!" An anxiety arose within her heart to know who it could be. Unwilling to ask one of the family with whom she lived, yet very solicitous to ascertain, she obtained leave to go home, hoping to get information there. She had scarcely reached the lonely cottage, before she asked her mother who it was that her master "talked with, when standing in the corner of the room, night and morning?" The mother said she did not know. Alas! that a mother should be found with no more knowledge than a heathen, in a Christian land! She will not, however, be judged by the same rule as a heathen mother; for she may acquire information, and learn her duty, if she chooses! The poor little inquiring maiden, not being satisfied, sought her father, and asked him if he knew? In the most inhuman and thoughtless manner he replied, "The devil, I suppose." The little inquisitive child returned uninformed to her master's house, where she witnessed the same promptitude and holy ardour as before. Not many days elapsed before she summoned fortitude enough to put

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the question. One morning, after her master had been "talking" with the unknown Being, she stepped before him, and said, "Sir, who have you been talking with?" The question was so unexpected, and from such a source, that at first the good man felt unable to answer his little servant; and he was unusually impressed with the importance of the duty of prayer, and the weight of obligation resting upon him to approach God aright. But, after recollecting himself a little, he said, with reverence, "I have been trying to talk with God!" The little maiden was now still more astonished, and exclaimed, "With God!—where is he? Where does he live?" Many other questions she put to her pious master, with much interest; and he gave all the information she needed. So that the liveliest feelings of her mind were awakened respecting Jehovah and eternal things.

After some little time, and when she had learned all her young mind could retain of Divine things, she desired to go home and see her parents, with an earnestness that could not be resisted. Go she must. Leave was granted. She went home to her father's cottage—a place where prayer was never offered; with a heart beating with a high tone of pious feeling, in view of the importance of prayer, she went up to her father and said, "Father, will you pray?" She urged with warmth a compliance, but he utterly refused. She then went to her mother, but with no better success. She could endure it no longer; and, requesting them to join her, she knelt down among them, and audibly addressed the throne of the heavenly grace. Her prayer was heard, and an answer came back. Both her parents were brought to understand the things of God, and became disciples of the Saviour. Thus the little serving-maid was honoured to perform a work which an angel might rejoice to do, and for which the Saviour left his glorious home in heaven.

Mother! when your little daughter leaves your cottage

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to go forth among strangers, to serve a master in a distant place, shall it be that she will leave you ignorant of God—of herself—of prayer? Will she have no refuge in times of trial—of temptation—of difficulty? No Friend to guide her in the slippery path of youth—no sure resting-place amidst the storms of life, and no bright anticipations of a home among the pure and holy above? Oh! care you not? we ask. Will you push her from you, as the bird pushes her young from its nest, careless as to her welfare for time and eternity? The probability is, that those with whom she may reside will be utterly careless as to her soul's interest—her eternal happiness. There are only a few masters among the mass who acknowledge a Master in heaven, and lead their families to the domestic altar, to "talk" to God, night and morning.

Father! do you pray with your little ones? Do you teach them the truths contained in the Gospel of the blessed God? Do you? Well, then, you have a hope that they will be respected and valued by those whom they serve, and that they will seek an interest in their Father's Redeemer. Yes, and hope, too, that when the voyage of life is over, and the river of death is crossed, you may meet, a whole family, in heaven.

Where you shall join the holy choir,
And swell the song which angels raise,
With transport sweep your golden lyre,
In notes of everlasting praise.

LOVE NOT THE WORLD.—That which is now an idol may quickly become our burden, and we know not how soon we may be sick of that we were lately loving.

HYPOCRISY.—Hypocrisy is a lie under a fair cover. A hypocrite is a rogue in the dress of an honest man. A hypocrite is double-hearted and double-tongued; he has one heart for you when present, another against you when absent; one tongue to flatter you to your face, and another to malign you behind your back.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

NO. V.

THERE is no feeling more strongly or more generally implanted in the human breast than love for the place of one's nativity. The shivering Icelander sees a beauty in his mountains of perpetual snow, and the sun-burnt Moor discovers a loveliness in his sultry and sandy desert. The scenes of our birth-place become implanted in our hearts like the memory of undying dreams; with them the word "HOME" is ever associated, and—

"Through pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

We cannot forget the place where our eyes first beheld the glorious sun, and where the moon was a thing of wonder. Oh, do we not remember when this evening companion looked upon us with her soft cold light, when placed in our crib, and causing us to wish she would always stay with us, as large and light—the place, too, where we first watched the lark, mounting up and up; and, turning to our book, we said,—

"Higher still and higher,
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

"Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow—
The world would listen then, as I am listening now!"

The home-hearth, too, where we were accustomed to receive the outpourings of a mother's love upon our neck, and saw a father's eyes sparkle with joy as he gazed upon his happy family. Truly, there is a magic influence about

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the time of childhood that the soul loves to cherish—its woods, its rivers, its old memories, fling their shadows and associations after us, and over us, even to the ends of the earth; and while we listen to the whisper of our early joys, or what we fancied to be *care*, before we knew what care was, we for a while forget the present, and all the living, teeming world around us. Then, again, there is the old churchyard, with its crumbling stones and weeping trees, where we feel we have a portion, for there our kindred sleep. We may be absent from the spot until our very names are forgotten, yet we love it not the less. It is a common wish—and it has patriotism in it, too—that where we drew our first breath, there also we should breathe our last; yet, in this world of changes and vicissitudes, such is not the lot of many.

It has been said, that there is no such thing as forgetting possible to the mind—a thousand accidents may and will interpose a veil between our present consciousness and the secret inscriptions of the mind; but alike, whether veiled or unveiled, the inscription remains for ever. But we will now listen to what others say and feel, as they remember scenes of youth and home.

"Home," says a young man, whose heart was yearning for home-scenes after long absence; "Home! O hallowed spot, soon shall I revisit you, and meet again those loved companions whose society is bliss, and whose absence is a grief—there breathed I first the breath of life—there a fond mother sedulously watched and nursed my childhood's growth—there my buoyant youth was passed in threading the tangled wood—in pacing the quiet vale—in scaling the giddy cliff, to watch the surges by the lightning's glare do battle with the clouds, and listen to the thunder's hoarse and crashing peal—in rearing, with my playfellows, mimic castles on the beach, to be swept away by the cruel tide—in chasing on the sands the swift receding wave, or flying from its rapid approach—and in

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innocent carousal within a deep rocky cave—and there, in that home, may my last hours be spent." Let others laugh, and call this weak and effeminate sensibility; but that heart must be pent up in adamant that does not respond and vibrate to the sentiment of these lines:—

"Oh, after many a roving year,
How sweet it is to come
To the dwelling-place of early youth—
Our first and dearest home!"

We will not tire you with a long paper on this subject this month, but we hope you are interested enough to go on with us at some future time.

A VISIT TO THE SOUTH.

It was in the summer of 1844 that I was spending a few weeks with a relation in the South. I had been confined for several years very closely to business, and both body and mind needed relaxation. I therefore enjoyed the change thoroughly. Nature never looked more lovely; the hedges had put on their green attire, and the May-bush shed its perfume all around, whilst the stately tree stood forth in all its gracefulness. I wandered over hill and dale with exquisite delight, and down the green lanes where, in certain parts, the foliage formed a natural arch, and thus prevented the entrance of the sun or wind to dry up the mud left from the winter rain. This rendered it necessary to take heed to my footsteps, and served to remind me that danger treads close upon the heels of our several enjoyments. Then the sweet scent of the violet stopped me in my course, and sent me peeping into the hedges to discover the modest, retiring little flower. Then again I ascended some of the steepest hills, which, in their broad outline, swelled into something like little mountains, whilst from their tops I had views the most

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delightful. In one direction I caught a sight of the sea, that great connecting link which unites us with the far-off east—the shores of China and the icy realms of Labrador—those self-same waters on which I then gazed washed each shore without a single break. In the meadows below, young men and maidens were busy in the poetic occupation of hay-making, but which, upon a nearer approach, seemed to be a stern reality.

He who dreams of flowery meads in life's every-day struggle will be sadly disappointed. Few, indeed, are those days in which we are not called upon to make some sacrifice, to know some disappointment, or bear up under some crushing evil. Then, how delightful it is to realise the fact that there "remaineth a rest for the people of God;" but the sweet fields, the living flowers, the crystal river, lie beyond the dark valley! Through the goodness and mercy of God I have many blessings, but if it were not for a good hope through grace, I should be of all men most miserable; for what can be more deeply distressing than to feel the comforts of life sliding from your grasp, with the dread uncertainty that perhaps before night you may be in hell, lifting up your eyes in torments? Yet how many are in this awful state? Perhaps it may be the condition of the very person now reading this page! Is it so? Oh stay, stay one moment. Make the needful inquiry; settle the doubtful point. The thought has passed across your mind. You have often been uneasy, and some faint resolves have been made, but you have never decided—never come to Christ—and never will, unless assisted by Divine grace. Let it therefore be your fervent cry—"Lord, help me to decide; make me wholly thine." Deceive not yourself with the hope of a more convenient season—that you will never have. This uneasiness—this trembling anxiety you now feel—is the work of the Holy Spirit. Resist Him not. He is now willing and waiting to save you. It is a solemn moment. Perhaps the salva-

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tion of your precious and immortal soul depends upon it. To-morrow may open with some unexpected trouble. You may be called to endure trials such as you have never known, and how will you be able to meet them? The Spirit is withdrawn; you are all alone, yet conscious that yesterday you resisted the offer of His sweetest love. He would have saved you, but you would not. This darkens your trouble, and sinks you almost to despair. Is it not, therefore, all-important that you should decide at once? Nor have we taken the most awful view of the case; for it is possible you have so long and so often resisted and put from you the overtures of mercy, that this may be the last warning—the last striving; for Jehovah has said, "My Spirit shall not always strive with man!" "Ephraim is joined to idols, let him alone!" Oh fly, fly from the wrath to come—lay hold on eternal life. Believe and be saved.

Our paper is already long enough, but it was our intention to have shown, in some important instances, the connexion between great and little events; and if our life be spared, we will endeavour to carry out this plan in a future number of *The Mothers' Friend.* M. B.

RESPECT THE AGED.

NO. II.

"Father, shall I treat you so when you are grown old?"

Farmer Brown was an affectionate husband and kind neighbour, but, alas, he was an unwise father—he allowed his children to rule him, and the consequence was, that although John Bunyan said that Mr. Will-be-will was shot, years ago, it was a very fact, that he made his appearance again in this homestead. There was one other trait in the farmer's character that occasioned him to be very much disliked by many, and that was his contempt for the aged,

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particularly his parents, who were fast going down the hill of life; whether this was the result of his having been a spoiled boy, we cannot say, but we think it a very probable cause.

Mrs. Brown was a gentle, indolent person, who, rather than take any trouble for man, woman, or child, would put up with any inconvenience to herself, and insult from others. It may easily be imagined, that a family of six boys, trained by such parents, would be headstrong and selfish—this was really the fact; they seemed to have no love to spare for anybody, and none but the blind and foolish parents had any love for them. When these young men entered into life, they found, to their surprise, that all the world was not made for them! Mixing among strangers, and observing the men and things around him, had more influence on James, the eldest, than on any of the others, and he became a more agreeable sort of person. Naturally possessing a mechanical genius, he pressed his way up to a station of importance and wealth, and married the daughter of a former master, a young lady of amiable manners and reputed piety; she was a prudent wife and good mother, her husband was known in the gates, and her children called her "blessed." For some time her heart had longed to add to the comfort of Farmer Brown, who had now grown old and poor. At length she persuaded her husband to receive him into their house; but he had not been long an inmate with them, before it was evident that the old home-habits of her husband were about to be resumed, for it was easily seen that it caused him some effort to speak kindly to the poor old man. For every little fault the aged father was reproved, and the silent tears often stole down his cheeks while listening to his son's remarks. One day the old gentleman was guilty of some breach of etiquette at the table, and James, in a stern voice, ordered him to the side-board to finish his repast—the wife and little ones interceded, with tears, for poor

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"Grandfather," but in vain; from this day a separate table was ordered to be spread for the "vulgar old man," and he was insultingly reminded, that his manners were "unbearable to a gentleman." If any delicate dish appeared, it was seldom any portion came to the share of poor Grandfather, as he was always helped last.

On one occasion, as James rudely pushed a plate of common food before him, while the other branches of the family were feasting on choice viands, little Charles laid down his knife and fork, and with earnest look and tearful eyes he gazed up into his father's countenance, saying—"Father, when you are grown old, and have white hair, must I treat you as you do poor old Grandfather?" The reproof was felt, and the old man was restored to his place at the table from that day.

Mothers! are you acting towards your aged parents as you desire your children may act towards you, when, with trembling steps and bleached heads, you descend the hill of life? "With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again." If we admit that there is a general declension in duty to the aged—mothers! is not much of the fault with us? If so, where is the remedy? Certainly, in the power of early instruction, and in the influence of *example*. Let us begin, then, with our *little* ones—require them to rise and offer a seat when an old person enters the room—never to interrupt them when speaking, but to solicit their advice, and reverence their opinions—show them the reason for these simple rules in the Book of God—consider the slightest disrespect to aged relatives, or strangers advanced in years, as a fault of *magnitude*—give them, on this subject, line upon line, until the habit of paying honour to the hoary head is confirmed.

"Oh, why should we despise them, then, and wilfully forego
The treasures of experience they could easily bestow;
E'en as the meek and docile child receives our counsel sage,
So ought we humbly to regard the warning voice of age."

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THE PRODIGAL'S PROGRESS, AND THE MOTHER'S REWARD.

NO. VII.

"Where will he be in the end?"

As soon as arrangements could be made, Justus was removed to a lodging in a healthy part of the town, where, under the care of the medical man, with his mother as a nurse, he appeared every day to be gaining strength; but his mind was distressed beyond measure—his conscience was alarmed, and all the sins of his youth, as well as of manhood, stood in terrible array against him. The kind and good Dr. B—— constantly sat by his bed-side, and tried to lead him to the blood of sprinkling for peace and comfort. After some weeks, Justus seemed to understand the atonement, and the mercy offered to repenting sinners. He took comfort, and appeared to be altogether a "new man." The wretched wife was taken home by her mother, who was as degraded as herself; and Mr. Lane allowed a small weekly sum to support her. As soon as Justus could bear the journey, arrangements were made to convey him once more to the home of his childhood, with at least a hope that, with good nursing and peace of conscience, he might recover. Quiet days passed, and he seemed to be truly contrite in heart, and to enjoy all the means of grace with avidity and delight. Another cloud, dense and dark, was now gathering over the home where he now dwelt in peace and comfort. A year had not passed, before Mr. Lane was suddenly called from time to eternity —one moment conversing with his family, the next an inhabitant of the spirit-land!

Mrs. Lane, who was bowed down far more by sorrow than by age, now seemed to rest entirely on her son for all earthly comfort; and she was often heard to say, "What a mercy that my prodigal boy has returned to solace and

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support me in the decline of life." Mr. Lane left all his property at the disposal of his wife, without even mentioning his son's name in the will; but Justus remarked, that his "father had acted quite right, and he felt satisfied." The mother, however, feeling now perfect confidence in her son, placed everything relating to property in his hands, and for some time he manifested both wisdom and prudence in his arrangements.

One day, Justus came in with a flushed face and agitated manner, holding a paper in one hand and a pen in the other. He placed it before his mother, saying, "Just put your name here, mother, will you? I cannot get this mortgage passed, without your signature." "What is it, my dear?" asked Mrs. Lane. "Oh, merely the transfer of the mortgage we settled about. Make haste, please, as the parties are waiting." The signature was given, and Justus disappeared; nor did he return till his mother had retired for the night. After this affair, Justus began to alter his course a little; he was absent from home many hours in the day, and often remained out later of an evening; and he was less constant in his attendance at the sanctuary of God. And Mrs. Lane observed, with some anxiety, that when sitting by her at home, he was evidently in deep thought, and disinclined to chat, or read, as he had been wont to do. Still she would hush her fears, and say, "I must not be too particular with him. I must not expect too much." At length, evening after evening passed away, and Justus did not return before the hour of midnight, and she ventured to expostulate with him. He replied, "You may go to bed, and sleep comfortably, mother; no harm will come to me now, you know. I am not what I once was."

One evening after another the widowed mother now sat alone, weeping over the past, and trembling for the future. Justus again looked pale and haggard when he appeared at his late breakfast, every morning; his hands were

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tremulous, and his appetite gone. Clouds were again gathering around the mother's heart. One evening he returned earlier than usual. As he entered the parlour, he staggered against the table, and with difficulty seated himself in a chair. "What is the matter, Justus?" asked the astonished and bewildered mother. "Matter bad enough, mother!—we are ruined, that's all! That paper you signed one day caused all your property to become mine—my old love for gambling had returned, and now we are beggars. I told you there was no hope for me; I was convicted, but not converted. I seemed to repent; and I think I did in some degree, for I was alarmed at the consequences after death; and if I had died then, you would have thought I had gone to heaven—but no!—no, I can see now it was fear of death, and its consequences, not real change of heart. I tell you, mother, there is no hope for me: so I take gin, to drown the thoughts of the future."

This was, indeed, the melancholy state of the case. Justus had returned to all his old habits; and in a few months the disconsolate mother laid her son in a drunkard's grave, without one ray of hope, founded on the Bible, that he had found a home among the pure in heart.

The widowed, childless mother lived on a few miserable years, depending on the charity of some relatives for her bread, from day to day—always upbraiding herself as the guilty cause of her son's ruin, by neglecting to train him for heaven in his early days.

Mothers! would you avoid such anguish?—then begin discipline *early;* make your child obedient, *because God requires it;* and by your example, as well as precept, point your little ones to heaven, and *lead the way.* What ye sow, that ye shall reap. Think where your children are likely to be found at the end of time!

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FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

SCRAPS FROM THE MEMOIR OF MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN.

So mighty are the final results of first sowing the seed of Divine truth in the soul, that the mind is overpowered by the contemplation. Those slender efforts which, under the dew of the Holy Spirit's blessings, terminate in the union of an everlasting being to Christ, in a covenant that can never be broken, seem so amazingly honoured, that they ascend in importance and solemnity the more they are considered.

LITTLE MARY OBSERVING WHAT WAS READ.

When Mary was about four years of age, her little brother struck her on the cheek, in a fit of anger; she instantly turned the other cheek, and said, mildly—"There, Corie." The uplifted hand was dropped: and when the child was asked who taught her to do that, she replied—"I heard papa read it, one morning, out of the Bible, at prayer-time." This is a hint to parents, that it is not a matter of no moment, whether very young children are made to be present at family worship,—for not only is the habit acquired of waiting on God in the way he has appointed, but the mind, in the midst of its flickering attention, gleans some precious things which are stored up amongst its treasures.

LITTLE MARY'S VIEWS OF PRIVATE PRAYER.

A little girl, who was on a visit to her, remarked, one day, "Mary, you always pray out of your own mind, but I say the prayers my mamma taught me." She replied, "Anna, if I were to do that, how could I ask for what I *need* from God?"—Prayer, with Mary, was real intercourse with heaven.

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MARY'S EARLY RECOLLECTIONS OF HOME.

My beautiful home among woods and rivers was dear to me. I was early called to leave it, when every tree seemed a friend that could enter into my sorrow, and every golden ripple of the Tweed spoke to my heart of him who loved to watch their play, (her dead father,) but the *great* sorrow was so overwhelming, as to make this seem small indeed,—I hope it may be blessed in detaching my heart from earth and fixing its highest hopes on the eternal city. These nests we build for ourselves on earth, sometimes delay our heavenward flight, and then in mercy they are destroyed, that we may fix our eyes there, and exert every power to win the desired country.

MARY'S VIEWS OF HER CHILD'S IMMORTALITY.

Solemn are the sentiments which press on the heart of a Christian mother. Yesterday, my child was nothing,—but when will it cease to be?—Never!—Immortality is written upon it, and the inscription is indelible, for it was traced by the finger of God. The mind has but begun its play; its instincts and its faculties but now move with incipient life. History will continue its annals, matter its combinations, the heavens their course, but my child shall survive them all.

LINES WRITTEN BY MARY, ON THE FOLLOWING STORY:—

During the war of 1754, several members of a German family, residing in Pennsylvania, were slain, and one girl, called Regina, was carried captive, and dwelt for ten long years in bondage, with a tribe of Indians. She preserved in memory, all this time, the texts of Scripture which her parents had taught her, and one hymn, which she often repeated or sung. At length, an English officer rescued upwards of four hundred white captives. He took them to Carlisle, and invited all parents who had lost children to claim their lost. The mother of Regina went up and

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down, gazing at the captives, and weeping, unable to discover her own. At length she raised the hymn which she used to sing to her children. Scarcely had she sung two lines, when Regina rushed from the crowd, singing it also, and threw herself into her mother's arms.

"There are many voices on the gale,
There are wild, strange forms, in the peopled vale:
They are captives, from Indian bondage led,
Whom friends have forgot, or mourned as dead;
And a throng, with their hopes to frenzy tossed,
Have come to search for their loved and lost.
Ah! many a heart that beat high that morn,
From the search at night must shrink forlorn.

"And one, with sad and wistful gaze,
Is passing slow through the crowded maze;
But to blooming woman her child is sprung,
And, with Indian garb, and Indian tongue,
She cannot trace her, though standing nigh.
Must they part, unknown, to live—to die?
No! God is faithful—the promise sweet,
To those who trust it—and they shall meet.

"At length was a thought by heaven inspired,
With sudden hope is her wan cheek fired,—
She sings the hymn of melody
She sang with her babes, in years gone by.—
The lost-one hears,—'tis the well-known strain,
That has soothed her oft, in her lone heart's pain.
She lists, she trembles, with glad surprise
To her mother's bosom Regina flies.

"That mother had laid her babes to rest,
In her earliest hours, on the Saviour's breast;
She had sown good seed, and had feared it dead,
But the Lord of the harvest His sunshine shed,
And one of her lost was restored again,
By the mem'ry of Zion's sacred strain.
How high shall their grateful praises swell,
When to earth and time they have bid farewell!'

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IMPORTANCE OF GOOD TRAINING.

The children of the present age are the hope of the age to come. We who are now acting our several parts in the busy scenes of life, will ere long be in the grave; soon we shall pass away; the circle of thirty years will plant another generation in our places, and we shall be sleeping beneath the clods of the valley. But those we are now training will ere long fill the world with blessings or with mischiefs, and in them we shall live again. Shall we not, then, feel anxious so to act towards the young ones around us, that we may secure wisdom, and goodness, and religion among the people of the next generation? Care you not, mother, that God should be glorified by those who are dear to you, and whose characters you are now forming for the future? Care you not for their future happiness? Yes, yes; we must believe you do. Then begin to instruct them very early in those things which are necessary. Are you willing to learn, young mother? Well, then, we will try to help you.

In the first place, instruct your children in things necessary and useful for them in their rank and station, both with regard to this world and the world to come; remembering ever that very much of their happiness in time and eternity will depend upon the way in which you now train them. You can very early make your child understand that there is a great, and good, and almighty God, who made him and gives him every good thing—that He sees him everywhere—and that He takes notice of all the actions of men and children. With the Bible in your hand, you can teach him what he shall do, and what he shall not do, in order to please God; you can teach him that, to be happy here, he must do what the Bible commands,—that he must love everybody, be kind to everybody and to every creature that God has made—that he must be *upright*

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and *sincere, industrious* and cheerful,—obedient to all who are set over him, and do to others as he would like others to do to him.

Then you can tell him that there is another world besides this, and that the soul does not die when the body is put into the grave; but that it soars away into a world of spirits, where every deed done in the body will be heard of and remembered again; and that, at the last great day, the body and soul will be united again, to pass away together into the joys of heaven, or into the miseries of hell. But, mother, of course we take it for granted that *you* believe all this and act accordingly. Well, then you may tell him the beautiful tale about Jesus Christ the Son of God, who came down from heaven to teach men the way to reach that blissful place; how he was born in a stable, cradled in a manger, suffered and lived among the *poor*, was obedient to his mother, was always kind, went about doing good, and then died upon the cross, that those who love and serve him here may wear a crown of glory hereafter—that godliness is profitable for *this life* as well as the life to come.

Teach him also the importance of prayer; and oh, mother! let him hear you pray earnestly and often for him, and encourage him to raise his voice in prayer on his knees by your side, after you have impressed his mind with the NEED he has of all he asks God to bestow. We have often said, and we will say again, *"be yourself all that you wish your child to be;"* feel assured that, in nine cases out of ten, "the *child takes after its mother.*"

Oh, take care that you do not allow over-indulgence to suffer bad habits to grow up in the young mind,—many a mother fears its present disturbance more than its future ruin, and repents too late that she did not commence in her child's babyhood to train it aright. Above all, be earnest with your Heavenly Father for grace and wisdom to direct your child into the right path, and strength and faith to *walk before Him yourself.*

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"GOOD NIGHT, MOTHER."

We have many blossoms, bright and fair,
Expanding in celestial air.

Little Willie was a beautiful child. Strangers, as they met him, stopped his black nurse to ask his name. They called him "a noble little fellow." But those who knew him showed their appreciation of something beyond the wondrous beauty of his infant face, for they called him "Dear Willie." His bright fearless eye and pleasant smile, and more than all, his frank, heart-toned voice, were sure passports to the affections of all.

His parents lived in a small village on the banks of the Merrimac, of which his father was the pastor; and everybody in the whole village, even the poor old ladies who lived in the almshouse behind the hill, and the workmen who toiled all their days in Mill Valley—the district round the factory—all knew and loved Willie. Whenever his little green waggon was seen drawn over the smooth grass of the Common, you might see one white gate after another open, and some one coming out to wait and see "Willie," when he went by. Sometimes it was a little girl with a flower, which she had just obtained permission to pick for Willie. Sometimes it was a young lady, with a new book for Willie to read. Sometimes it was an old lady, with an apple, or else something she had been knitting for Willie or for Willie's mother. Sometimes it was the grey-headed old man, who would stand leaning on his staff, and looking down into the child's placid face till a tear came in his eye; then, with a low "May God bless that boy," he would turn away.

But as the little waggon was drawn again, with its load of gifts, up the hill and down the lane by the Church, at a low brown wicket, half hid by struggling lilac bushes, was ever to be seen waiting one whose heart yearned for the

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return of the petted child. This was Willie's mother. With a happy heart and a smiling face she would meet her first—her only one, and, snatching him from the arms of his nurse, would bear him, and the tokens of love which had been given him, lightly up the carpeted staircase, till she paused at a carved oaken door. Her light tap and Willie's shout were answered by a "right welcome all," in the deep tones of her student husband, whose eye kindled with that pleasure which words cannot tell, as it rested on the two beings which were life, and love, and all to him.

Soon Willie would fall asleep from the fatigue of his ride, and they went together to lay him on the little couch, which his father had placed in one corner of his study, where the sunlight rested warmly, and near the window through which looked in spring the bright eyes of the cherry blossoms. While he slept, his mother sat beside him, and made some part of his raiment, while her eyes were resting, first on her boy, and then on her husband, and her heart was full, more than full, of bliss. Thus was Willie loved.

One night—a cold night in March—a low stifled cough from Willie's crib awoke both his parents at the same instant. Almost immediately they stood by his side, and with emotions which can be felt but not described, saw that he was suffering with a severe attack of croup. Medical assistance was very soon procured: but it was too late. Willie's little limbs were already cold, and the glaze of death on his bright blue eyes. He could not speak distinctly, and his mind was clouded, but, with a seemingly confused idea that he was going to bed at night, and with an expression of perplexity on his pale brow, as if he wondered why he could not pronounce the words he framed, he looked up and smiled: then he said slowly, "Good night, mother!"—and died.

He sleeps in a pretty grave-yard on the side of a hill, on

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the summit of which waves a forest of pines. The sun lies serenely, all day long, upon the many hillocks there, and the blue violets grow wild in profusion around. On Willie's little grave, in the corner of the yard, lilies of the valley bloom in the spring, and white roses and snowy chrysanthemums in the summer and fall. A path, beaten and worn by the frequent tread of loving feet, leads to it from the iron gate; and, in the long Saturday afternoons, little groups of children are seen going thither and standing by the grave.

At sunset, on every Sabbath, a graceful though bending form is seen by the little mound, and leaning upon the firm arm of her husband, weeps bitterly. It is Willie's mother; but she always returns home more calm, and, sometimes, she can read aloud, with almost a smile, the simple line which is carved upon the white marble stone, "Good night, Willie." Though many of our hearts are saddened by the ever-present thought of the loved ones who are sleeping, why do we not remember that we have but bid them "Good night," and rejoice in the anticipation of the joyous morning meetings and greetings we shall exchange with them in the early light of the sun of immortality?

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

NO. XI.—DEAL GENTLY WITH THE TIMID CHILD.

"PERHAPS," said Mrs. Larford, when she had finished reading the extract to Grandmamma Hardy, "perhaps, as you have never felt anything like timidity, you have not given the subject any consideration, or studied the character of children in this particular." "No, indeed I have not," replied Grandmamma; "but I feel that I ought to have done so; and, now I begin to reflect a little, I fancy I can account for some of Eliza's odd ways when

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very young. Did you ever feel timid, Eliza, dear, when a child?" she asked, turning to little Mary's mother. Mrs. Earnest confessed she had suffered exceedingly in her early days, but felt too proud to tell the secret. "That was not exactly my case," said Mrs. Larford. "I was not too proud, yet I did not reveal the fact till fear seemed to be interwoven with my constitution, and my life clouded by the sufferings of a few years." "Do tell us a little of your experience on this interesting subject," asked Mrs. Weary, "it may help us to understand our little ones better, and to mould their varied characters."

"The first feeling of real terror I remember to have felt," continued Mrs. Larford, "was when I was about four years of age. A little brother died, and as I naturally inquired for him, very often missing him as my little playfellow, I was told that he was asleep in a certain room, but not being taken to see him as I requested, I resolved to find my way there alone, the very first opportunity. I had not to wait long, for all in the house being in deep sorrow and preparing for the solemn funeral, I was allowed to ramble where I liked for some hours in the day. Watching a favourable moment, I quickly stepped into the gloomy room, hoping, as I vainly imagined, to awaken him. As I drew near the little crib, and observed that he lay in a 'pretty box,' I greatly wondered. After calling him by name several times, I took his hand and began to shake him. This also being ineffectual, I attempted to lift him up, and in doing this the stool on which I stood gave way, and I fell with the little dead body on my neck! A strange feeling of fear came over me as the icy little face rested on my warm shoulder, and in this painful position I was discovered by my weeping mother and my aunt. From that moment I dreaded to be left alone, and yet I knew not why.

"My nurse, who was an unprincipled woman, took advantage of this state of mind, and when I objected to be

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left alone, I was told by her that my brother would come back, if I did not cover my head and be still when in bed in the dark; at the same time threatening to slap me, which she did not scruple to do, if I told my dear mother. This woman, by her artful conduct, contrived to keep up her work of 'eye-service' in the family for several years, and it was not till after she left my home that I ventured to tell my parents of the tortures I had been subjected to. The horrors I endured at night were beyond description, and I think now of the bed-room in which I slept, as a man would think of the Inquisition after he had experienced its tortures.

"I remember particularly a certain noise that I often heard as soon as the servant had left me, and which always brought to my mind the time when my little dead brother fell cold and stiff on my neck. For a moment after I had watched the last shadow of the departing light on the paper of the wall, I listened for this noise, and sure enough there it was. Flap! flap! flap! close to my bed. I covered my head with the clothes, and with my heart well-nigh choking me, and almost suffocated for want of air, there I lay, afraid even to try to go to sleep. I well remember one night my mother came into the room, and I threw down the clothes, asking her in a hurried manner if any one had been in the room since the servant left. 'I am here, my dear,' she replied. 'Oh, but I mean before you came in, ma,' I rejoined. 'No, my child; how can you be so foolish?' Just at that moment the *flap* was heard again, and my mother ascertained that the dreaded noise was occasioned by a little drawing which my dear father had made for me, and which I had fastened to the paper of the room by two pins placed at the top, leaving the lower part of the paper to flap with the wind, as it passed from the chimney to the window. Thus was I spared, perhaps, months of suffering by my mother's finding the cause of the dreaded noise.

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"My mother often found it needful to have my night-dress changed when she passed the nursery to retire for the night, and many a time has she expressed her surprise at the violent perspiration she found me in, and sometimes thought I could not be well, yet the fear of the servant's threatenings for ever kept my lips closed. The sad secret rested in my own bosom, and I firmly believe I suffer from the effects of it at this very moment. It has, however, been a lesson to me in training my own dear children, and caused me to watch all their feelings and regulate their nursery arrangements with careful anxiety."

Mothers do not always know what their timid little ones are suffering when they *seem* happy, nor how much evil ignorant servants may do.

"MOTHER, KEEP HOLD OF YOUR SON!"

A YOUNG man was one day writing a paper for mothers, and he used this expression, "Mothers, keep hold of your sons!" Well, but do not all mothers keep hold of their sons? Alas! no. Many a son who loved his mother while he rested on her lap, or played at her feet, a smiling, lisping boy, has been heard to say he "despised" his mother when he grew up and understood her character! "My mother," said a young man one day, "is the most deceitful woman I have ever known; she has weaned my heart from her by her hateful ways!" What a melancholy thought, that a son should ever lose his love for his mother by observing her evil conduct! How will she meet him in that day which will "reveal secrets?" A mother's influence will work mightily—we know by innumerable facts—either for good or evil; nor shall we fully understand its extent, till the host of mothers who have dwelt on our earth are summoned with their descendants to the gathering of the nations before the throne of judgment.

When a mother has lost "hold" of her son's affections

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by her double-dealing, deceitful conduct, and example, of course she has lost "hold" of his *conscience*. Indeed, if such a mother could by any possibility keep hold of it, she would be sure to lead it wrong. How delightful it is, now and then to turn from such thoughts and characters! We will now enjoy this pleasure, and we shall hope to see, ere we have done, the secret of a mother's keeping hold of her son all along the path of life, even after she has gone to her reward in the skies. Listen to the breathings of a warm heart in praise of an excellent mother, from an extract of a letter written to her on her birth-day:—

"Time lives still, my mother. One would think that by now he had become an aged and infirm creature, or by his increasing strength had proved his immortality; but no, no, no; on, on, on ever. Yet not ever, or else eternal; but on, on a *long* time. You have known him for some half century, my mother, and while he has been working away with unspeakable energy to change and overturn and remould the nations of the earth, and by banishing the tyrants of the human mind, by producing a new-born generation of living knowledge—freedom, peace, and happiness—has helped to prepare all things for their great end. While thus changes are going on, still, by the destruction of all things mutable, we shall come to see clearly the immutable. The Infinite, during all this time, has left thee, my mother, a rejoicing solace to many a heart—a helpmeet to a worthy husband—a parent to thy loving children—a friend to all—a pattern, and a lovely pattern, of a true, faithful, laborious, self-denying, active, benevolent mother! and more—but I will not add more, though the rest may even outweigh what I have said. There thou art still, my precious mother, and long yet may time spare you to fulfil your part in making and keeping up and increasing the happiness of a family knit together by no ordinary ties of love and devotedness.*

* All her children are pious.—Ed.

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"Happy mother! Hard has thy toil been to train the wayward mind—to cherish and watch over the feeble health—to provide for the constant wants of the hands and hearts, the bodies and minds, for so many years of our long past infancy! Keen have been thine anxieties and cares, and fears and pains, and bitter and gloomy the forebodings—while joy and peace *would not* come—and the bright and ever-bright anticipations of your joyous youth seemed far, far away. *Yet*, mother—YET bright has the sun been after the rain—cheerful the countenance after the tears—merry the heart after pains—lightsome the head after the load—and peaceful the breast after the storm, and, oh! many and many have been the delights, and many and many the thrilling hours of pleasurable memory in thy life of change, my mother; and we will sing, and sing together, and hands and tongues, and hearts and eyes shall join to bless thee, our mother! Dearest one! and if gratitude and love *can* make the cup of sorrow sweeter, and if filial devotedness *can* help to render a life *less* painful and *more* joyful, and *can* give a relish and an intensity to other bliss, then *that* may you ever receive from your son; and now, my mother dear, may each successive mercy add to your faith and hope—may the warm affection of a happy family still cheer you, and may *all* tend to render the prospect of a better home—a better land—more bright, more glorious.

"Your own son,

"_____."

Do you envy the mother of such a son? Ah, then, be such a mother! It has been said that if we could make a generation of Christian mothers in a heathen land, there would be a generation of godly Christian children. Certain it is, that in nine cases out of ten the children "take after their mother;" and certain, too, that the wise, consistent, pious mother shall have her reward—often in this life, by the love and devotedness by which she shall be surrounded,

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as the evening of life casts its shadows about her path—but certainly in that day when the books are opened, and all shall receive according to the deeds done in the body. But our paper is long enough, though we have but commenced the subject.

A VISIT TO THE SOUTH.

NO. II.

We are not unmindful of our promise to show, in a few instances, the connexion between great and little events,—to forget it, we should consider wrong. As we were sitting at breakfast one morning, somewhat undecided as to the occupation of the day, the servant entered, and presented me a letter; the direction was in a hand-writing not at all familiar to me, and I was doubtful from whom it came. It proved to be from a gentleman whose acquaintance I had recently the pleasure to make, telling me that a select party had been formed to visit North Wales, and that they would be very happy if I would join them. I had never visited it—had a great wish to go—and it so happened that I had the time at command; I therefore resolved to accept the invitation, and on the morrow was on my way. What mighty changes were thus suddenly brought about! It became an epoch in the history of my life! Truly, we know not what a day may bring forth.

Emily E—— had just left school, and was spending a short time in the family of one of her school-fellows; they were all nearly strangers to me, but the lovely girl was cheerful and happy, and had become a great favourite. She and her companion were standing one day at the window, when a young and interesting stranger entered the front-court, and passed up to the door. "There," said the joking girl to Emily, "there is a husband for you!" She knew not what she said, but so it proved. The stranger was a distant relative, just returned from abroad; and that

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interview ripened into affection, and Emily became his happy wife. Thus the most important event in her life was brought about by seemingly a very trivial circumstance.

Thomas P—— was a superior youth, just old enough to be unable to determine whether he was a man or a boy. There was a little swelling importance bubbling up, which inclined him to think he was somebody; yet he was reminded, as school-time returned, that he was yet under tutors and governors. At this period, Thomas became acquainted with a youth of unstable habits, and by him was introduced with some pomp, as his "friend," to another of more questionable manners. Had this ripened into friendship, the danger to Thomas would have been very great, but he was delivered by the interposing hand of Divine Providence, working by means the most unlikely, and yet afterwards, with adoring thankfulness, he could adopt the language of the Psalmist, and say, "My soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler; the snare is broken and I am escaped; my help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth."

Mrs. S—— was the happy wife of a wealthy London tradesman, their country-house was about six miles from town, in one of the most lovely suburbs of the city. It was a Saturday evening, and the time for the return of him whom she dearly loved was near; within doors, all was ready for his reception. She descended the front steps, passing through a beautiful front-court into the coach-yard, and ordered the gate to be set open, and stood ready to receive and give the smile of love and tenderness, which had been so often exchanged. It was not long before the carriage was seen ascending the gentle slope of the opposite hill, and in a few minutes it entered the yard. But in vain she hoped for the smile she had so often received as the troth of plighted love,—the carriage was empty. Turning hurriedly to the coachman she inquired, "Where is your master, William?" The old and favourite servant spoke

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not, but presented a letter. Tearing it open with trembling hands and a palpitating heart she read that her dear husband had fallen, simply by slipping from the pavement, and had broken a limb, and, consequently, must be a prisoner in town for many weeks. Arrangements were instantly made, and she left her happy home and took her place beside his couch, which she never left, by day or by night, till the dear object of her affection was able to be removed. They then returned, with feelings of delight and gratitude they had never before experienced.—"Boast not thyself of to-morrow." One more instance and we have done:—

John C—— was a youth of amiable and kind manners, about to enter upon the active duties of life, tenderly beloved by a confiding father and mother, and an affectionate sister. Many and deep had been their anxieties as to his future settlement, and it was after much deliberation and painful solicitude on one of those occasions that he went forth in the evening for a solitary walk. As he passed through his native town, pensive and sad, with a view of reaching a retired place, he was arrested by the sound of music; hardly knowing why, he turned aside to listen. The sweet and solemn sounds were soothing to his troubled breast,—he found he was standing at the door of a place of public worship. After a little hesitation, he entered; there the arrows of conviction entered his heart, there he was converted to God,—he returned home with new views, new prospects, new desires, and ultimately became a faithful and successful minister of the Gospel.

Allow me to ask, What are you? What are your hopes? What your prospects? Whither are you going? To join the assembly of the just made perfect, or the rebel spirits in the world of woe? To one is certain. Have you forgotten the many narrow escapes you have had, and the vows made in secret? Time is passing,—eternity is near. "One thing is needful."

M. B.

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MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN.

BY DR. BULL.—OPIATES.—NO. IV.

In the hands of the physician there is no medicine, the administration of which requires greater caution and judgment than opiates, both from the susceptibility of infants to their narcotic influence, and their varying capability of bearing it. It is calculated that about three-fourths of all the deaths that take place from opium, occur in children under five years of age. The quantity which will sometimes cause death is very small—a fact most important to remember, and of itself a powerful argument against its use, in any form, by unprofessional persons.

Syrup of poppies is nothing more than a sweetened decoction of poppy-heads, and many cases of poisoning have occurred from its injudicious use. In 1837–38, seven children lost their lives from this medicine. Paregoric Elixir has been occasionally given with fatal effects. Dalby's Carminative, with the exception of Godfrey's Cordial, is perhaps the most popular quack-medicine of its class in use, and one of the most fatally destructive, from the indiscriminate and careless manner in which it is employed. Godfrey's Cordial has been abundantly destructive,—in 1838, twelve children were killed by it. In one of these cases, the infant was four months old, and half a tea-spoonful was the dose given.

The habit of administering opiates to young children has become prevalent to an alarming degree in the manufacturing counties, and to a considerable extent in rural districts. It is not confined to infants suffering from disease, but also extends to those in a state of health, in order to ensure their more easy management when the mother is absent from home. A respectable druggist in Manchester states, "I sell, in retail alone, five gallons per week of 'Quietness,' and half a gallon of 'Godfrey's,'—the

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former preparation being so strong as to contain a hundred drops of laudanum in an ounce." A single tea-spoonful is the prescribed dose, so that, allowing one ounce weekly to each family, this one druggist supplies 700 families in the week. It behoves mothers residing in these districts to be more than usually careful to whom they entrust their children; but, surely, enough has been said to prevent the mother, either directly or indirectly, allowing the unprofessional use of opiates to her children. Remember their great susceptibility to their narcotic influence, their different capability of bearing it, and the facts which have been adduced to prove the fatal effects which so frequently follow their unguarded administration.

THE STUPIFIED INFANT.

Who would not lend a sympathising sigh,
To hear yon infant's pity-moving cry,
The feeble sob, unlike the new-born note,
Which came with vigour from the opening throat,
When air and light first rushed on lungs and eyes,
And there was life and spirit in the cries;
Now an abortive faint attempt to weep
Is all we hear—sensation is asleep.
The boy was healthy, and at first expressed
His feelings loudly when he failed to rest;
When crammed with food and tightened every limb,
To cry aloud was what pertained to him;
Then the good nurse (who, had she borne a brain,
Had sought the *cause* that made the babe complain)
Has all her efforts, loving soul, applied
To set the cry, and not the cause, aside;
She gave her powerful sweet without remorse—
The sleeping cordial—she had tried its force.
Repeating oft, the infant, freed from pain,
Rejected food, but took the dose again;
Sinking to sleep, while she her joy expressed
That her dear charge could sweetly take his rest;
Soon may she spare her cordial, not a doubt
Remains, but quickly he will rest without!

CRABBE.

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FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

FAMILY COMFORT.

A NEAT, clean, fresh-aired, sweet, cheerful, well-arranged, and well-situated house exercises a moral as well as a physical influence over its inmates, and makes the members of the family peaceful and considerate of the feelings and happiness of each other—the connexion is obvious between the state of mind thus produced and habits of respect for others, and for those higher duties and obligations which no law can enforce. On the contrary, a filthy, squalid, noxious dwelling, rendered still more wretched by its situation, and in which none of the decencies of life can be observed, contributes to make its inhabitants selfish, and regardless of the feelings of each other, and often of the laws of our country.

CHILDREN STILL!

A Greek bishop once affirmed that it had been revealed to him in a dream, that in the world to come every person would be the very counterpart of all he had desired to be in this; but his orthodoxy being questioned by the patriarch of Constantinople, the good bishop explained matters thus: "Excellent father, when I was a child, and played beside the Eurotas, I saw my young companions imitate the state and grandeur of the old-grown world, and walk as kings and emperors, with sceptres of reeds, and crowns of rushes; now I behold most men of my generation intent on playing, even with themselves as spectators, some part which is not their own; wherefore it seems to me that our souls are yet in their childhood, and these poor and ill-aimed efforts foreshadow (but, truly, I know not how) the more ample state to which they are destined; and this is all that was taught me in my dream."

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MARY LUNDIE DUNCAN PREPARING HER CHILDREN FOR THE SABBATH.

Haste! put your play-things all away;
To-morrow is the Sabbath-day.
Come! bring to me your Noah's ark,
Your pretty, tinkling, music cart;
Because, my love, you must not play,
But holy keep the Sabbath-day.

Bring me your German village, please,
With all its houses, gates, and trees;
Your waxen doll, with eyes of blue,
And all her tea-things, bright and new.
Because, you know, you must not play,
But love to keep the Sabbath-day.

Now take your Sunday pictures down—
King David with his harp and crown;
Good little Samuel on his knees,
And many pleasant sights like these.
Because, you know, you must not play,
But learn of God upon his day.

There is your hymn-book—you shall learn
A verse, and some sweet kisses earn;
Your book of Bible stories too,
Which dear mamma will read to you.
I think, although you must not play,
We'll have a happy Sabbath-day.

AN INTERESTING GROUP OVER "THE MOTHERS' FRIEND."

Extract of Letter to the Editor.

* * * I have just got the first two volumes of *The Mothers' Friend*, and we do find them such interesting books. * * * On Sabbath evening I was reading "The ruined Son and the unhappy Mother," to the three youngest of my group, with their nurse. As we drew near the part where there seemed a little hope of the youth, little F—— said, with evident delight, "Oh, now—now he is going to be good;" and C——, who is particularly tender, listened, almost breathless, her eyes now

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glistening in my face, and then cast down, the tears rolling down all the time; and when, at length, we came to his death, we all wept together. While we were all feeling what a sad thing it is to sin against God, I knelt down to pray with them. When we arose from our knees, little J——, who had sympathised with us, but did not quite understand all about it, said, "Oh, mamma, you did not pray for the wicked woman who let her child be naughty, that she should be made better!" I then told him the woman was dead, and prayers could not avail for her; that it was only while she lived that she could be made good. He drew his tiny hand across his eyes, shook his little head, and looked very sorrowful. Ah! many such scenes have we had; and, no doubt, hundreds of mothers could testify to the same. Go on, my dear Madam, your reward is on high. A MOTHER.

HOME.

'Tis home where the heart is, wherever that be,
In city, in desert, on mountain, in dell;
Not the grandeur—the number—the objects we see,
But that which we love is the magical spell.

'Tis this gives the cottage a charm and a grace,
Which the glare of a palace but rarely has known;
It is this—*only* this—and not station or place,
Which gives being to pleasure, which makes it our own.

Like the dove on the waters, a rest-place to find,
In vain for enjoyment o'er nations we roam;
Home only can yield real joy to the mind,
And there, where the heart is, there *only* is home.

ELIZA COOK.

"CASTING ALL YOUR CARE UPON HIM."

A poor man was travelling on a hot day, carrying a heavy load upon his back. A rich man passing by in his chariot took pity on him, and invited him to take a seat in his chariot behind. Shortly after, on turning round, the rich man saw the pilgrim still oppressed with the load

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upon his back, and asked, "Why do you not lay your burden on the seat?" The poor man replied, "It is enough that you consented to carry me in your chariot; I could not presume to lay my load on it." "O foolish man!" was the answer, "if I am willing and able to carry you, am I not able also to carry your burden?" Thus it is with God; when once He receives a poor sinner He will carry his burden of cares too.

A POOR MAN'S HYMN.

What though my food be mean,
And hard my bed,
I murmur not; I daily feed
On living bread.

And in the night sweet dreams
Entrance my sleep;
I seem to range the golden streets
Where none may weep.

What though my cot be low,
My thoughts are led
To muse on *One* who had not where
To lay His head!

Do friends prove false and vain?
I'm not dismayed!
I think of *Him*, in darkened hour,
Denied!—Betrayed!

Away, vain world—thy charms
I do not prize;
I have a home—sweet home in view,
Beyond the skies!

O wondrous, wondrous love!
That rescued me;
Myself, my all I have, I give,
My Lord, to Thee.

Then blow, ye raging winds,
Around my cot;
I'm hastening where your wintry blast
Can reach me not.

J. C.

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HOW TO TEACH CHILDREN. BY REV. C. BROOKS.

If you find an error in the child's mind, follow it up till he is rid of it. If a word is spelled wrong, be sure the class is right before it is dismissed. Repeat and fix attention on the exact error, till it can never be committed again. One clear and distinct idea is worth a world of misty ones. Time is of no consequence in comparison with the object. Give the child possession of one clear distinct truth, and it becomes to him a centre of light. In all your teaching, no matter what time it takes, never leave your pupil till you know he has in his mind your exact thought.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Lectures to Children. By Rev. J. Crawshaw. London: Mason, Partridge, and Green.

This little book is full of instruction for mothers and children, written in a popular style, somewhat like Todd's, of America.

The Spirit of Life. By G. W. Mylne. London: Wertheim and Macintosh.

A little work, full of earnest thought—an epitome of the Gospel.

The Educator. [Quarterly.] London: Snow.

A new and useful journal of education.

Charlie Gilbert; or, Try again. By the Wife of a Clergyman. London: Wertheim and Macintosh.

We recommend this cheap, interesting little book to the especial notice of our young friends.

The Two Visits. By Marianne Parrot. London: Wertheim and Macintosh.

A true story, which we should like our Sunday scholars to study.

Friendly Advice to Young Men. By Rev. F. King, A.B. London: Wertheim and Macintosh.

Good advice, given in a good spirit; a useful study for our young men.

The Papal Moloch. The Shield of Truth. London: Wertheim and Macintosh.

Two books we cordially recommend to all who desire to know anything of the "Inquisition," and the doctrines of the Romish Church.

Cromwell. By Rev. J. D. Smith. London: Snow.

A cheap and comprehensive account of the Protector.

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VOL. I. RE-PRINTED.

We have the pleasure to announce a new edition of the First Volume of "The Mothers' Friend," price One Shilling; and we hope those who take an interest in our labours will make an effort to introduce it, as the sale of the whole edition will be required to cover its actual cost.

Ann Jane.

Vols. II. and III. are on sale, price 1s. 6d. each.

THE MOST BELOVED ON EARTH NOT LONG SURVIVES TO-DAY!

The paper of "M. B.," in the August number, reminded us of a circumstance that happened not long ago, teaching us the uncertainty of all earthly joys, and the necessity of being ready to follow the Angel of Death, whenever he may call us through the dark valley.

On returning from a country walk with a party of friends, a very fine strong Scotchman, full of life, and energy, and happiness, offered his arm, and we rambled on a little in advance of the rest. Bowing his head, and speaking in a low tone, he said, "You will smile at the character of my thoughts, perhaps—but just now, while looking at my dear wife, the circumstance occurred to me, that I ought to make a will. I am in full health, and stronger than any man within a hundred miles perhaps, yet I feel that life is very precarious. Now, *remember*," he added, with emphasis, "if anything should happen to me, I desire that Jane should possess everything within my power to give her. "Coming events cast their shadows before." The rest of the party now joined us, and the subject was soon forgotten.

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Not many days after, as he was mounting a fine spirited horse, which he was wont to ride from his office in the city to his country home, his faithful old servant, who had lived nearly a generation in his family, said to him,—"Take care, my dear young master, you no get some harm one day by riding that prancing creature." "No fear, Allan, my good fellow," he replied; "look at my powerful arm!" And the man of strength held it forth to comfort the old man. At the usual time of his return, his lovely young wife came out in front of her country home to welcome him, when she observed him riding furiously up the hill. Just at the moment two men came over a gate at hand, and seeing the horse had taken fright they attempted to stop it; in another moment, her husband was thrown over its head at her feet! The terrified young wife ran to him, he gave her one agonising look, and pronounced her name; then closed his eyes, to open them no more till the trump of the archangel shall waken the sleeping dead. In a few hours the blooming young wife was a desolate widow! Her husband had not made a will, but his wishes, expressed in that last agreeable walk, were made known to his family.

Let not the strong man glory in his strength; in the midst of life we are in death; be ye also ready. "I said I shall die in my nest!" said one; but we may soon have our "nest" torn from its place, though we may build it in the rock, and all its comfortable materials scattered to the winds of heaven. There is no certain dwelling-place till we reach the better land. Are we in the road to that blissful country?

THOUGHTS FOR PARENTS.

We have been favoured by receiving the following interesting thoughts of Rev. Matthew Henry, copied from a manuscript in his own handwriting; it is dated A.D. 1708.

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He died in 1714, consequently they are his *matured* thoughts.

"'Ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath, but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.'—Eph. vi. 4.

"This is not only a good lesson, but a great law given to parents, which they are bound to obey, for they also have a Father in heaven. The apostle speaks of fathers, but MOTHERS also are no doubt included. They have a joint interest in their children, and are under joint obligations to them. If parents did but better discharge their duty to their children, children would better discharge theirs to them.

"Now the duty of parents is here prescribed, and we see that it is the will and command of the great God that parents must not 'provoke their children to wrath.' They must take care not to provoke them to *any* sin—they have corrupt natures which incline them to evil. Satan is busy to tempt them, and to draw out the foolishness that is bound up in their hearts, but let not their parents be their tempters; this is a thing we should greatly fear and carefully watch against, lest through indiscretion, though not designedly, we be the occasion of our children's sins; it is bad when 'the *mother* is the counsellor to do wickedly.'—2 Chron. xxii. 3. They must not provoke them to pride, nor to luxury and flesh-pleasing; nor to lying, nor to backbiting and slandering, nor to revenge; they must not provoke them to *wrath*. You think, perhaps, this is an improper word to be given to parents, as if it belonged to children only to take care not to provoke their parents; but you see it is the command given to parents to make their children easy, and endeavour to please them.

"Now parents must not *provoke* their children, by keeping them at an unreasonable distance, nor by continual chiding and finding fault, nor by forcing the

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that which they are not fit for, nor by giving them ill language in passion, calling them foul names, as Saul—1 Sam. xx. 30. Nor by withholding from them that which is fit for them, nor by cruel and severe correction, nor by implacableness and irreconcileableness towards them when they have offended, nor by crossing them in their innocent desires without cause, for contradiction's sake, nor by making a difference between their children,—this is very provoking—one loved, the other hated; in this Jacob missed it. But more than this, here is a *charge* to parents to bring their children up 'in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.' As the former guards against sinful severity, so this against sinful indulgence. Take heed of both extremes. Though you must not provoke your children, yet you must not therefore leave them unrestrained and unreproved, as David did by Adonijah—1 Kings i. 5, 6. Keep up an interest in their affections, and then improve it for their good,—the good of their souls.

"It is the *duty* of parents to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, to give them a good education, according to their place and capacity. Bring them up,—that is, nourish them. Provide for the nourishment of their *bodies*. This even nature teacheth. Mothers, if they are able, should nurse their own children—Lam. iv. 3. Do it as unto God—in his fear; bear the inconvenience of it with cheerfulness, remember that you are in the way of your duty, and under special protection. If not able, yet have a tender eye to them; let not mothers be like the ostrich—Job xxxix. 14, &c. As your children grow up, provide food convenient for them. Take pains for them now, and they will take pains for you when you are old. Take care of their health, use them not too tenderly; keep them from what is unwholesome, and from that which may cause any bad habits, or incline them to evil, or indispose them to good. Neglect nothing that is fit to be done for your children, either when they are little

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or when grown up. Provide for the nourishment of their *minds*,—they must have food for their souls as duly and constantly as for their bodies. Provide proper nutriment for their better part.—See 1 Tim. iv. 6. You take care that their bodies shall be well shaped—get their minds well formed. Feed them with the bread of life."

Rest now, mother, and think about these important matters, and expect more in the next number of "THE MOTHERS' FRIEND."

"I MUST ALWAYS READ MY BIBLE NOW."

EVERY circumstance, however trivial, which occurs in the history of a beloved child, is a memorable one to a fond yet bereaved parent. The arrows of death are sharp, and the only balm of consolation is "*the hope of glory*." Still, sometimes, like the honey in the carcase of Samson's lion, there are a few sweets mingled with the bitter pangs of death.

S. E. S. was a lovely child, scarcely five years of age when she died. She had never known her *own* mother's tender care, being too young when *she* died to know her loss. But she was carefully instructed by her father, and also, for some time, by one whom she called and loved as a "*mother*," to look to *Jesus* as her friend, and to pray that he would fit and prepare her for heaven. Often would she talk of heavenly things, and sing her sweet songs of that happy place. To go to Jesus—to be in heaven—and meet *there* her *own* dear mother, was a theme that her father and her step-mother delighted often to engage her infant mind about.

In blooming health—in happy innocence—she went one day as usual to school. She had bowed around the family altar in the morning, and helped to swell the song of praise, and with joyousness left her home with her little brother, eighteen months older than herself, to return,

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alas, no more alive! But it was remarked how prepared she was for her change. Her mind that day seemed fixed on her oft-mentioned desire *to be with Jesus*. At her school, where she was greatly beloved, she made this remark to her dear teacher, "I have done with my 'Peep of Day,' the beautiful book that my father gave me, *so I must always read my Bible now*." She then read the 103rd Psalm, and left her school as usual. On her way home she met her death; she fell, together with her little brother, under a heavy-laden vehicle; *he* was saved, but *her* happy spirit at once fled to be with her sainted mother in glory.

HEAVEN IS HER HOME.

CHILDREN, why weep o'er your dear sister's grave?
Heaven is her home!
Now she is praising the Lord who can save.
Heaven is her home!
Hers is a happier—holier lot;
Sin cannot enter and pain is forgot;
Why should we mourn though to-day *she is not?*
Heaven is her home!

Jesus but spoke and her glad spirit fled—
Heaven is her home!
"Come to my glory, my fair one," He said—
Heaven is her home!
Truly *she* loved Him, though tender her years;
Gently He bore all her sorrows and tears;
Now in His kingdom by grace she appears—
Heaven is her home!

Lately you heard her sweet music, but now
Heaven is her home!
Far greater beauty adorneth her brow—
Heaven is her home!
Tuning her harp, lo! she bows near the throne,
Robed in pure white, with a palm and a crown,
Gifts from her Saviour, whose blood did atone.
Heaven is her home!

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Sing, then, because she is safely at rest—
Heaven is her home!
'Mong the redeemed ones a bright spirit blest—
Heaven is her home!
Seek Him, dear children, His grace to obtain;
Watch for His coming in glory to reign;
Soon *we* shall see Him and meet *her* again—
Heaven is her home!

G. B. S.

CONSEQUENCES OF A MOTHER'S TALE.

"For a child is in a new world, and learneth somewhat every moment."

"I was once," says a correspondent, "living near a mother who was in the habit of telling her little boys that 'The old man who lived in the rick of fern in the back-yard would come to them if they were naughty.'

"One day this mother left home to sell some of the produce of her garden, and did not return till evening. The father was dredging for oysters, in a boat, in sight of the cliff where his cottage stood. About three o'clock he looked towards his home, when behold, it was in flames! but he was utterly unable to return until five, as he was obliged to wait for the flowing tide.

"When the parents reached the cliff where their cottage had stood quite alone, they found that it was reduced to ashes, with all its contents, and the fern rick in the back-yard. Happily, the poor children resolved to run from the destroying element, and on being questioned as to the cause of the fire, they said 'that they resolved to burn the old man out of the rick, that he might not come to them again!' No help was at hand, and the mother had to mourn the loss of all her home comforts, and thus reap the fruit of her doings. Of course she could not scold her poor boys for trying to get rid of an enemy."

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UNEQUALLY YOKED.

For some time after the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Anstruther all went on smoothly, and their prospects seemed bright and joyous. But, alas! they were an ill-assorted pair, and very soon found out the secret, that if two would walk together happily, they must be agreed as to whether the "broad" or the "narrow" path is most agreeable.

For some little time the young husband continued to listen patiently to the words of his wife, as she talked of religion, but when the novelty of the thing wore off, his patient endurance of subjects so uncongenial to his mind departed also. The birth of George, their first and only child, soon formed an excuse to the hitherto tolerably attentive husband to absent himself more than he had before done from his home,—for, with his sweetest smile, he would tell his wife that now, as she would not be alone, he would go again a little among friends he had long neglected, and who had often reproached him for his continued absence. The young mother sighed to think that what had doubled the attraction of home to her should prove a reason for her husband's more frequently leaving her; but, strong in her confidence in him, she felt it merely as a loss of pleasure and comfort to herself. Soon, however, she began to find a sensible alteration in his manner when he was with her, for he no longer exerted himself to be agreeable, or made any effort to restrain his naturally irritable disposition; he was indifferent to his child and morose to her, and she began to feel, with fearful force, the effects of her unfaithfulness to God in having united herself to one of an unconverted spirit. Her doating fondness for her child served at times to beguile her from her sorrows, and, in her husband's presence, she always exerted herself to be cheerful.

She rarely now, however, ventured to speak to him on

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the subject of religion; but one day, when she had unconsciously adverted to it, she was surprised to see him not only appear calm, but, with somewhat of his old accustomed kindness of manner, encourage her to proceed; and her heart beat with a flutter of happiness not to be expressed when, as she continued with animated hope to speak on the subject, she saw him take her Bible in his hand, and, carefully turning its pages, attentively search for some particular passage. His long dark lashes completely hid the expression of his eye as he examined the holy volume, but after a few minutes he raised his head, and, turning the book to her, he pointed to the passage he had been seeking. There was a bland smile on his lips as he did so, but the look of dark malignity which glared from his eye so terrified his trembling wife, that she had scarcely power or senses left to see the words he marked. "Read it," he said, in a suppressed tone. She read, "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." "May I ask," said Mr. Anstruther, in his smoothest manner, "whether those words had ever met your eyes when you married me?"

His wife, cast down, as by a stunning blow, from the bright happiness in which she had been indulging, was nearly fainting with terror as he asked the question, and was wholly unable to reply. Her husband, triumphing in the pain he was inflicting, again addressed her in his sweetest tone. She gave a trembling answer in the affirmative. "And did you," he continued, in the same voice, "consider me, at the time, what pious and excellent people would call a believer? Answer me candidly, I shall not be offended." Still his unhappy wife could command no word. "Did you," he resumed, in a restrained and concentrated voice, "consider me, at the time of our happy marriage, as deserving to be ranked by the devout among the number of believers?" Mrs. Anstruther covered her face with her hands, and, bursting into an agony of tears, answered "No." He grasped her arm with violence,

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and his voice trembled with passion as he exclaimed, "Then never again dare to speak on the subject of religion, or intrude your accursed cant upon me. You should learn to obey before you preach, and not attempt hypocritically to force on others the dull morality you choose to spurn at your own convenience." So saying, he cast her from him, and left the room with thundering tread.

The wife, more dead than alive, sat rooted to her chair; her mind was in a state of complete bewilderment; for, unprincipled as she had discovered her husband to be, he had till then been tolerably respectful in his behaviour to her, and she was little prepared for this outbreak of passion and cruelty. Bitterly did she indeed feel that the inconsistency of her own conduct had brought upon her this terrible trial, and, also, that it had done discredit to the holy cause she had so much at heart. "Be sure your sin will find you out," rang in her ears, and smote upon her heart with overwhelming force, and, with deep humiliation, did she confess the justness of her punishment—that it "was right she should be humbled," and by him, too, for whom she had offended. Many had been the struggles she had had with her conscience before she had determined to marry Mr. Anstruther; but affection had triumphed over faith and principle, and now she had to eat the bitter fruits of her own planting.—*Mother's Journal.*

THE WHITE ROBE AND THE FAIR.

In Rutherford's "Tract" is an article of which the following is the substance:—A little girl had been listening to a sermon in which a description of the white robes mentioned in the Bible had been given. The minister observed her attention, and the next day called at her mother's dwelling. Previous to hearing the sermon, the child had been wishing to attend a fair; but now she said, "I do not

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want to go to the fair—I want one of the white robes you spoke of yesterday." The minister talked a short time with her, intending to see her again; but, on calling a short time after, he found the little girl was *dead!* She had her wish—the Saviour had given her the white robe.

"The white robe, mother—not the fair,
For the white robe alone I care;
Soon, very soon, the fair is o'er,
The white robe lasts for evermore.
For this I earthly joys resign;
The white robe,—Oh, that it were mine!"

Her pastor sought the child next day,
But found her soul had fled away;
Fled where ten thousand cherubs sing
The lasting praises of their King.
"The white robe, mother! not the fair!"
And Jesus answered—"It is here!"

L. M. THORNTON.

MARK THE END.

THOMAS HENRY was the second son of William and Mary Henry; they were respectable persons in their line of life—sober, honest, and industrious, and much thought of by their neighbours. The elder son died when he was only seven years old, and they felt their loss a good deal, as it was the first death either of them had been called to witness; but they comforted themselves by saying they had done all for him that was in their power, and they hoped he was gone to heaven; but, alas! their hopes were not founded upon the truth of God's word. Their child, indeed, might have been happy; but William and Mary put all who died in heaven—young and old, holy and unholy—for they had never felt themselves sinners, and were ignorant of the plan of salvation, crying "peace, peace," when there was no peace.

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Thomas, their second son, was a steady, quiet lad. At school he was diligent in his studies, and soon became a favourite with his master, and afterwards left with a very good character. The parents now, with the assistance of an uncle, who was "*taken*" with the boy, managed to get him apprenticed to a tailor, where he served his time with credit and respectability. After the expiration of his apprenticeship he worked with his old master as journeyman for about a year. He then took an important step—left the home of his father, the village of his early years, to try and "better" himself, by looking for work in a neighbouring town, where he soon obtained a situation in an establishment of some respectability. But the change to him was great indeed! Instead of the snug little shop at the end of the house, with one window looking into the garden, the other into the road, and only his master for a companion, he was now surrounded on the board by a number of noisy, restless men, at the very top of the house, with literally their light from heaven. Here certain strange things met his ear, which at first disturbed and shocked him; but, by familiarity, they became less and less offensive, and by degrees he began to take part in, and feel an interest in the discussion carried on.

About this time he formed an intimacy with a very modest, respectable young woman, which soon ripened into mutual affection; and after a few months' courtship they were married, and began life with every prospect of happiness. The young man was kind and devoted to his wife, regular in his habits, and preferred his own fireside, and the company of his wife, to that of all others; and, as a natural consequence, she loved her husband with all her heart, and thought there was none like him, and strove to make his home comfortable and happy. Thus the first year passed away, when a little stranger was introduced to the domestic circle, who formed the centre of their mutual love, and served to bind them still closer together.

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Occasionally a fellow-workman would call upon him, who always appeared kind and attentive to them; but, somehow, the young wife never felt happy in his company, because she thought she saw an unusual seriousness about her husband whilst he was there; and, after he left, a thoughtfulness and reserve, unusual with him, and painful to herself. She ventured one day to say she was always sorry when that man came. Thomas replied quietly, that she had taken a foolish prejudice against him, for he was a very excellent man, and he enjoyed his society very much. But there are some things which make a deep impression, and from which we cannot escape, which, nevertheless, are so dim and obscure as to be unfit for a rule of action—so it was here. Gradually, and by seemingly fitful starts, the husband became less regular in his return home, and sometimes it was midnight before he made his appearance, and there was a peevishness in his manner which deeply wounded the tender heart of his affectionate wife.

It soon became known that he had joined an unhappy band of Freethinkers, and was in the habit of spending his evenings at a notorious public-house. The way of sin is downhill—his ruin, and the wretchedness and misery of his own unhappy family, were soon accomplished—his work was neglected—his credit lost—his house stripped—his tender wife and helpless child without a home or a piece of bread—remorse seized him, and despair urged him to the committal of an act for which he was likely to suffer transportation!

Whilst he was in prison he was visited by some friends who remembered his better days, and who promised to exert themselves to get a commutation of the punishment. He turned upon them a dark but withering look, and said, "I thank you for your good intentions, but they are too late—I am a lost man; had one half of this sympathy been manifested at the beginning of my fall, I had been saved." Turning to one, he continued, "*You* knew of my

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erring footsteps, why did you not rush to my rescue? I was then halting between two opinions, and whilst you kept aloof the emissaries of Satan were active and forward enough, and dragged me to my ruin. I am a lost man now, nor can I hold you guiltless. May God have mercy both on you and me."

A word to you now looking at this page. Perhaps you are sorry that *your* friend is not just exactly as you could wish—did you ever speak to him? ever seriously, yet affectionately, warn him? ever try to bring him back to the path of virtue and religion? Perhaps he is wondering that no arm is stretched out for his rescue; perhaps he is thinking of *you*,—rush, rush to his help! He is struggling and floundering, he is ready to perish; a timely effort may save his soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins.

M. B.

MOTHER, KEEP HOLD OF YOUR SON.

NO. II.

Listen to another son's account of his mother's keeping "hold" of him through life:—"The recollections of my childhood often occupy my thoughts, The chilling breath of the world has had no power to destroy their pleasant influences. The lowly cottage—the old trees—the murmuring brook—the green lawn, and the early violets are all remembered with a strength of attachment which I can never entertain for similar objects. I have been in many lands that were fairer. I have seen nobler trees—finer crystal streams—greener lawns, and sweeter violets, but I have never loved any as I did those, and why? The angel of my childhood's dreams, a tender, loving mother, sanctified that cherished spot. It is with such associations that I remember her who lulled me to sleep in infancy, and whose pale, gentle face ever smiled on me in my waking hours. I knew no want then that she did not supply, and

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I cherished no love so eagerly as that which she gave me. Her love and tenderness followed me from infancy to childhood, and still she was all the world to me. Each night, bending by her, I lisped my evening prayer, and then courted sleep on her loving bosom.

"How sweet were the Sabbath evenings in those happy days, when our little group gathered around our mother, and eagerly listened while she spoke of God and heaven—of the bright angels and the dear friends who dwell in that land, and while she pointed out to us the way and directed our steps thither! . Many were the tears we shed when she urged us to flee from the wrath to come, and devoutly did we join in her simple and earnest prayer that we might meet—a united family circle—around the throne of God. Oh, how delightful is such a scene! In what higher, nobler occupation can a mother engage than in such as this—preparing immortal souls for heaven!

"Our mother's faithful instructions — her earnest entreaties—her fervent prayers, were not in vain. She it was who led us to the Saviour—who pointed out the way, encouraged us when faltering, and by the beauty and consistency of whose life we were taught the reality of religion. God accompanied her words with the blessing of his Holy Spirit, and although our intercourse had been sweet before, it was far sweeter now, since our hopes, our fears, our joys were one; and much did I prize her then, but it was not till death removed her from earth that I fully appreciated her worth—her teachings—and her example. Oft do I recall to mind her precepts, and remember her counsels, and seem to hear again her voice of prayer, and their hallowed influence is exerted anew upon me. It seems to sink into my heart, to animate my hopes, and to strengthen my resolution; and, oh, how precious to me are these remembrances of a sainted mother!

"Need mothers be urged to be faithful to the precious little ones committed to their care—to lead them to Jesus,

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the life, the truth, the way—to prepare them for usefulness here and hereafter? Are not the spiritual welfare of their children, and the commands of God laid upon them, motives sufficient to enlist all their energies in so holy a mission? Let this be an encouragement to duty, that if faithful while spared to them, the mother's influence shall not cease to be felt when she is taken from them—that though her voice be hushed in death, a word of warning, of advice, or encouragement, once spoken by her, shall reverberate in the heart of her child, and control its emotions so long as that heart shall continue to beat.

"But remember, too, that the mother's influence shall live on, whether it be for *good* or EVIL. How great, then, the mother's responsibility. How watchful should she be of all she says and does. She, it may be, controls the destiny of her little ones by the most seemingly trivial word or deed. Study, then, to speak and act aright; then may your children have to thank God, as I do, for one of his best gifts to man—a faithful, pious mother, who kept 'hold' of her son."

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

NO. XII.—DEAL GENTLY WITH THE TIMID CHILD.

"I CAN well imagine," said Mrs. Weary, "the terror you endured, for I suffered very much in the same way, only I was too proud to tell any one of my sorrow, which always commenced as the shadows of evening fell around us. My mother has sometimes asked me to fetch some trifle from her room, when the family were seated around the winter's hearth, and pride or shame has prevented me from asking to be excused from performing the painful task; and I have ran so furiously down the stairs, after I had obtained the article, that when I have dashed into the

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parlour, the candle in my hand has been extinguished. Ah, I well remember the look of astonishment my mother gave me, and her short sentence, 'Bless me, my dear!' as if it happened yesterday." "Well," said Grandmamma Hardy, "I could not have imagined that any poor child could ever have been caused such terror and suffering. I shall never again press poor little Mary to go to bed without knowing the state of her mind. It behoves every mother, I plainly perceive, to ascertain the characters of her children, and the treatment they are subjected to by those who have the charge of them."

Many are the sufferings poor little helpless ones endure from being alarmed by idle, foolish stories, or by wanton or thoughtless attempts to frighten them. Surely, many who thus act towards them would restrain themselves, if they were at all aware of the possibility of entailing an infirmity, only to be relieved at death. We read an account, not long since, of a child thoughtlessly frightened by an elder sister becoming quite deaf for ever. Another, being put into a dark cellar by a servant, became not only totally deaf, but totally blind also! Another little boy, who was lifted up in bed, in the dark, by one of his companions, who unknown to him had crept under it for that purpose, lost his senses, and became an incurable lunatic!

Again, we read lately of a schoolmistress, who for some trifling offence most foolishly put a child in a dark cellar for an hour. The poor little one was terrified, and cried bitterly. When she returned home in the evening, she burst into tears, and begged she might not be put into the cellar. She was assured there was no danger. When sent to bed, she passed a restless night, and in the morning she was in a high fever, often exclaiming, "Do not put me into the cellar!" The fourth day after, she was taken to Sir Astley Cooper, and was heard frequently to mutter, "Pray don't put me into the cellar!" All medical help was vain. She died in one week from the time of the fright.

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Another case came under Sir Astley's care. A little girl went into the school-room in the dark, to get a knife to scrape her slate-pencil, when a schoolfellow burst from behind the door to frighten her. On the following day she became deaf, and never recovered her hearing. Again, a little boy, twelve years of age, was apprenticed to a light business, when one day some trifling article was missing, and he was locked up, with some others, in a dark place. The other children were allowed to pass out, but this poor boy was detained till midnight. He became from this time nervous and melancholy. The missing article was found on the following morning, but the poor little fellow never recovered; and at fifteen he was placed in a lunatic asylum in Dundee.

Here we see the cruelty of hastily charging a child of being guilty of a crime of which he may be perfectly innocent, as this dear boy was, and may receive a caution to deal gently with the timid child. We hope mothers and nurses will give the subject some thought. We would earnestly plead for these little ones, and press upon the attention of all who have the charge of them, to study their varied characters, lest they make a mistake, and find out their error too late.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

A FATHER'S PRAYER.

A PIOUS young man told a clergyman that he had once disobeyed his father, on which the good man retired into his room and shut the door. Curiosity led the boy to look through the keyhole, and he saw and heard his father praying for him. This struck the youth to the heart, he went away and prayed for himself; his prayer and the prayer of his good father were heard; the young lad sought mercy through the Saviour, and became a Christian indeed. Father! do you pray for your son?

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A SECRET FOR BEING HAPPY.

A bishop who had struggled through many difficulties without repining, and been much opposed, without manifesting impatience, being asked by a friend to communicate the secret of his being always so happy, replied, "It consists in a single thing, and that is, making a right use of my eyes." His friend, in surprise, begged him to explain his meaning. "Most willingly," he replied. "In whatsoever state I am, I first of all look up to heaven, and remember that my great business on earth is to get there. I then look down upon the earth, and call to mind how small a space I shall soon fill in it. I then look abroad on the world, and see what multitudes are in all respects less happy than myself. And thus I learn where true happiness is placed—where all my cares must end—and how little reason I ever have to murmur, or to be otherwise than thankful; and to live in this spirit is to be always happy." Let us carry out these thoughts in our daily walk, and remind our children of them.

ELOQUENCE OF THE HANDS!

The hands are, by the very instincts of humanity, raised in prayer; clasped in affection; wrung in despair; pressed on the forehead, when the soul is perplexed; drawn inward, to invite; thrust forth objectively, to repel. The fingers point, to indicate; and are snapped, in disdain; the palm is laid upon the heart, in invocation of subdued feeling; and on the brow of the compassioned, in benediction. If you wish to admire the human hand, and the wisdom of the great Creator, get Sir Charles Bell's "Treatise on the Hand." Read it, for your own pleasure and delight, and then, mother! *talk* to your dear children on this interesting subject.

WHAT IS MEEKNESS?

A little boy was asked what meekness was? He thought a moment and replied, "Meekness gives *smooth* answers to rough questions."

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A THOUGHT FOR A FATHER.

A little boy belonging to a Sabbath school walked by his father's side as they left a place of worship. "How did you like the minister to-night, father?" asked the child. "Oh, very well," replied the father, adding, "he said the truth." "Do you think he did, father? I think he preaches better and better, and *always* preaches the truth, don't you, father?" "Why, yes, to be sure he does." "Well, but, father, one day he told us that God said, no drunkard should go to heaven; if this is true, where will you go, father?"

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT, BY A BISHOP.

Chisel in hand stood a sculptor boy,
With his marble block before him,
And his face lit up with a smile of joy,
As an angel-dream passed o'er him.
He carved the dream on that shapeless stone,
With many a sharp incision,
With heaven's own light the sculptor shone—
He had caught that angel-vision.

Sculptors of life are we as we stand,
With our souls uncarved before us,
Waiting the hour when, at God's command,
Our life-dream passes o'er us.
If we carve it then on the yielding stone,
With many a sharp incision,
Its heavenly beauty shall be our own,
Our lives—the angel-vision.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

A Kiss for a Blow. By Henry Wright. Charles Gilpin: London.
A charming book for little folks.

A Retrospect. London: Wertheim and Macintosh.
Thoughts by one who has been an infidel, but is now a clergyman.

Inanimo Buccan. London: Gilpin.
An interesting memoir of a pious coloured man.

Queen Adelaide. London: Wertheim and Macintosh.
Pleasing reminiscences for our young friends.

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THE GOOD WIFE'S SECRET.

Mrs. Nelson was the wife of a respectable farmer; but if I were to attempt a portrait of this excellent woman, I should fill a volume; I can only give an outline. Mrs. Nelson is a good-looking woman,—temperance, early rising, industry, and, above all, serene cheerfulness of soul, have left on her cheek, at forty, that colour which fashion and excitement often blast before fifteen;—but what I took up my pen to notice was, that truly feminine and Christian trait of my good friend,—she is a *keeper at home.*

Though I have been a church-going man for many years, I do not remember to have heard any one of our clergy enlarge upon this Scripture phrase; and yet, the older I grow, the more meaning there seems to be in it. The best women in the world are those who stay at home,—such is the opinion of the best judges, that is to say, *their husbands;* the worst women are those who have no homes, or who love all other places better,—such is the verdict of those who meet them abroad.

A good wife in the house is as indispensable as a good steersman at the wheel; who can count up the cases where poor men have been ruined by their wives?—this is a hard saying, but if it were softened, it would be less true. Surely it is no disrespect to the better sex to point at these rare exceptions, which, like the dim tarnish on the face of the moon, make the other tracks look all the brighter. After you shall have made known to the utmost the number and the faults of the gadding, gossiping and idle women, we still have a million of good housewives brightening a million homes and hearts, and Mrs. Nelson is one of them. Her husband is not the meekest man in the world, nor by nature the most hospitable; but she makes up for all, like the credit side of an account.

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the exercise of the passive virtues she finds her greatest happiness; she holds it to be one of the first duties of life to render her home delightful, first to her HUSBAND, next to her *children*, and then to all who may enter her cheerful and hospitable abode.

Early in life she observed that several of her husband's intimate acquaintances were becoming irregular in their habits; she and Mr. Nelson talked it over; at length, he being a rough man, declared it to be his intention to break off all intimacy with two of them, called Lang and Shepherd, on the spot. "No, no," said the good wife, "that would be unwise, and would do them no good; let me alone, to bring them to a better mind,—at any rate, give me a month for an experiment." "You, Mary!" he exclaimed, in astonishment; "you amaze me;—surely you will not follow them to the bar-room, as Jemima Murphy does her good man?" "No, indeed," said his wife, laughing; "but we women have some secrets left still,—aye, and we can *keep* them, too, when we like!—wait for one month only."

The month rolled round. Mr. Nelson had hard work to refrain from falling upon the two men violently, but he waited to see the issue, and even kept out of their way that the process might be uninterrupted. At the close of less than three weeks, Lang and Shepherd were two of the most orderly and domestic men in the neighbourhood. "Why, Mary," said Mr. Nelson, "what in the world have you done to Lang and Shepherd?" "I have not exchanged words with them for weeks," she replied. "Then you have had some witchcraft." "Not I, I can assure you; my plan and secret are soon explained. I had observed for a long time that their homes were growing dismal, and I often told Mrs. Lang what I feared concerning her husband; indeed, I had heard you speak of his repeating over his glass that abominable saying, 'The devil is at home.' After my conversation with you, I set to work—not on the

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husbands, but on the wives. Simple creatures, they scarcely knew what I meant! They wished, indeed, that the men would spend more time at home, and even wept about their late hours and drinking, but they were not prepared for my telling them that they must redouble the attractions of their own fireside and table—make the cheer better, the fire brighter, their children cleaner, the welcome heartier, call in a pleasant neighbour to tea, have a little reading in the evening, and a comfortable supper. The thing succeeded admirably. The wives were made happy, and I hope you are satisfied."

Though it is likely Mr. Nelson did not just then suspect it, this was the very course which had proved successful in saving himself from ruinous habits. And most earnestly is it wished, that our towns and villages were filled with such wives as Mrs. Nelson. Every one has made the observation that there are many more women who are religious than men, but the real cause of this has not so often been remarked. Divine Providence, by this discriminating favour to the one sex, pours influence into the social fountain. As are the mothers of a nation, so will be the sons—and so, in a measure, the husbands; but to exercise full influence at home, the wife and mother must be all she desires her children to be—a woman of PRAYER, of faith, of good works—taking the Bible for her guide at all times; then will "her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her."

"SUFFER THE LITTLE CHILDREN TO COME UNTO ME."

YOUTHFUL mother! have you ever taken the little one who engrosses so much of your time, and who has given a new impulse to your every thought—have you ever taken this cherished little one, and talked to him, in simple lan-

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guage, of the love of Jesus? Have you ever watched his infant countenance, so often radiant with smiles, but now lit up with interest calm and serene, as you have spoken to him, in accents of tenderness, of that world of joy and love beyond the azure sky? Or, thinking these subjects too deep for his infant capacity, are you reserving them for some distant day in the great future, when the understanding of your child being more expanded, he can enter into them more fully? Ah! in that distant day in eternity, that little one may be comprehending, in all their fulness, those great truths, the outline of which you withheld from him during his brief sojourn on earth! And should it be, that in your heavenly Father's wisdom He may see fit to transplant your little bud, to flourish in his own celestial garden, would you not, think you, rather you had revealed to him somewhat of the nature of the God who made him?

But, you say, why intimate the possibility of my beloved child being thus early snatched from my fond embrace? Well, there is likewise the possibility of his being spared to length of days—and should it be so, would you not like that, from the dawn of his intellectual faculties, thoughts of God—of Jesus—of heaven—of the soul—and of immortality, should be associated with his *earliest* recollections?

It was an early evening in the sweet and pensively exhilarating season of spring—the winter, with its more chilling influences, was past—the little buds, with all their freshness, were clothing anew all nature in her bright and beautiful attire—the majestic orb of day, ere yet he sank in the western clime, was shedding beams of glowing splendour on the entire scene. The feathered songsters of the grove, unwilling to bid farewell to a day so fair, were still in varied notes carolling forth the praises of their Maker—God. All nature seemed basking in happiness; and scarcely less so a young mother, who, enchanted by one of the many beautiful landscapes that everywhere adorn the

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green isle of the west, lingered gazing on the tranquil scene. Beside her sported her treasured first-born, whose bright eye seemed to reflect the happiness that reigned around. Ah! that little one was unconscious of the *spring* of all that happiness. The mother in her inexperience had said, "My child must have numbered some more months, if not years, ere I can talk to her on themes so sacred." But *now*, the little one gazing as with an inquiring look into the countenance of that mother, whose heart was full to overflowing with thoughts on the love and goodness of God, in creating a world so wondrous fair for fallen man, she could no longer refrain. Taking her loved child into her embrace, and directing her attention to the placid scene, she told her of the Great God who made it all—that this same God made her, supplied her with all her wants, and loved her with a Father's love—ah! never will that mother forget the sweetly loving look with which the dear child lisped, in her infant tongue, "Mamma, I do love God!" It seemed as though a new and delightful link had been added to that chain of affection which bound together that mother and child—a link, which even eternity might not sever.

Oh yes! the little ones must *early* be brought to the knowledge of Jesus. Mother! try the experiment—take the little one, who can as yet scarcely lisp His name—take him in his happiest moments—draw him towards you when your own countenance is unruffled by the cares of life; for it is important that every surrounding influence be pleasant, so that hereafter religion may have no gloomy associations in his memory. Speak to him in loving, simple language; let him put his tiny hands together in prayer, and early instil into his mind that there is a Being who loves him with greater love than even his own mother!

Here we would pause. Mothers! we have been pleading for *your children*, that they should early hear of God—of heaven. Is this God *your* God? your reconciled Father?

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Is this heaven to be *your* home? Has the sweet story of redeeming love melted *your* heart, and drawn you to Calvary? Lovely, mournful Calvary! If so, you can, you will speak to your little ones of the Babe in Bethlehem—of the dying Redeemer—of the interceding Saviour—of the God of love.

If you have not yet given these glorious themes your serious attention and your heart, it is not too late to-day. Do not despair, and imagine that your dear ones will suffer from your past neglect. Let the love implanted in your bosom towards your offspring urge you to seek the blessings so long rejected—to seek until you obtain. Then, travelling Zionwards yourself, you will seek to lead with you those whom God has given you, till at length, life's tempestuous journey o'er, you and your children meet around the throne—there, unitedly and for ever, to cast your crowns at the Redeemer's feet, and join in the universal song of praises to the Lamb. S. F. S.

THOUGHTS FOR PARENTS.—No. II.

BY REV. MATTHEW HENRY.

Bring them up in "*nurture and admonition*"—that nurture which is proper to be given to children. It signifies both instruction and rebuke. It signifies the putting of their minds right—upon the right objects—into the right way—or putting things into their minds which afterwards they must be put in mind of. Teach them the knowledge that is needful for them. God taught Ephraim to go. (Hos. ii. 3.) They are born like the wild ass's colt. How shall they know except they are taught? Teach them to read; it is a very great neglect of parents not to do it. Keep them to their reading; see that they improve in it; bear with them if they are dull. Keep them under a good discipline. Have your children in subjection, not with severity, but with all gravity (1 Tim. iii. 4); not with

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rigour, but with reason. Use them to be admonished more than to be chidden. (Eccl. xii. 12.) Manage them with a steady, but gentle hand. Know how they spend their time—what company they keep—have a jealous eye upon them. Fit them to live in this world according to their place—to converse in the world so as to open their mouths with wisdom. Teach them how to carry themselves with modesty and good decorum—with humility and respect to their betters, not rude and masterless. Train them up to business according to their sex and quality. Indulge them not in idleness—in all labour there is profit. Bring them up to use their reason and bodily strength as there is occasion, that if you have much to leave them they may know how to manage it—if little, that they may know how to do without it.

Bring them up "in the nurture and admonition *of the Lord*"—that is, in things pertaining to God. You must give them a religious education. Remember, they are God's children more than yours (Ezek. xvi. 20); they must be nursed for Him; they have souls that are unspeakably more valuable than their bodies; they must live in another world, and must be prepared for it, and now is the time of their preparation. Religion is the one thing needful.

Many are in care to make their children genteel and modish, to dress them well; others, to teach them how to shift for themselves in this world; but our great care about our children should be, that they be pious. I know we cannot give them grace—it is God's gift; but there is a duty required of us. Will you do your duty? Then bring them to God; dedicate them betimes to Him. Put them into the arms of Christ; lay them at His feet; and lay yourselves under a vow to bring them up for God. Consider what you do: take hold of the covenant for them, and reckon it an unspeakable privilege to do so.

Pray for them. This you may do for them before they

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are capable of being catechised. Begin betimes to recommend them to God — "They are thine, save them!" Children of many prayers, it is hoped, will not miscarry. Do as Job did. (Job i. 5.) When they ask your blessing, give it with reverence, and teach them to eye Him alone who can command the blessing. Your praying for them—praying with them—will teach and engage them to pray for themselves.

Catechise them; let them learn the principles of religion by heart, even before they can understand the meaning of what they say. It is good to be instilling Divine things into their minds drop by drop; it will have its use afterwards. They come to understand it gradually, perhaps sooner than we are aware. Let them *hear* the form of sound words now, in hope that they will hold it fast hereafter. (2 Tim. iv. 13.) Let them get choice portions of Scripture by heart. Do not make it burdensome to them. Though they should be slow and forgetful, keep up stated times.

Check what is amiss in them, especially what is sinful. What is only childish will mend of itself as they grow into reason; but what is vicious, if not checked, will grow worse. Take heed lest sinful habits get root in them. Pluck up the weeds as they spring up. Show them the evil of sin, of pride, passion, lying. Make use of the rod for driving out folly when there is need; not for your pleasure, nor to show your authority and make them fear you, nor to gratify your passion, but for their profit. (Heb. xii. 16.)

Let them come with you to public ordinances, and let them understand the meaning of the services there. (Exod. xii. 26.) Tell them they come thither not to see and be seen—to show their best clothes—but to worship God. Admonish them to be attentive to the word and prayer; let them see you so. As they grow up, call them to an account of what they hear. Possess them with a value and veneration for BIBLES, SABBATHS, and MINISTERS.

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Talk with them familiarly of the things of God; this is the most profitable way of catechising. With mildness and gravity you should discourse with them of the affairs of their souls, as of vast concern. (See Deut. vi. 67.) Make them ready in the Scripture stories and sentences. Furnish yourselves with a good treasure, and out of that be daily bringing forth good things for their use. Be often charging them concerning their duty both to God and man. Command them that which God has commanded them, and then the authority looks great. (Gen. xviii. 19.) Let "precept be upon precept," and your words as goads and nails. Tell them the evil of sin, the necessity of a holy life. Represent religion to them as reasonable, easy, and pleasant, not sour. Charge them to pray, and give God thanks for his mercies. Train them up in devotion, and not to be ashamed of it. Keep them out of bad company: children will sooner learn what is bad from their wicked playfellows, than what is good from their godly parents. Possess them with a prejudice against the sins of wicked children, that they may not desire their company. Do all you can to make them LOVE HOME. Be sure to set them good examples, and no bad ones. Let not your practice contradict the instructions you give them. Let them learn of you that which is good.

[One word to you, mother! After tea, ask your husband to read this excellent paper to you again. It is worth reading ten times. Take the Bible by your side, and when he comes to the passages of Scripture, lay down your work a minute and find them out. Then talk and pray over your duties together.—ED.]

GOOD ADVICE.

IF wisdom's ways you'd wisely seek,
Five things observe with care:
Of whom you speak—to whom you speak—
And how—and when—and where.

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A SCRIPTURE FRAGMENT.

Down in yon low and sequestered valley flows the sea of Tiberias; two high and singular-looking mountains fringe its shores. The sun had sunk beneath their towering tops—twilight had spread her lace mantle over the surrounding scenery of the many villages, but the teeming population were returning in numerous groups, after listening to the teaching of Him who taught as never man taught. They had not only listened to the wonderful words which proceeded out of His mouth, but had been eye-witnesses of the great miracles He had performed, and been fed by the bounty of His creative hand. Wonder and astonishment stood in their countenances—they looked like men bewildered, but there was nothing that betokened love or devotion—they were earnest in conversation and loud in declamation; as they separated, each one seemed eager to tell of that which filled his heart to those near and dear unto him. Some sat beneath the shade of the olive, others retired within their dwellings, and told the wondrous tale.

In the distance was a group of hardy, interesting-looking men descending the mountain's side; they came straight down to the edge of the lake, entered a little ship, and began to pull from the shore. The wind was fresh but contrary, the labour and the toil were therefore great; the shades of night soon obscured the little bark from sight, and the villagers retired to rest and repose.

As midnight drew on, a solitary pensive traveller came down from the mountain top; he passed through the village, now still and quiet as the grave; not a dog moved his tongue, and ignorant were they all of the wonderful stranger who was then passing by. Could their eyes have been opened like those of the prophet's servant, what a glorious vision might they have seen—troops of heavenly messengers, tending the footsteps of the Lord of life and

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glory. They knew not that the long promised and anxiously expected Messiah was in their midst! at their very doors! but, like their hearts, all barred against Him. Some had said, "When Messiah cometh will he do more or greater miracles than these?" But more said, "He hath a devil, and is mad; why hear ye him?" Whilst He, grieved at the hardness of their hearts, said, "*I have a baptism to be baptised with, and how am I straitened till it be accomplished.*" The glory of the eternal God filled his benevolent heart, and he bent his pensive steps towards the side of the lake. When he reached its shores, the boats were all gone; there was none save that one into which his disciples had entered.

In perfect calmness, and with a full consciousness of his own almighty power, he stepped upon the water, and trod with firmness the curling wave. As he bent onward his quiet steps, the strong wind descended from the mountain side, and lashed into fury the troubled sea; but undisturbed he pressed forward, and in the distance saw the boat into which his disciples had entered, who were toiling hard in rowing against the storm. Soon they saw something gliding upon the surface of the water, and they were troubled, thinking it was a spirit, and they cried out for fear. But no sooner was their alarm thus made known to the Master, than straightway the words of love and tenderness were heard through the warring of the storm—"Be of good cheer: it is I; be not afraid!" This hushed their rising fears, and they looked upon him and upon each other with wonder and amazement.

The swelling heart of Peter heaved with strong emotion, he scanned his Master well, and being satisfied that it was indeed he, but wishing to prove it, exclaimed, "If it be thou, bid me to come unto thee on the water,"—for greatly as he loved him, and much as he wished to prostrate himself at his feet, he would not presume to tread the boisterous sea unless he bade him—and he said, "Come." In an

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instant Peter descended the side of the boat, and trod firmly upon the yielding waters; but as he left the ship and went towards his Master, the rolling waves and boisterous wind became more apparent, and he was afraid; his faith wavered, and beginning to sink he cried, "Lord, save me!" Jesus saw his danger, and knowing well the fulness and sincerity of his heart, stretched out his hand to save, saying, in words of tenderness and love, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt? I am indeed thy Master. I have loved thee, I have called thee, and I will never leave, never forsake thee;" and stepping into the ship, they worshipped him, saying,—"Of a truth thou art the Son of God!" And the ship was at the land whither they went.

Oh, for a strong faith to believe all that God has said concerning the way of salvation by the Lord Jesus Christ, who is emphatically the Saviour of sinners. We have sinned against God, and stand exposed to his righteous indignation and wrath. He has made known his willingness to be reconciled, and told us how we may obtain favour and forgiveness. Whosoever cometh unto him through Jesus Christ, he will in no wise cast out. "He that believeth shall be saved, he that believeth not shall be damned."

M. B.

GIVE YOUR CHILD SOMETHING TO DO.

NO. VII.

Let us take one more glance into the home of an over-busy mother—let us glide, like a "listener," into that neat little cottage over the way, and see what is going on inside. There is the matron, as "neat as a new pin," and her house so clean you might "eat off the boards;" but she looks careworn, and restless, and unhappy. Not a sprinkle of dust is to be seen upon the tables or chairs—not a fly is

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allowed to have a game of frisking on her window-pane; but no one has any pleasure in her house save herself; and she might be called its slave, for all the joy life seems to have for her is comprised in *scrubbing* and *brooming*. She is cleaning from morning till night, and has no time, she says, to sit down to read a verse or a line; she is always busy—her children are sent to the village school early in the morning, with some bread and cheese in their bags for dinner; and as soon almost as the little mortals return, they are popped to bed, out of the bustle. But here comes the husband, weary in body and mind, from his hard day's labour; let us, for once, break good rules, and do the thing we hate, "listen" to the greeting.

"Well, wife, is your work pretty nearly done?" "Done! no, 'tis never done;—there now, Tom, do go back to the grass to rub your shoes; I have been slaving all day to get a clean house, and your dirty shoes will make it as bad as ever. Stop!—stop! don't put your hat down on that bright table, it has cost me a good half hour's rubbing; I dare say your hat is wet." "Well, wife, maybe 'tis; for I am late, and very tired." "Where are you *going* now, Tom? I never did see such untidy beings as you men-folks are!" "Why, wife, Squire Allen gave me a shilling for helping his groom a bit, after work; and I was just going up-stairs to put it into the box with the rent-money." "Well, do take off your shoes; I may be always cleaning here!—don't you see the stairs are hardly dry since I washed them!" "Well, well, wife, where is my in-door jacket?" "Why, on the coffer; but don't put that jacket on the clean quilt—nor on the clean table—nor on that bright *chair!*" Poor man, he had a neat cottage, and a clean cottage, to be sure, but there seemed no part of it for *his* use. The arrangement made by his wife was sufficiently uncomfortable to cause him to wish he had a less tidy wife—but no, no, Tom—there may be all this neatness and, withal, great comfort, only let all things be done

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"decently, and in order;" finding a time for every thing, a place for every thing, and every thing in its place.

Surely the industrious wife might have been ready, for her husband was later than usual; and suppose she had got ready for him a pair of clean old shoes, and his "in-door jacket," when he was so tired, and placed his hat on a peg for him, how much more happy he would have felt; and then her smiling cheerful countenance might have assured him that the hour of his happiness had arrived by his own fireside.

Now we do not expect that such characters as these too over-busy mothers will train up their children to be particularly industrious, for they are always "too busy" to teach them anything; far be it from us to underrate a strict attention, on the part of the mother, to the most minute details of domestic duty, from the drawing-room to the laundry, the kitchen, or the pantry—the comforts of a well-regulated home are great indeed; and the misery of a neglected household must act as a blight on all the comforts of life. The difference between sunshine and storm, out of doors, is not greater than that between order and disorder within; and, even in a well-conducted household, a trifling neglect may sometimes cause us days of sorrow.

A wife, remarkable for her tidiness and the regularity of her habits, one day neglected to have her beds made till the day was pretty far spent—she had an uncomfortable feeling about it, for it had not occurred for years before; but being engaged, she allowed one duty to take the place of another. A loud rap at the door announced that some one urgently wished to be admitted. Her husband was brought home with his leg broken. She was obliged to have him placed in an *unmade* bed, from which he could not for a long time be removed; and this operated as a constant reproach to his wife, who endured as much uneasiness from this one instance of neglect, as all the comfort she had derived from her accustomed regularity.

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Thus the neglect of one hour's duty, in the right time, may cause days and weeks of regret; but while we are anxious to attend to all our home duties, there is need of caution against yielding them an all-engrossing devotion—the devotion of the heart, and time, interest, and attention, to the exclusion of other duties.

It has been said, that a mother needs a double portion of the wisdom that is from above in the discipline of *sons*, but facts prove that they can be trained to habits of industry as easily as girls. We see, indeed, they are very different, even in their babyhood, and we must ever keep in view the different spheres of action allotted to the sexes. What you blame, perhaps, as obstinacy in your boy, may be but that firmness and fixedness of purpose which will hereafter be needed, to overcome the obstacles of his adventurous course. The poet has well described the early unfolded characters of the sterner sex,—

> "Boys are driven
> To wild pursuits by mighty impulses;
> Out of a mother's anxious hand they tear
> The leading-strings, and give the reins to nature;
> Even as the sportive hoof of the young horse
> Raises the dust in clouds."

But is a mother, therefore, to take less pains to mould the mind of her son? Certainly not; her toil for his weal must be early and late; and what she does she must do *quickly*—the sowing time will soon be over; and if the good seed has not been thrown into the boy's mind, sad days are in reserve for the careless mother.

Habits of industry are of great importance to the young, particularly to boys; let them be reminded that *time* is a precious talent entrusted to them by God, for which an account must hereafter be rendered; that sloth and saun-tering away time are grievous sins, and tend to ruin. A slothful man cannot be a consistent Christian. The wicked and ruined servant, described in one of our Lord's para-

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bles, was not a profligate, but a SLOTHFUL man. "When I see an idle man," says one, "I always suspect he is a *thief*." An idle man, like other men, is subject to hunger and thirst; but as he does nothing towards his own relief, he is tempted to supply his wants with the earnings of the industrious. If, therefore, you would have your children grow up respectable members of society, and spare your own heart many sorrows, teach them to be industrious. Those habits must be begun in the morning of life, or there is danger that they will never be successfully acquired. No mother can be justified who does not communicate industrious habits to her children. He who at the first made labour the employment of mankind, and afterwards commanded to gather up the fragments that nothing be lost, will admit of no excuse for the neglect of this duty, whether it respects ourselves or our children.

A divine of great experience, and who was trained by a good mother in his early days, tells us, that among all those who within his knowledge had been really converted, there was only ONE *lazy man*, and from the moment of his conversion he became *industrious;* if, therefore, you would have your children be happy, and useful and holy, teach them to flee sloth and indolence; it is true, in regard to their *temporal* and *eternal* interests, that "the way of the slothful is a hedge of thorns, but the hand of the diligent maketh rich."

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

NO. XIII.—DEAL GENTLY WITH THE TIMID CHILD.

ONE evening, when the same party met at Mrs. Earnest's, the conversation again assumed the same character; for each mother had felt the subject was of deep importance in relation to the little ones. "Do you not think," asked

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Mrs. Weary, "that children's characters are often mistaken at school, and that they are sometimes in great dread of those who teach them, so that timidity conceals many traits in their character, which those who have the charge of their education should understand?"

"I am quite sure this is sometimes the case at school," said Mrs. Larford, "and I can speak from experience here. I was at school, far away from my home, where three ladies, who were sisters, conducted the studies; and I am quite sure the eldest of the three, who had by far the most to do with us, knew very little of any of our characters. We were all so exceedingly afraid of her that her very shadow alarmed us, and this terror often made us appear ignorant and obstinate in her view: while the other two sisters, who had won more of our confidence, often expressed surprise at the eldest sister's remarks respecting some of us. I well remember, on one occasion, when she had given me 'Eve's Morning Hymn' to learn, as a punishment for laughing in my class, I repeated it to the second sister, who was an amiable creature, without missing a word. This was not satisfactory to the eldest sister, and I was commanded to take my book to her. The very moment I placed the book in her hand, and her alarming gaze rested on me, my mind became a perfect blank, and I trembled from head to foot. In vain she waited to hear me recite the piece; not one word could I remember. The kind sister assured her that I had said it correctly, and that terror had prevented me from repeating it. This was of no avail; I was called an 'obstinate little thing,' and sent to my room without my dinner. Again and again the same thing occurred. I could repeat every word to the two younger sisters; but the moment the elder one took my book in her hand, her very look frightened every thought from my mind,—I had not an idea left in my head; and I was called and believed to be 'obstinate' by the elder lady in the school, who certainly ought to have studied

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my character even more than her younger sisters. And thus does it often happen that children are punished for what is really an infirmity requiring peculiar treatment."

"I had no idea," said Grandmamma Hardy, "that I should feel so deeply interested in this subject. I really wish, Mrs. Larford, that you had brought that nice little book with you to-day, from which you read us an extract at my daughter's." "I happen to have it in my bag," replied that lady, "and I have lately been reading some excellent remarks in it." Then, drawing it forth from its hiding place, she read as follows :—

"The most essential thing for a timid infant is to have an absolutely unfailing refuge in its mother. It may seem unnecessary to say this. It may appear impossible that a mother's tenderness should ever fail towards a helpless little one, who has nothing but that tenderness to look to. But, alas! it is not so. I know a lady, who is considered very sweet-tempered, and who usually is so,—kind, hospitable, and fond of her children. Her infant, less than six months old, was lying on her arm one day, when the dessert was on the table, and the child was eager after the bright glasses and spoons, and more restless than was convenient. After several attempts to make it lie quiet, the mother slapped it,—slapped it hard. This was an emotion of disappointed vanity, from vexation that the child was not 'good' before visitors."

"I always find," said Mrs. Larford, looking up from her book, "that a firm 'NO,' and a corresponding look of decision, will be understood at a very early age; and my Janet has many a time turned her little head, and placed it on my shoulder, when she has been taken in my arms near the prohibited article. But, of course, the mother must be uniform in her conduct, and not allow the child to play one moment with the very thing it will be blamed for touching at another time, or the poor little creature will

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have all its lessons to learn over again. Excuse my parenthesis. I will proceed."

"If such a thing could happen, may we not fear that other mothers may fail in tenderness,—in the middle of the night, for instance, after a toilsome day, when kept awake by the child's restlessness,—or amidst the hurry of the day, when business presses and the little creature will not take its sleep. Little do such mothers know the fatal mischief they do by impairing their child's security with them. If they did, they would undergo anything before they would let a harsh word or a sharp tone escape them, or indulge in a severe look or hasty movement. A child's heart responds to the tones of its mother's voice like a harp to the wind, and its only hope for peace and courage is in hearing nothing but gentleness from her, and experiencing but unremitting love, whatever may be its troubles elsewhere." Mrs. Larford ceased as tea entered.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

"MOTHER! WHO CRUCIFIED THE LORD JESUS?"

A LITTLE inquiring girl one day asked her mother, "who crucified the Lord Jesus?" The mother had never thought much about Jesus or his religion, and she evaded the question; but the child was not satisfied, and she again asked, "Who crucified the Lord Jesus?" The mother thoughtlessly replied, "The Jews," but gave no explanation. The next Sabbath day, while the mother was listening to a sermon, the minister was led to the question, "Who crucified the Lord Jesus?" The mother felt the question in the recollection of her little girl's importunate inquiry. Again the minister asked, "Who crucified the Lord Jesus?" and the third time, he asked the same question. The arrow of conviction sank deeply into the

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heart of this hitherto thoughtless mother, and while the faithful man of God dwelt on the fact, that for OUR SINS the Saviour bled and died, she felt that *she* had helped to place him on the cross. This mother went home a weeping penitent, and told her child that it was for sin the Saviour was crucified; and although the Jews were the instruments of the dreadful deed, yet it was for the sake of the guilty children of men that he gave his life a ransom for many. Both the mother and the child became followers of the crucified Jesus.

MAKING THE "DEVIL ANGRY!"

The sister of a missionary kindly gives us the following little tale:—At the time my brother was a missionary in Jamaica, and when persecution was rife there, a poor pious mother, who was a slave, had a little prayer meeting in her humble dwelling. The overseer of the estate heard of it, and sentenced her to be flogged, and sent to the house of correction. She bore the flogging with patience, but when they tore her from her family, she wept bitterly. One of her friends met her and inquired the cause of her deep sorrow. "Oh," said she, "they have flogged me, but I can bear that; but what will become of my poor piccaninnies?" "I tell you what do," said the friend, "go and tell de poor sinners where you are going of de Lord Jesus—how he died for dem; and it will make de debil so angry dat he will be glad to let you out!" And so it proved, for the affair became public, and her master, ashamed of his cruelty to the poor female slave, liberated her, and she returned to her family, singing, "His mercy endureth for ever." Mother! Do you ever make the "devil angry" by talking of Jesus? You have the privilege of attending a prayer meeting without the danger of being "flogged!" or sent away from your family to "prison!" Do you value this privilege?

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RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.

NO. VI.

WHENCE comes our fondness for the woods, the mountains, and the rivers of our native place, but from the fond remembrances which their associations supply, and the visions which they recall to the memory, of those who were dear to us, but are now far off, or with the dead? We may have seen more stupendous mountains,—nobler rivers,—more beautiful scenery,—more stately woods,—but they were not *ours;* we did not play by *them* in childhood—we did not receive the first impression of beauty *there*—our first friends did not live near *them*, nor are they sleeping beneath their shade. Men of all countries cherish the same fond remembrance of childhood. Hear what an old man of a distant land says:—"The most distinct of my early recollections date from the time when I was about four years of age; and when the comet of 1774 occasioned a great panic among a large number of our citizens in my native town, I heard those around me speaking with pious terror of the flaming meteor, and even my father, the chief and king of my childish world, was not free from anxiety. One evening, accompanied by my three sisters, he went out, looking very grave, to examine the unusual phenomenon, and left me alone by the pale lamp-light in the sitting-room. I trembled with terror, and, shuddering, drew up my little feet in the capacious leathern arm-chair, scarcely daring to breathe, while I imagined to myself the scene without—the fiery rod of vengeance, and thousands of pale faces upturned through the darkness, gazing in speechless terror at the awful portend. I had at that time no mother; she died seven weeks after my birth. She is said to have been beautiful; and I was told that in her dying hour she pressed me fervently to her bosom, and

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passionately exclaimed, 'My poor boy, why cannot I take thee with me into the grave?'"

Such are the recollections of one whose head had grown white under seventy winters. But neither the winter snows nor the summer suns had buried or dried up the storehouse of memory, from which he brings forth himself in the great arm-chair, trembling with terror, and the touching scene of his departing mother, as fresh as if placed there only yesterday. What a lesson to mothers, who are now, day by day, making impressions, it may be, on *half-a-dozen* minds at the same time, which shall abide with them for seventy long years, and influence them in time and eternity. Oh, see to it that the storehouse is filled with such things as you will like to look upon again, in the light of the last great day.

Again, hear what a statesman says, in reply to an address presented to him by some ladies,—a statesman, too, whose almost mad political career would cause us to imagine he had no time to gather up thoughts of the past. "During the lengthened period of my existence," he says, "I have been in many relations with the higher and nobler sex. I am a grandfather, and know what it is to love, and how sweet it is to hear the chirping of a grand-daughter to an old man's ear. One of them, the eldest, is a bright-eyed girl, just entering into all the happiness which life can give to a young heart beaming its first affections, and a kindlier glow never warmed my heart than when she clasps the neck of her grandfather. I did enjoy the affections of a sister who loved me more than I deserved, and when I could not love her half so much as I do now. I wept over the grave of my sainted mother, who early instructed and brought up my infant mind to the possibility of failure, but the impossibility that the lessons I received could tarnish the morals or virtue of her son; and I do sincerely believe that when, at the last expiring breath, her sainted soul poured forth a blessing on my head, whatever success I

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have had through life was owing to the efficacy of her last pleasing, though melancholy, lesson. I have had the pledges of a wedded love in those daughters whom, perhaps, with the erratic instinct of paternal affection, I have deemed the fairest, as they certainly are among the gentlest and best of the sex. I have been a happy husband,—did I say, I have been? Oh, no, I am her husband still; the grave is between us,—but the link that binds our souls is immortal, and my hope of eternal happiness, to which I fondly look, is linked with hers. Never did man respect or love the purity of the sex more than I,—a purity which stripped them of vice, and made celestial all the tender affections which so peculiarly belong to them. Oh, they watched over our childhood,—soothed the cares of youth, and the sorrows of manhood,—cheered and supported old age, and even smoothed the dreary path which leads to the grave." Such is the honour a care-worn statesman pays to our sex in the recollections of the past. Our paper is long enough, is it not?

THE PASS OF KILLIECRANKIE.

The Queen in Scotland!—hurrah for bonnie Scotland!—Who has not heard of Scotland's glens and mountains, and who has not wished to be there? Often have I seen the bright eye of the timid maiden glitter with delight, whilst the tongue faltered out the sentiment, "I fear this will never be for me!"—and there was much truth in it. Yet there are many freaks in human life—the sudden turn of a corner, for instance, may open up a far distant prospect—a single letter change the whole course of our life—and the introduction of a stranger lead to scenes the most wild and unlooked-for. But to return to my theme:—

How well do I remember the time when my enthusiasm

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was kindled by reading of the sufferings endured and miseries inflicted on the Scottish Covenanters; how my sympathies went with them, and my indignation kindled against their vile persecutors! My thoughts burned within me, and my heart beat hard, as I thought of Killiecrankie and the bloody dragoons of the wicked Claverhouse. What strong desires I then had to clamber through that celebrated "Pass!"—what would I not have given for a peep at the battle-field! But the stern realities of business and sheer necessity called me to other and self-denying duties; besides, at that time, a journey into Scotland was a serious thing, both as to time and expense. I became more sober, and years had passed away, when changes came which opened up an opportunity, and one day I really found myself breathing, most unexpectedly, the air of Scotland. I was on my way to visit the identical Pass which had enkindled such romantic feelings in my youthful days. I walked from Blair Atholl to the Pass with a beating heart, and eyes wide open—every nook and corner seemed big with interest, and teeming with exciting reminiscences.

As I entered the Pass, a sort of solemn reverence crept over me. I looked to the right, to the left—above, below—and almost thought I heard the clangor of arms, the shouts of the conqueror, and the tears and cries of the vanquished. I went clambering among the difficulties of the place, when I came suddenly upon the celebrated rock from which a poor Covenanter had sprung, in the moment of despair, from the pursuit of a bloody dragoon, who was thirsting for his life. The feat was so superhuman, the soldier was afraid to follow; and the poor creature, with a heart somewhat relieved, fled like the hunted deer. The rock looks as if it had been snapped by an earthquake, half of its broad surface being on each side of the river, with an awful chasm between, at the bottom of which rolls and dashes the furious Garry. With a quickened pulse I went on my way, and soon stood upon the Brig of Garry,

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and amidst the wonders of the place involuntarily exclaimed —"O for a soul congenial!" and for a time I stood spell-bound.

As I pursued my course, I came upon a good, strong, square brick-house, which the Covenanters had fortified, and from the windows fired upon the soldiers, as they passed. Nearly in front was a stone trough, into which the water from a mountain-spring gently flowed; round the trough were some soldiers watering their horses, unconscious of their danger. Those within made their silent and secret observations. One was an officer. An experienced eye looked, and declared it was Claverhouse—their cruel, bloody foe. It was a time of thrilling interest—God had delivered their enemy into their hands—a moment's silence, and the fatal ball winged its course. He was wounded, but dashed from the place, put his horse over the fence, and galloped across the field; but he was seen to reel in the saddle, the reins dropped from his hands, and he fell heavily to the ground, near the middle of the field;—the very spot is marked by a stone, very like a mile-stone, upon which I was then gazing.

What a spot was that!—there, this very wicked man gave up the ghost, with the blood of God's saints upon his skirts! What an awful moment was that, when his poor naked soul fell into the hands of infernal spirits, sent from hell's deepest caverns, to drag him to the judgment-seat!—What amazement and terror would take hold of him!—in vain he struggles, in vain his proud spirit dares resistance—the powerful hand of his malicious foe is too mighty even for his wicked spirit. The air teems with wondrous sights!—there, one of God's chosen saints bleeds and dies under the murderous stab of the vengeful foe; his emancipated spirit is immediately surrounded by happy angels, who convey him safely to the abodes of the blessed. Oh, what rushing to and fro! what sights are seen 'twixt earth and heaven!—immortal spirits hastening, unbidden ar-

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uncalled, into the presence of their Maker, amidst all the rage and malice of religious persecution.

These awful thoughts so absorbed me, that I had almost forgotten my position; but the beautiful, the grand, the sublime around me served to calm and sooth my spirit, and I gradually returned to mortal things, and wended my way back by the noisy Garry, hemmed in by high banks and projecting rocks, whilst his progress was ever and anon disputed by immense masses which lay scattered in his bed, but yet he found his onward way.

I arrived at the hotel weary and tired, but thoroughly enjoyed my dinner, and indulged in a little of the celebrated Atholl brose, which was not much to my taste, nor had I any wish to repeat it. I then turned out again, to enjoy a little more of the mountain air, and crossed one of the mountains at the back of the hotel, in company with several villagers, who were returning to their homes. The Queen's visit was the all-absorbing topic, and—"When would she come again?" I put tracts into their hands, and parted company, intending to scale the summit of a mountain to which they had directed me. We all went toiling on; and when I reached the top, they waved their bonnets, and I could just hear their voices mingling with the breeze. I returned the compliment, and we parted, to meet no more. In crossing the ferry back, I was rowed by the only son of a widowed mother. I spoke to him feelingly and affectionately of his duties, gave him a few words of counsel, and putting a little book into his hand, bade him farewell.

And now the day is far spent, the night is at hand; how many steps have I taken to-day, and by any one I might have slidden or fallen, breaking or dislocating a joint! I have enjoyed perfect health of body and invigorated tone of mind, by which I have been enabled to luxuriate in all the scenes through which I have passed. "Bless the Lord, O my soul!"

M. B.

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THE DREAM.

MANY friends have asked us from time to time for portions of the Scotch boy's "Dream;" we think it will be read with interest after the paper of "M. B."

In a dream of the night I was wafted away
To the muirlands of mist where the martyrs lay;
Where Cameron's sword and his Bible are seen
Engraved on the stone where the heather grows green.
'Twas a dream of those ages of darkness and blood,
When the minister's home was the mountain and wood,
When, in Wellwood's dark valley, the standard of Zion,
All bloody and torn, 'mong the heather was lying.
'Twas morning—and summer's young sun from the east
Lay in loving repose on the green mountain's breast;
On woodland and cairn-table the clear shining dew
Glistened sheen 'mong the heath-bells and mountain flowers blue;
And far up in heaven, near the white sunny cloud,
The song of the lark was melodious and loud;
And in Glenmore's wild solitudes, lengthened and deep,
Was the whistling of plovers and the bleating of sheep;
And Wellwood's sweet valley breathed music and gladness,
And its fresh meadow-blooms hung in beauty and redness;
Its daughters were happy to hail the returning
And drink the delights of July's sweet morning.
But oh! there were hearts cherished far other feelings,
Illumed by the light of prophetic revealings,
Who drank from the scenery of beauty but sorrow,
For they knew that their blood would bedew it to-morrow.
'Twas the few faithful ones who with Cameron were lying,
Concealed 'mong the mist where the heath-fowl were crying;
For the horsemen of Earshall around them were hovering,
And the bridle-reins rang through the thin misty covering.
Their faces grew pale, and their swords were unsheathed,
But the vengeance that darkened their brow was unbreathed;
With eyes raised to heaven in calm resignation,
They sang their last song to the God of salvation.
The hills with the deep mournful music were ringing,
The curlew and plover in concert were singing,
But the melody died midst derision and laughter,
As the host of ungodly rushed on to the slaughter.

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Though in mist, and in darkness, and in fire they were shrouded,
The souls of the righteous were calm and unclouded,
Their dark eyes flashed lightning, as firm and unbending
They stood like the rock which the thunder is rending;
The muskets were flashing, the blue swords were gleaming,
The helmets were cleft, and the red blood was streaming,
The heavens grew dark, and the thunder was rolling,
When, in Wellwood's dark muirlands, the mighty were falling.

When the righteous had fallen, and the combat was ended,
A chariot of fire through the dark cloud descended,
The drivers were angels on horses of whiteness,
And its burning wheels turned upon axles of brightness.

A seraph unfolded its doors bright and shining,
All dazzling like gold of the seventh refining;
And the souls that came forth out of great tribulation
Have mounted the chariots and steeds of salvation.

On the arch of the rainbow the chariot is gliding—
Through the paths of the thunder the horsemen are riding—
Glide swiftly, bright spirits! the prize is before ye—
A crown never fading—a kingdom of glory!

THE VILLAGE MOTHERS RE-COLLECTING AFTER THE HARVEST MONTHS.

How like a dream one's life seems, as we look back a few weeks, months, or years! Even ten or twenty years seem but as yesterday, if we fly back to some distant spot there, and forget all the numerous joys and sorrows intervening. Who does not remember, as if it were yestermorn, when she assumed a new name—new relations—and was taken to a new home? Who among us does not remember the moment when she first became a mother, and heard that heart-stirring sound, the feeble cry of her first-born babe? It may be ten or twenty years ago; yet, we say, the thoughts and feelings of that hour are as fresh in the memory as the events of yesterday. And if we go back—back to our days of childhood, when we enjoyed a

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dear mother's care, a father's love, a sister's fellowship,—all seems like a dream of yesternight. Yet, if we sit down to recount all the varied circumstances, one by one, of those many years—the joys and sorrows—the new friendships—the new relations entered into—the changes of feeling we have experienced—the alterations in the circumstances of friends—the new views we have taken of men and things along the path of life—the dying and the dead—the homes filled by new faces—the graves filled by precious ones—oh! then, indeed, it seems a long life, and we almost wonder the end of the world has not come!

These thoughts were suggested to us by the months of harvest having ended, and being allowed to meet again as a maternal band. Our heavenly Father has again filled the hand of the husbandman with the golden fruit of harvest, and most of you have gleaned a goodly share for your home comfort. Oh, that, while you are feeding on the bread so kindly sent for the nourishment of the body, you may taste of the bread of eternal life, that the soul may be meetening for that world where rich harvests shall be reaped by those who "sow to the Spirit." We can now say, "The harvest is passed, the summer is ended, but we are not saved." We hope, however, many of us feel we are on the road to our eternal home, where the circles time and death have broken are forming anew; there—yes, there—in that glorious home of perfectness, all we love shall live again. Oh, when we realise the thought that we are going HOME—to a cloudless, faultless, sinless home—how little do we care for the storms and the inconveniences of the passage across the ocean of life!

But are we all going to this blissful home? Ah, that is the question. Well, we are encouraged in our work by a message just received from one who is confined to her home by weakness. "Remember me," she says, "in the Maternal Meeting. Two and a-half years since I met the band of mothers there; there the Redeemer met me;

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there I received the first serious impressions of my own state as to this world and the next, and of my important duties as a mother." Yes, we will remember her, and take courage from the fact that Jesus meets with mothers.

But we would tell you of some of the things we have looked upon since last we met. We have gone with the multitude to the World's Fair, and seen things rare and beautiful. Before the statuary in the Crystal Palace we have lingered, and imagined many a tale of sorrow and of joy. We looked on the "Mourners" with intense interest; the noble horse, with its melancholy expression over its dead master; the newly-made widow, leaning on its neck, with the tear standing on her marble cheek; and we forgot all the gay things around us, while our thoughts rested only on the desolateness of a widow's heart—*so* desolate, that it must be felt to be understood.

The beautiful dreams and visions of the various artists chiselled out around us recalled many a day-dream of the past. The "Veiled Vestal" told us a tale of self-inflicted torture, and reminded us of the state of many a fair maiden standing before her with admiring gaze, with the world as a veil upon their hearts, hiding the glorious things of eternity from their view. Then there was the lovely infant pressing its marble pillow, and we remembered one who looked very like him, made ready for the grave! The poor little heart-broken boy, too, who had destroyed his drum. How like things of life they seemed, or rather, as beings who *had* lived.

The Palace itself, with all its wonders, none have as yet described, with its diamonds and pearls—its gates of malachite, that have cost much human life to execute—its silver and gold, and royal garments—its fountains and household elegancies—its machinery—its tales of olden times, worked by blooming maidens—its carving and gilding—its models—its riches from all lands—its stores of mind, shining forth on every side of you, as you traverse

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the various departments. Oh, we felt we should have liked to congratulate the beloved husband of our beloved Queen, on the success of his undertaking, and thank him personally for *our* share of the treat.

But there was one thought that would rise above every other as our wondering gaze passed round, and a question more than once presented itself—what must that glorious Being be, who is the source of all mind, who made our beautiful world without a pattern, and guides, without tiring, all human thought, and supports, without weariness, the pillars of the universe, with all its mighty things?

At length, with weary feet and tired vision, we talked of going "home"—"home" again—and we thought, if such glorious things could be produced to delight us in this fallen world, oh! what will that eternal home be, where the walls are jasper, the gates pearl, the streets gold, the inhabitants crowned with immortal glory, and their harps all tuned in harmony divine. What wonders shall we see there! and how shall we greet the dear ones gone before us! and rejoice with those who reach that Palace, from every country and clime, all speaking the same language—all washed in the same fountain—all wearing the same royal robe—all made ready to go in to the banquet of the King's Son! Will you be there? Will your children be there? Are you leading them towards the Heavenly Palace, where the King is seen in his beauty?

A mother not long ago lay on her dying bed. She was stepping through the gate leading to the celestial city—she saw light beyond the dark valley, and she feared *no* evil. As she was about to close her eyes for ever on all she loved on earth, she turned to her husband, and exclaimed, in tones of melting emphasis, "*Bring the children home with you when you come!* BRING THE CHILDREN HOME!"

Mother, are you travelling to a glorious home? Ah, then, you do not wish to go alone. No, no; you are trying to lead all you love into the same path. Go

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on, lead your dear ones on till you come to the portals of the tomb; a cold hand will lead you on alone; but your heavenly Father will accept the charge you commit to Him, and guide you and them to an everlasting home of perfect love. May we meet there, around the family board, to go no more out for ever!

WHERE WILL YOUR HOME BE?

HAVE ye heard, have ye heard of that sun-bright clime,
Unstained by sorrow, unhurt by time;
Where age hath no power o'er the fadeless frame,
Where the eye is fire, and the heart is flame—
Have ye heard of that sun-bright clime?

There are rivers of water gushing there,
'Mid blossoms of beauty strangely fair,
And a thousand wings are hovering o'er
The dazzling wave, and the golden shore—
That are found in that cloudless clime.

And there is the city whose name is Light,
With the diamond's ray and the ruby bright,
And ensigns are waving, and banners unfurl,
Over walls of jasper, and gates of pearl—
That are found in that sun-bright clime.

There are myriads of forms arrayed in white,
Beings of beauty clothed in light,
They dwell in their own immortal bowers,
'Mid the fadeless hues of countless flowers,
That spring in that sun-bright clime.

Ear hath not heard nor eye hath seen
Its swelling songs or its changeless sheen;
For vests of light, and harps of gold,
And crowns of glory wax not old,
Nor fade in that sun-bright clime.

But far away is this sinless clime,
Unstained by sorrow, unhurt by time;
'Tis where the song of the seraph swells,
Where the radiant Lord of Brightness dwells,
Where, amid all things fair, is given
The home of the just—and its name is Heaven—
The name of that sun-bright clime.

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DAUGHTERS' DUTIES.

Most girls have, I believe, a keener relish for household duties than for almost any pleasure that can be offered to them; they positively like making beds, making fires, laying the cloth, and washing up crockery; making bread, preserving fruit, starching and ironing; and why in the world should they not do it? Why should not the little lady have her little ironing box, and undertake the ironing of the pocket handkerchiefs? I used to do this, and I am sure it gave me a great deal of pleasure, and did me nothing but good.

On washing and ironing days, in houses of the middle classes, where the servants are wanted in the wash-house or the laundry, why should not the children do the service of the day? It will be a treat to them to lay the cloth, and bring the butter, and toast the bread; and, when breakfas is over, to put every thing in its place again, and wash the china, and rub and polish the trays; they may do the same again at the dinner, and while the servants are at meals, they may carry on the ironing in the laundry. And then comes that capital exercise of sense, and patience, and skill, the stocking darning, which, done properly, is a much higher exercise than many persons suppose.

And when visitors come, why could not the girls have the chief pleasure which "company" gives to them,—the making the custards and the tarts, and dishing up the fruit, and bringing out the best table-linen? And what little girl is there in a market town, who does not like going to market with her father or her mother, until she can be trusted to go by herself? Does she not like to see the butcher's cleverness in cutting off what is wanted, and trying to guess the weights of joints by the look; and to admire the fresh butter, and the array of fowls, and the heaps of eggs, and the piles of vegetables and fruit? I believe it is no small treat to a girl, to jump up early on

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the market-day morning, and reckon on the sight she is going to see; and when she is able to make little purchases, how delightful the occupation!

H. M.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

NO. XIV.—DEAL GENTLY WITH THE TIMID CHILD.

After tea, Mrs. Larford continued:—"'Supposing this to be all right, the mother will feel herself from the first the depositary of its confidence,—a confidence as sacred as any other, though tacit, and about matters which may appear to all but itself and her infinitely small. Entering by sympathy into its fears, she will incessantly charm them away, till the child becomes open to reason, and even afterwards, for the most terrible fears are those which have nothing to do with reason; the mother will bring it acquainted with every object in the room or house, letting it handle in merry play every thing which could look mysterious to its fearful eyes, and rendering it familiar with every household sound.'

"This is a thought worth remembering," said Mrs. Larford, laying down her book for a moment, "and it reminds me of a circumstance my nurse once told me, relating to a child of hers. The little girl went to visit an aunt, when about ten years of age; and after she was in bed one night, quite alone, she heard the clock give warning of being about to strike. Not having had a clock in her cottage home, and being consequently unaccustomed to the sound, she became dreadfully alarmed, and when unable to bear the terror of being alone any longer, she rushed to the stairs in the dark, fell, and broke her leg. It *is* of importance, therefore, to make children acquainted with the varied sounds they may hear after they are retired for the night. But to proceed:—

"'Some of my worst fears in infancy were from lights and shadows. The lamp-lighter's torch on a winter's

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afternoon, as he ran along the street, used to cast a gleam and the shadows of the window-frames on the ceiling, and my blood ran cold at the sight every day, even though I was on my father's knee, or on the rug in the middle of the circle round the fire. Nothing but compulsion could make me enter our drawing-room before breakfast on a summer morning; and if carried there by the maid, I hid my face in a chair, that I might not see what was dancing on the wall. If the sun shone, as it did at that time of day, on the glass-lustres on the mantel-piece, fragments of gay colour were cast on the wall, and as they danced when the glass drops were shaken, I thought they were alive—a sort of imps! But as I never told anybody what I felt, these fears could not be met or charmed away; and I grew up to an age that I will not mention, before I could look steadily at prismatic colours dancing on the wall. Suffice it that it was long after I had read enough of Opties to have taught my child how such colours came there.

"'Many an infant is terrified at the shadow of a perforated night-lamp, with its round spaces of light. Many a child lives in perpetual terror of the eyes of portraits on the walls, or some grotesque shape in the pattern of the paper-hangings. Sometimes the terror is of the clack of the distant loom, or of the clink from the tinman's, or of the rumble of carts under a gateway, or of the creak of a water-wheel, or the gush of a mill-race. Every thing is or may be terrifying to a timid infant; and it is, therefore, a mother's charge to familiarise it gently and playfully with every thing that it can possibly notice, making sport with all sights, and inciting it to imitation of all sounds, from the drone of the pretty bee, to the awful cry of the old clothes' man,—from the twitter of the sparrows on the roof, to the toll of the distant church-bell.'"

We are sorry to break in upon Mrs. Larford's interesting subject, but we like papers as short as possible for busy mothers. We shall hope to listen again soon.

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MOTHER, KEEP HOLD OF YOUR SON.

NO. III.

Let us look at some things necessary for a mother to observe, if she wish to keep hold of her son. And first, she must not forget for one moment that she has to guide an immortal being through the pathway of life to the kingdom of God. She has a conscience to control, and this makes her office more important than if her standing was on some planet where she was the sole occupant, and God had decreed that her hand should wield its helm, and that it should ascend and go down through every barley-corn of its route, by the gentle pressure of her hand. She must carry that hand steady—she must always believe the same truths, and correct from the same sentiments and on the same maxims. She must be the same mother all the year, and not move by fits and starts; the same principles of moral honesty, for instance, must be ever in prompt and ready operation. We will give a little illustration.

A mother, who had meant uniformly to sustain correct moral deportment in her son, was told one day by him, as he arrived from a journey, that he had forgotten to pay the coachman. She remarked, as he rose to run and pay him, "I do not know, my son, but he is as able to lose it as we are to pay it!" The son sat down, and the money was never paid. If the mother had not been in the act of guiding the mind of an immortal being, it had been a smaller matter—as it was, she had better have destroyed a material world. God could create another with a word. No marvel if such mothers have to weep over sons dying an ignominious death—led on to their last fatal crime by their early training. Let us never forget that the duty of moral training goes into all the ramifications of life.

As a contrast to the mother just mentioned, we introduce another case. A lad one morning picked up several pieces of money, which had been lost the night previous

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from the trunk of a traveller which had contained a number of silver coins, but had been injured through careless porters. He at once handed them to his father. The boy was exceedingly surprised, on discovering subsequently, that on that very morning his father had found a large sum, lost by the same stranger, who in repassing had told him of his misfortune, without receiving back any part of the lost treasure. The mother soon came to a knowledge of the facts, and as far as she was able counteracted the mischief. She taught her son that he had no right to the money; and on ascertaining that many lads in the neighbourhood had found pieces of the silver, she counselled them, in the presence of one who gives us the account. "My lads," said she, "the stranger has a right to every farthing of the money, and you are not to keep back the smallest portion of it from him." One lad replied, "The stranger cannot prove his property." Another, "If I had not picked it up, somebody else would." Another, "I am willing he should have his money." Another was standing by, who said, "I am glad I did not find any, for my mother would not have let me return it; for, one day," he added, "when I found some money, she told me to say nothing about it." Another boy said, his mother had spent all he found in the morning, but he wished he could return it. Another said he handed his to his mother, and she said it was "just the sum his father wanted to pay the taxes!" It is easy to imagine the kind of training each boy had received from his mother, as we pass our glance round upon the group, and not very difficult to guess with what characters they will go forth into the world, and act their varied parts among men.

This good mother then began to point out their duty as to restoring the money; reminding them of the precepts in the word of God, and of the last great day, when all secrets will be revealed, and all actions made known before an assembled world. "My lads," said she, "hear me.

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The person who has lost this money may be in great distress—he may be a poor man, and commissioned to pay a debt with it!" At length the boys consented to restore the money; but to the grief of this excellent woman, the stranger had given up the search, and had continued his journey. The young man who witnessed this scene said he should never forget the impressions made on his mind by listening to the conversation of this mother, in the midst of the group of lads. Such mothers are likely to keep firm hold of their sons! We will look at the subject again.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

THE "LITTLE PRAYER MEETING."

A PIOUS mother one day took her little girls to visit some poor sick people in the village where they resided. In the evening, some time after the children had been placed in bed, the mother entered a room where two of the little girls slept together. To her surprise she found them sitting up in the bed! "What are you doing at this late hour?" asked the mother. "We are only holding a little prayer meeting, mamma, for poor sick Sally," they replied. Ah, does not this tell a tale of that mother's training? Had not these dear little girls been taught the value of prayer, think you? Had they not heard their mother pray for the sick and afflicted? What sort of women are these little girls likely to become? What kind of mothers will they be, if allowed to live and bear this honoured name? Was there not an ear listening to that "little prayer meeting?" Was not the good Shepherd near these lambs? Such questions you will perhaps ask. Well, we can tell you something more about them. They very early in life yielded their young hearts to Jesus, and gave evidence to all around that they were really His disciples. They are mothers now!—good mothers!—and are trying to

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bring careless mothers to think of their duties and responsibilities! "They take after their mother," and she still lives to gather rich fruit from seeds of her own early planting.

I asked her when in beauty dressed,
When youthful hope inspired her breast,
Where lives He whom thou lovest best?
She said, *In heaven.*

I asked her when she fondly pressed
Her smiling infant to her breast,
Where lives He whom thou lovest best?
She said, *In heaven.*

I asked her when her bloom was lost,
When all her earthly hopes were crossed,
Where lives He whom thou lovest most?
She said, *In heaven.*

A WORD FOR FATHERS.

A little boy, on his return from an infant school, took his place by his father's side, and thus addressed him:—"Father, there is a card on the school-room wall with this on it—'All liars shall have their portion in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone;' and, father, you said you would give me a halfpenny if I went to school and did not cry, and you never gave it me!" Remember your promises, father!

EVIL COMPANY.

Sophronius, a wise father, would not suffer even his grown-up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright. "Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day, when he forbade her in company with her brother to visit the volatile Lucinda, "dear father, you must think us very childish, if you imagine that we should be exposed to danger by it." The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter. "It will not burn you, my

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child," said he, "take it." Eulalia did so, and behold, her beautiful white hand was soiled and blackened, and, as it chanced, her white dress also! "We cannot be too careful in handling coals," said the young lady in vexation. "Yes, truly," replied the father; "you see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, will blacken; so it is with the company of the vicious."

THE NIGHT OF PRAYER.

A mother was one day greatly distressed by her little girl telling repeated and wilful falsehoods, so much so that, when she retired to rest, sleep departed from her eyes: she watered her couch with her tears, and spent the night in prayer for this naughty child. The next day, the little girl was excluded from the family circle and placed in a room alone. But the mother, who had prayed all the night for her, felt her heart yearning over her, and walking very gently and softly up to her room, she looked through the key-hole and saw her repenting child kneeling and praying fervently that God would "make her a good girl, and keep her from telling stories." The Lord hearkened at this time also, and a few months after she was found asking her way to Zion, "with her face thitherward," and before she was sixteen she had become a disciple of Jesus. Mother! did you ever spend a night (or an hour) in prayer for a daughter or a son, who was in danger of eternal death?

CONTENTMENT.

That lovely bird of Paradise, Christian contentment, can sit and sing in a cage of affliction and confinement, or fly at liberty through the vast expanse, with almost equal satisfaction; while "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight," is the chief note in the celestial song.—SWAIN.

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"REMEMBER."

Is ignorance found in the Spirit's home?
Is memory left in the dust?

Memory keeps a perfect registry of all the past, and is ready, at a moment's bidding, to place all her stores before us. Like a sleepless reporter, nothing escapes the notice of her recording pen. All the circumstances, actions, motives, thoughts, purposes, sorrows and joys of our lives are in her safe keeping, and will come forth again. Nothing placed on her roll will be erased; no, not in eternity. It has been said that this brief command, "Son, remember," was the only one that the rich man fully obeyed. Doubtless, that little sentence took him back to his mansion—to his "purple and fine linen"—to his mother's home—and to the family hearth, where his "brethren" still lingered.

We have heard the testimony of persons who have been restored after life was almost extinct by drowning. They tell us that, while sinking in the water, the scenes and sins of early life, and events long forgotten, came rushing through the mind with awful distinctness, and, in lines of living light, memory caused them to stand before the eye of the mind. We have read, too, of an Oriental traveller, from whose memory the scenes and objects of early life had apparently faded, after the lapse of sixty years; but in advanced and blind old age, while lying on his bed, they were reproduced with all the freshness of yesterday, and passed before his mind like a living panorama, so that he saw and described them like present realities.

Interesting as we feel this subject is, we must not linger here, or our paper will be too long; we only wish to bear company with some of our friends who are particularly called to remember the months of the year now nearly closed. Ah, we shall knock at many a door this month,

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where eyes will glisten, and hearts respond, and tongues reply, "True, true, true." If we retrace but a few steps in the past, we are almost sure to set our foot on some newly-made grave. Yes, 'tis even so; the family resting-place looked firm and secure when we last gazed upon it. At the commencement of the year we stood and read the inscriptions, and none seemed very newly written; but now we can see some of the stones have been removed, the railing newly painted, and a sentence just added, telling us a dear one has been received into that cold "house"—a beloved mother has been laid there, and her vacant chair in the home circle causes many a young head to bow down, exclaiming—"My mother! oh, my mother!"

Mother, I love thy grave!
The violet with its blossom blue and mild
Waves o'er thy head; when shall it wave
Above thy child?

Again, we remember the merry groups around the family hearth—the father stood in the midst, giving and receiving pleasure. We remember the sparkling eyes—the varied questions—the ready replies; we remember, too, the shock when it was told that kind and happy father is dead! Gone to the grave, and the bright ones are clad in the garniture of sadness.

Widow! thine is no common woe,
That briefly doth subdue
The young soul's buoyant happiness
With thoughts of saddening hue.
No transient pains, that help to heal
The anguish they impart,
But one that gathers strength with time,
THE CRUSHING OF A HEART.

Then we remember, too, the young mother, with her sweet babe looking up into her delighted countenance. No shade of sorrow was there then; but now those young sparkling eyes are dim in death, and tears are falling over

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that mother's cheek as she remembers the past and the hopes that are crushed.

Gone to the blooming country! there
Flourishes all that we deem fair;
And though no fields nor forests green,
Nor bowery gardens there are seen,
  Nor perfumes load the breeze;
Nor hears the ear material sound,
Yet joys at God's right hand are found,
  The archetypes of these.

There is the home, the land of birth,
Of all we highest prize on earth,
The storms that rack this world beneath
  Must there for ever cease;
The only air the blessed breathe
  Is purity and peace.

Then we remember the maiden, full of joyful anticipations. The beloved of her heart was making preparations to receive her in a new home; but dire consumption came, blighting all her hopes, and laid the warm-hearted youth in an early tomb.

Oh! what a world of hopes lies hearsed
  Within that quiet grave,
That woke to sleep for ever like
  The ebbing of the wave!

No sooner formed than withered by
  The lightning glance of death,
In all the sweetness of their birth,
  Ere yet they scarce had breath.

But there are other stricken hearts where the word "remember" is heard. Yes; there lives the youth, cut off with all his unpardoned sins resting upon him; dying now, but never to die! Who neglected all the offers of mercy made to him on earth. When friends reasoned, he laughed them to scorn; when danger threatened, he would not pray; he remembers all the lost time of his probation; aye, and he prays, too, now—but it is too late! The

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"drop of water" is denied him, and all the answer he receives is, "Son, remember!"

An awful mystery, sealed
From their sad eyes that weep beside the bier,
To him hath been revealed,
To his imprisoned soul made plain and clear.

But up yonder, among the bright and shining throng, are some, too, remembering. Yes, they remember the storms of the ocean of life—the bitter scorn of an ungodly world—the poverty, the privations, the tears, the misrepresentations of their character, the sorrows and disappointments of the way, and the strength given to overcome all. Yes, they remember all the way the Lord led them, and now their song is loud and long to Him who loved them, and took them to His everlasting home. They see now that all things worked together for their eternal happiness.

Oh, happy, happy country! where
There entereth not a sin,
And death, who keeps its portals fair,
May never once come in.

No grief can change their day to night—
The darkness of that land is light—
Sorrow and sighing God hath sent
Far hence to endless banishment.

And never more may one dark tear
Bedim their burning eyes;
For every one they shed while here,
In fearful agonies,
Glitters a bright and dazzling gem
In their immortal diadem.

We must rest our pen, or our friends will complain of the length of our paper.

THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

A PASTOR'S wife was one day visiting a few of the poorer members of her husband's flock. It was the forenoon,

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and as mothers of this class are then generally busy with domestic duties, she resolved to make her visits short. She knocked at the door of one whom she had often remarked was never absent from the varied services of God's house. On the Sabbath her seat was never empty, and when the doors of the sanctuary were opened during the week, she was a glad attendant. She was the mother of eight children. Her health, for a number of years, had been very much impaired from being asthmatic—indeed, she was seldom well; but, notwithstanding, she was always happy and contented. Many wondered how such a frail body could possibly enjoy the means of grace in public so frequently; she could say, "Prayer and provender neither hinders nor harms."

As soon as she opened the door to her visitor, she exclaimed, "Come in, I am so glad to see you." She placed a chair for her friend, and then advancing to a small table, on which lay an open book, she said, "You have come at the right time—you know I am not strong, and having much to do of a morning, by eleven o'clock I feel worn out, so I just sit down and take a lesson from my Bible, and, before the little bairns come from school, I have a few quiet moments to pray for my family. When you knocked," she continued, "I was just going into the closet, so perhaps you will join me, and we will both pray for the poor bairns."

The invitation was most gladly accepted, and the few moments then spent at the foot of the cross were felt by both to be a hallowed season. That mother is now in heaven—she is clothed in immortality; and has exchanged her cares for never-ending pleasures, and her worship below for fellowship above. Her motherless children feel how great a loss they have sustained, and, perhaps, value her more now than when she moved among them. One of her daughters has already dated her first impressions to her mother's death. And who can doubt but that all the

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prayers of such a mother will be answered? These prayers were her *only* legacy—but what a bequest! more in value "than thousands of gold and silver."

Mothers! you may from this humble Christian learn some useful lessons. She was a POOR mother, but she was rich in faith, and hence her sweet serenity of disposition amidst all her maternal cares and anxieties. She was a PRAYING mother—she had chosen the Lord Jesus Christ as her portion, and to Him as her friend she went, in every time of need. She was a HARD-WORKING mother—she did not eat the bread of idleness; at the same time she served God, and laid out to good account her spare moments. She was an exemplary Christian in her outward conduct, and the secret of this was, she was the same in *private*—not only did she frequent the house of God, but the Saviour's precept was her guide—"Enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut the door, pray to thy Father who is in secret." She had her *hour* of secret prayer, and it was to her very precious. Many mothers, in resting themselves, will enter into a neighbour's dwelling, and rehearse all their little troubles; such a course is often foolish, and seldom without sin.

"Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Their cheerful song would oftener be,
'Hear what the Lord has done for me.'"

RUTH.

THE LITTLE BROTHER'S PAGE.

"I WISH I was a lamb, sister,"
The little brother cried,
"It plays among the daisy flowers,
Along the meadow's side;
It sports all day so merrily,
And all the summer night
It lies down in the buttercups,
Under the sweet moonlight."

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"I would not be a lamb, my dear,"
The gentle sister answered near,
"Perhaps some day the butcher's knife
Will take away his merry life!"

"I wish I was a butterfly,
When sporting all the day,
With spotted wings so beautiful,
Out in the warm sun-ray.
He flies to all the fairest flowers,
And tastes their honey sweet,
I cannot follow half so fast
Upon my little feet."

"This life is very short, my dear,"
She says with voice so soft and clear,
"When one short summer's day is o'er,
The butterfly will sport no more."

"Then I would be a lark, sister,
Upon his soft brown wings
He soars into the breaking clouds,
And there he hangs and sings.
Away he goes and seems to float,
A speck before my eye;
It must be, sure, a glorious thing
To be so very high!"

Again she answers:—"Once, my dear,
When breaking day did just appear,
A hungry kite, with cruel claw,
Killing a little lark I saw!"

"What then would you be, sister?
Would you not like to rise
And warble with the sweet skylark,
Or play like butterflies?"

She says, in the same quiet tone,
"I would be what I am;
I'm quite content, nor wish to change,
With bird, or fly, or lamb?
Our best and happiest state, my dear,
Be sure, is that we're given here;
And, boy or girl, we're better far
Just where we live, and as we are."

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THE YOUNG MAN'S PAGE.

"HOW TIME FLIES!"

In summer we seldom think of winter, in joy we rarely think of sorrow, and in youth we hardly ever think of growing old; but when winter, and sorrow, and old age come upon us, we wonder how it was that we did not think of it before.

Reuben Rogers, when a boy, wrote this copy in his copy-book, "Time flies;"—but when he wrote it he was thinking of something else. What thought he of time? or what cared he whether old Time crawled or flew? When Reuben was a year or two older, he saw the motto on a sun-dial, "Time flies," and this reminded him of his copy; but he soon began to gather the flowers around the sun-dial, and the motto passed away from his remembrance. When Reuben was a young man, he heard a preacher in the pulpit say, "Time flies! Lay hold on eternal life!"—for a moment it reminded him of his copy and the motto on the sun-dial, but it was only for a moment, and the thought passed away—Reuben lived a reckless life to the years of manhood, caring much for this world, but little for another. As he once wandered through the churchyard, he saw the words sculptured on a tombstone, "Time flies! Prepare!" His copy, the motto on the sun-dial, and the preacher were again remembered, but before he left the churchyard they were forgotten.

It was when the gray hair was on his head that Reuben was laid on a sick-bed without hope of recovery. "Time flies!" said the good minister who attended him—"moments are worth more to you now, than months or even years were before." Reuben felt this to be true, and the words went to his heart. What would he not have given then for an hour! but could he have given the world, it would

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have been in vain. He was taken away while calling for one single moment of that time he had so thoughtlessly wasted.

"Time flies." Young man, remember these words as you enter on the last month of this memorable year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-one. While thine eye is bright and thy cheek red, while youth and health are thine, while thou enjoyest the present, ponder on the past, and prepare for the future. Time flies, and, before thou art aware, youth and health may fly too, leaving thee tottering limbs, gray hairs, and a graven brow, with a heart unprepared for the world of spirits beyond the grave.

While seasons fly,
And health and strength are given,
Set thy bright eye
And ardent heart on heaven.

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH MY BOY?

"Well, Mrs. Harmer, how do you do? It is some time since I saw you, and many changes have taken place; our old and valued friend, Mr. Cowen, is gone to his rest and his reward—his sorrows and his troubles are over, and the good man had his share."

"Ah well, as to that, Sir, I reckon there is none without, and perhaps there is a greater equality, after all, than we imagine. The Judge of all the earth will do right, although, of course, every one feels most his own burden. As to myself, now that my children are growing up, I am sure I don't know how to act with them, and more particularly I am puzzled what to do with my boy. Willie is now growing a tall lad, and he is for ever asking me to allow him to go into the street to play with the other boys; but I am afraid to let him go, lest he should learn their bad ways, and he is quite the plague of my life."

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"Well, but, my friend, you must allow your boy to play; the only thing is, you must choose his companions for him, and see that he obeys your commands."

"Oh, dear Sir, do you think so? Why, many of the boys around us are very wicked, and he would see and hear many things of which, I hope, he is now ignorant."

"Well, I hope he is, but you know, Mrs. Harmer, you cannot keep him in always; he cannot much longer be tied to your apron strings; and, at all events, he must soon go into the world to seek a living for himself; you should, therefore, gradually and guardedly try to fit him for such a position of trial. Suppose you were to reason the matter with him, and caution him against the ways and conduct of those he would be likely to meet with, and particularly against those who will readily tell untruths to serve their purpose, and perhaps laugh at what he has been taught to hold sacred. Tell him, he must of necessity soon leave his home to mix with the world, and you want him to be proof against its snares and temptations by seeking help from heaven, and having the word of God in his memory—remembering that God has said, 'If sinners entice thee, consent thou not—go not with the multitude to do evil.' Impress upon his mind the duty of always keeping to the truth, remembering the old adage—'tell the truth and fear not'—assuring him that an upright, truthful boy will be loved by everybody, and a truthful man will win his way and prosper, while liars will be shunned and hated. Now, I think, Mrs. Harmer, under all circumstances, this would be the wisest and best course to pursue. It must be admitted that 'evil communications corrupt good manners,' but he is *now* under your vigilant observation, and you will carefully mark the impression that is made upon his temper and character. You will show him when he is being imperceptibly led astray, and this will furnish you with daily practical lessons, which may be of the utmost importance to your boy, through the whole

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course of his life—then he will get a thorough training under the kindest supervision, and go forth to the harder and sterner duties of life, with a larger stock of valuable experience. But suppose you keep him always at home, without companions of his own age, by way of prevention, what is the consequence? You sour the boy's temper—increase his desire to go from beneath your eye—and lead him to judge unkindly both of you and your religion. You succeed but imperfectly, weaken greatly a mother's influence, and sadly trouble the whole machinery of maternal discipline. You lose the opportunity of watchful love and tenderness—he suspects your motives and feels your want of sympathy—then, at last, he goes out into the world, ignorant and unsuspecting, and if he should be preserved ultimately from falling, yet he suffers greatly from his want of experience, and knowledge of the ways and wickedness of the word. This trouble of yours is nothing new; I remember, years ago, my sister, who had a family of nine, saying to me, 'Oh, brother, when they were young I could whip them, and send them to bed, but now I have to study and consult their wishes—to convince their judgment—to reason as well as control—to govern by love as well as by authority!' And you find it the same, and whilst you act upon the principle that persuasion is better than force, never forget that EXAMPLE is best of all. Now, think of these things, and may the Lord direct you in the right path."

"I am very much obliged to you, Sir—Good-bye."

M. B.

ADDRESS TO MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS, FROM A "MOTHER'S TEXT."

"MY DEAR MADAM, * * * * The enclosed paper was prepared for several Associations with which I am privileged to be connected. In all such meetings I take a

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deep interest, particularly those formed among the mothers of Sabbath-school children. We find, as teachers, that our efforts are often rendered useless by the counteracting influence exerted by many of the mothers of the children at home during the week; I therefore feel convinced that EVERY SABBATH SCHOOL OUGHT TO HAVE A MATERNAL ASSOCIATION CONNECTED WITH IT. It is cause for thankfulness that many of the mothers connected with the Association in this place have become decidedly pious, and also some of their children." [Here is encouragement for those of us who take an interest in Maternal Associations!—ED.]

A TEXT FOR MOTHERS.

"Be grave, not slanderers; sober, faithful in all things."—1 Tim. iii. 11.

These words were employed by the Apostle to describe what a *deacon's* wife ought to be, but we may apply them to all Christian mothers and wives—they contain most useful counsel to all. The Christian mother should be "grave;"—by this we do not mean gloomy or dull. Oh, no, *she* should be cheerful and joyful. "Rejoice evermore, and again I say, rejoice." Nothing will have a more happy effect on your children's tempers than to see a sweet smile, a calm brow, a glad eye, when it looks up into its mother's face.

Perhaps some mother is ready to say, "How can I look happy when my heart is full of trouble, and my temper tried by hourly vexation?" Ah, if your heart is set on things below, and your joy depends on everything going on just as you would have it, you cannot have a cheerful countenance. But a *Christian* mother, whose affections are fixed on God and heavenly things, may and will be joyful; yet she will be grave, not giddy and thoughtless. She will look on her beloved children with joy, while at the same time grave thoughts of her responsibility in training them for heaven will ever be present to her mind. Always acting

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with eternity in view, and a sense of God's eye being always upon her, she cannot trifle—she must be grave and thoughtful, though she may be joyful.

Christian mothers must not be "slanderers;" it is truly painful to think how much of the conversation heard by children is injurious to their young minds! While their parents are talking of the faults and failings of their neighbours, their little ears eagerly listen to the tale of slander, and their little tongues soon learn to repeat it, even when apparently they are taking no notice. Allow us to press on your attention, mothers, the importance of your conversation being such as you wish your children to imitate, and to repeat in after-life.

Again, the Christian mother should be "sober." The same word signifies "*watch*." Temperance in meat and drink is doubtless intended, as the Saviour tells us, in reference to watchfulness, "Take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness, and cares of this life." But we may extend the meaning of this word, and say, "Let your moderation be known unto all." Be moderate in the use of all worldly things—let your children see that you consider yourselves "strangers and pilgrims on the earth;" and when they notice the difference between your conduct and that of your worldly neighbour, and ask you why you do not keep vain company, and adorn yourself with gay apparel, tell them you "*watch*," for you know not the day nor the hour when your Lord will come! Thus will your children learn that the coming of the Lord is uncertain, and the necessity of being found prepared for the event.

Again, the Christian mother must "*be faithful in all things*." Faithful to God—giving to him the first, best place in your affections—seeking his glory in all things; faithful to your own soul—growing in grace; this is most important, in order to discharge your duties, as a mother seeking the eternal salvation of your children; let nothing

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prevent your secret communion with God—feed upon the word of life. Your time, we know, is much occupied, but by "redeeming the time" you will find seasons to spend with God, and this will be time *gained* to you.

Again, *be faithful* to your children. Need a mother be urged to watch over her children? "Can a mother forget her child?" A false tenderness often prevents mothers from being faithful to the souls of their children. They feel it difficult always to enforce obedience, and to punish what may seem a little violation of this duty. To illustrate it by a simple case which comes to mind. A mother told her little girl who spilt her tea, that the next time she did it she must whip her. The offence was again committed, and the mother felt she must keep her word. On putting the child to bed, she said, "Now, my dear, you know what I said—am I to punish you, or tell an untruth?" "Why, whip me, of course, mamma," said the child. It pained that mother's heart to inflict the punishment, but she dared not shrink from duty—both mother and child learned a useful lesson. May we have grace and wisdom to be faithful in all things, that we may receive the welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." M. J. W.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES.

NO. XV.—DEAL GENTLY WITH THE TIMID CHILD.

"It is a matter of course," continued Mrs. Larford, "that no mother will allow any ignorant person to have access to her child, who will frighten it with goblin stories, or threats of the old 'black man!' She might as well throw up her charge at once, and leave off thinking of household education altogether, as permit her child to be exposed to such maddening inhumanity as this! The instances are not few of idiotcy or death, from terror so caused! While thus preventing or scattering fears which

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arise from the imagination, both parents should be constantly using the little occasions which are always arising for exercising their child's courage. The most timid children have always courage, in one direction or another. While I was trembling and fainting under magic lanterns and street cries, I could have suffered bodily pain without fear. Let the timid child be made hardy in its play by example and encouragement. Let it be cheered on to meet necessary pain without flinching—the taking out a thorn, or the drawing of a tooth. Let it early hear of real heroic deeds—hear them spoken of with all the affectionate admiration with which we naturally speak of such acts. If a life be saved from fire or drowning, let the children hear of it as a joyful fact. Let them hear how steadily William Tell's little boy stood for his father to shoot through the apple.

"If any child of your acquaintance do a brave thing, or bear pain cheerfully, let your children hear of it as a good and happy thing. Above all, let them see, as we have before said, all their lives long, that YOU fear nothing but doing wrong! Neither tempests nor comets, nor reports of famine or fever, nor the tongues of the quarrelsome, nor any other of the accidents of life—no pain, in short, but pain of conscience—and the same spirit will strengthen them. *Their* fear will follow the direction of YOURS; *their* courage will come in sympathy with YOURS; and their minds will fill more and more with thoughts of hope and heroism, which must, in time, drive out such remaining terrors as cannot be met by fact or reason. In this fearlessness of yours is included fearlessness for your children as well as for yourselves. While their limbs are soft and feeble, of course you must be strength and safety to them; but when they arrive at a full use of their limbs and senses, let them fully enjoy a free use of them; directing the opening mind to look to heaven for protection and safe guidance, so that it could feel assured that the great

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and good and kind Shepherd is always near to bless and protect and watch over the lambs of his large flock.

THREE INTERESTING CHARACTERS.

It is said of a certain Prince, that one evening he rang his bell for some time without being answered, and going into an adjoining room, he found the Page in attendance fast asleep; and observing a paper in the boy's hand he proceeded to examine its contents. It was written by his widowed mother, who, after many expressions of affection, thanked her boy with her blessing for some aid which he had sent her from his savings. After reading this interesting paper the Prince returned to his apartment, and taking some gold coins from a drawer he deposited them, with the letter, in the pocket of the lad. He then resumed his writing, having rung the bell with such violence that the Page hastily awoke. "You have been asleep, I suppose?" said the Prince. The Page, whose mother had taught him to "*speak the truth always,*" attempted no denial, but stammered out an excuse, and, being greatly embarrassed, put his hand into the heavily-laden pocket. "What is the matter?" inquired the Prince, seeing that the poor youth turned pale. "Oh, Sire," replied the Page, some one is seeking my ruin. I know nothing of this money—it is not mine!" "What God bestows," said the Prince, in allusion to an old German proverb, "He bestows in sleep. Send the money to your MOTHER, and tell her that I will take care both of her and you." Young man! what if the Page had told an untruth? Ah, what! Have you been taught to act as he did, in love of the truth, and kindness to his mother? If not, learn the lesson now; it is not too late yet.

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CHANGING HOMES.

A MOTHER'S ADDRESS TO HER MATERNAL BAND.

It has been my privilege, dear friends, for a long time, to place in your hands this silent monitor, "The Mothers' Friend;" and as the year is now drawing to a close, it may perhaps do us all good to go back a little over the past. In many of your homes, when I left the January number for this year, I found health blooming in every face—unbroken circles, happy mothers, glad fathers, and joyous children; now, when this closing number reaches you, what change does it find in your dwellings? Are all your dear ones clustering around you? or have one and another faded from your view? Mother! if there has been no vacant place made at your fire-side during the past year, oh let the deepest and strongest gratitude flow from your heart to your heavenly Father, and show that you appreciate His goodness by a fresh dedication of yourself and dear family to His glory and honour. To some of you this year has brought an increase of blessings, and another "olive branch blooms at your side." How kind has God been to you, in your times of sorrow and of joy! With every blessing comes an increase of responsibility. Train the little ones for heaven.

But, alas! what changes do we find in some homes! Where is the fond mother who was the sunlight of yonder circle? Her sun went down at noon, and to her place she shall return no more. This page may meet the eye of her children. Dear young friends, if you feel your departed mother is gone to heaven, follow her as far as she followed the Saviour, and try by your thoughtfulness and kindness to soothe the sorrows of your bereaved father. Allow us to press on your attention the sacred duty of attending to the precious little ones your mother has left in your care. Seek help from heaven in discharging the arduous work

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so unexpectedly placed in your hands in the morning of your days. Seek to be found an unbroken family in a better home.

Again, where is the valued father of another home? The grave hides him from your view. The widow and the fatherless are weeping, that they shall see his face no more on earth for ever. But there are consolations for them; the widow and the fatherless are God's peculiar care; in His holy Word He speaks to them as He speaks to no other mourners. He bids you trust in him, he calls himself your "Husband," your "Father." God has made you a widow, and you can trust the widow's God.

In some other dwellings there are mothers refusing to be comforted because their children are not. Dry up thy tears, weeping mother—you asked God to allow your dear little ones to live with Him in heaven, and He has taken them there a little earlier than you expected, and, maybe, this grief spares you from suffering a far greater. Do not allow tears for lost blessings so to blind you as not to see the many mercies still remaining. A good man says, "We must not write Ichabod, because God has written mortality on some of them."

Seeing, then, that such changes may come over our own home circles, that mortality and decay are written on all that makes life dear and happy, and that

> "No union here of hearts,
> But findeth here an end,"

let us so live and so train our families that we may receive a welcome into that "city" where death cannot enter, but where we shall be for ever with the Lord.

E. S.

HEAPING UP RICHES TO BE GATHERED BY OTHERS.—Some people toil all their lives, and refuse the enjoyment which can only be relished when life is in its prime, that they may be rich when the power of enjoyment is over.

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RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying clouds, the frosty light,
The year is dying in the night;—
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old—ring in the new—
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going,—let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feuds of rich and poor;
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out the slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out—ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrow lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old;
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land;
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

THE POET LAUREATE.

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WISE TREATMENT.

CHILDREN are something like materials for dresses (says a writer on education); when you have procured the material for a dress, the next thing to be thought of is the making it up—but if the material happen to be a cotton print, you can never make a silk dress of it; you may make it fit, however—you may make it tidy or untidy looking—you may make it very becoming, but it never can be either silk or velvet. So it is with the minds of children. Some are silk, some velvet, some tartan, some mousseline-de-laine, and some calico prints. It would be well, in training, to ascertain which of these they are, so that we may not expect too much of one, and too little of another. Mothers, they tell us, generally see their own prints as silks, and perhaps believe every word the nurse says, when she exclaims, "Many a lady have I nursed in my time, and many a baby have I handled, but have never seen the like of this before." It is a comfort to both rich and poor mothers to believe this, and it is true to the heart, whether it be true to the head or not. It is not in the power of the parent to reverse the decree of creative wisdom, which has been already passed in the native constitution of the little stranger; the mother and father have received a raw material to work with, to improve and to fashion according to the model which they consider most compatible with the nature of the material—in other words, to accommodate the system and the discipline to the constitutional peculiarities of every child; and we know that the mother of a large family, as she looks around upon her group, feels that the very same treatment will not do for any two of them. As the lapidary knows, by the appearance of a stone, of what degree of polish it is susceptible, so the wise parent knows the peculiar form of education, and degree of severity or indulgence, which is best calculated to bring forth into light and vigorous activity the natural talent with which his

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child is invested. But, alas! now comes the failure; the natural talents of children are often cultivated only in accordance with fashion or family pride, or the ignorance of the parent.

The nobleman's son may have the genius of a mechanic, but his father intends him to go into Parliament—he may, perhaps, have artistic talents, but he is to be trained for the church. The tradesman's son may have a talent for business, but his father and mother are thinking of something higher for him—so he is sent to study law, with perhaps the thought of his being some great and mighty man in the vanishing point of perspective! The labourer's son has a genius for boatmaking and engineering, but what of that? his father will make no effort to help him on towards any thing better than his own species of labour—to hoe turnips and potatoes, drive the plough, or attend to the stable. We have known some young men obliged to drag along with weary steps in the path a father has marked out for them, which was altogether unsuitable to their taste and talents; and when the father has been placed in the grave, they have gone forth to follow the dictates nature implanted, and then, in after-life, they have shone forth with a brightness which has dazzled all who knew them in early life, and we have heard those who were looking on remark, "we never knew even the germ of such good things was there!"—no, truly, because it had so long been buried amidst rubbish heaped upon it by the father. We believe parents often make sad mistakes of this kind, simply because they never take the trouble to ascertain the characters of the children committed to their training—but a hint to the wise is enough!

LIGHT OF THE SABBATH.

SABBATICAL rays, from earth's fountain of light,
Stream forth and disperse every vestige of night—
Shine bright on this festival morn.
Oh! tinge with a heavenly lustre each spot,
Revive every impress of Sabbaths forgot,
With gladness all nature adorn.

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Sabbatical rays from Thee, fountain of light,
Great Sun of all Righteousness, now we invite,
The mist of the world to dispel.
Let nought intercept such a radiance as thine,
Shine into our spirits, oh, Saviour, now shine!
With Thee doth all happiness dwell.

Sabbatical rays, from the fountain of light,
Beam into the chamber of suffering night,
And brighten the sorrowing heart;
Illumine death's valley and Jordan's dark stream,
And through the deep shadows some comforting gleam
Bestow whilst their spirits depart.

Sabbatical rays, from the fountain of light,
Each thought and each word of the teacher indite,
Who tells of thy heavenly truth;
With a heart full of love, only longing to see
The little ones flocking, dear Saviour, to thee,
All fresh in the dew of their youth.

Sabbatical rays, from the fountain of light,
Immanuel's ambassadors' minds now ignite
With the Spirit's own heavenly flame;
Like incense may rise from the fane of each heart
The fire of devotion—and many a dart
Strike thither whence no homage came.

Sabbatical rays, from the fountain of light,
In plenteous effusion, oh, dawn on the sight
Of the dark-minded heathen abroad!
Wherever the Gospel's bright standard's unfurled,
May multitudes flock from our perishing world,
And join in one song to our God.

P. G.

Colchester.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

TAKE CARE HOW YOU TALK, FATHER.

Childhood is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images from all around it. Remember, father, that an impious or profane thought, uttered by thy lips, may operate on the young hearts around thee like a careless spray of water

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thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust which no after-scouring can efface. "Idle words" are to be remembered when the pillars of the earth are knocked away!

EXISTENCE A SOLEMN TRUST.

Mother! this solemn trust is yours. Your existence must go on; and, as it proceeds, it gathers responsibility at every step; it is maturing for its eternal state. Death but confirms existence,—sets the seal, and settles the destiny. After death cometh the judgment. Is there no preparation necessary? Are there no sins to be given up? no prayers to be offered? no Saviour to be sought? Will you give to eternity no attention? Will you make no sacrifice for holiness and heaven? What if it should be said of your dear children in the court of heaven, "The next year they shall die." Where will they spend eternity? And suppose it should be said of you? Where will you go when you leave the judgment-seat of Christ? To endless woe,—or to everlasting blessedness? You may soon answer this question with the Bible in your hand;—take it and look.

HOW TO HAVE GOOD COMPANY.

The Spaniards say, "a good companion makes good company." Remember this, young friends. If you want good company, see that you provide a good companion. If you are always such, none but good company will wish to be with you. If you become known as a good youth, the profane and wicked will either not wish to associate with you, or they will restrain their wickedness while in your presence.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The History of Abraham. By ANNIE ELIZABETH. London: Ward & Co.

We should like our fellow-teachers to procure this little book. Read the PREFACE as well as the work.

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THE MOTHERS' FRIEND:

A Monthly Magazine,

TO AID AND ENCOURAGE THOSE MOTHERS WHO HAVE LITTLE TIME TO READ, AND LITTLE MONEY TO SPEND ON BOOKS.

EDITED BY ANN JANE.

"Her children arise up and call her blessed."—PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

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PREFACE

TO THE FIFTH VOLUME.

The continual extension of the sale of this unpretending periodical proves that it is appreciated for the benevolent object contemplated, and some very significant intimations of still further extension encourage to further effort and labour.

The notice taken of "The Mothers' Friend" in various quarters, and the introduction of the subject of it into several of our most widely circulated religious journals are some recompence, as tending to promote the great object so dear to those who launched this little vessel freighted with a mother's love, and wafted by parental prayer. Some *now happy homes*—some personal positions—and the formation of numerous Maternal Associations—the result of perusing "The Mothers' Friend"—abundantly testify that the labour *is not in vain*, and impart a satisfaction which constitutes the best recompence on earth and in heaven.

With feelings of gratitude to the Author of all Good—

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encouraged by pleasing prospects—allured by the theme of the work, and relying on the Divine blessing—the labour will be pursued while life and strength are given, with every effort to render it worthy of being *the Mother's Friend.*

Some copies may be had of the early numbers, reprinted, to complete sets; and Vols. I. (price 1s.), II., III., IV., and V. (1s. 6d. each), bound in cloth, may be obtained, which might be an acceptable present to emigrants—missionaries, town, city, and foreign—and especially to Sunday Schools.

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THE

MOTHERS' FRIEND.

WHAT SHALL BE IN THE FUTURE?

"To-morrow is that lamp upon the marsh which a traveller never reacheth."

Who will answer the solemn question—what shall be on the morrow? The past—where is it? it has fled! The future—it may never come! If we could ascend to heaven, and hold converse with the brightest seraph near the eternal throne, he would be utterly unable, with all his mighty powers, to turn over the folded leaves to our view, or to say what shall be on the morrow! If we could descend into the abode of the lost, and with Dives talk of the future, we should only hear from him and his miserable companions doleful regrets, that while making life's voyage they regarded not the future!—but of *our* to-morrow nothing would be heard there, but "prepare, lest thou also come to this place of torment."

If we go to the lover of pleasure he will presume, indeed, to tell us bright hours are in store—the dreams of early youth that flit across the brain are full of light, of life, and joy,—bright visions, that never come again; they are wild and warm and new, and we wonder, as we pass on, that they are not yet realised.

How the bright dreams of early youth
Lure the fond eye with visions gay,
And clothing them in robes of truth,
Seem fadeless in Hope's welcome day!

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Yet think not, then, that life to thee
Shall pass a summer-dream of bliss!
Clouds and dark storms thy lot may be,
An earnest life, mothers, is this!

If we go to those who live only for earth, what will they tell us? "No God—no God." The fool says in his heart, and too often we can see it in his conduct, "a short life and a merry one, and nothing beyond to vex or torment us;" but—

Life is a race to run,
And heaven the distant prize;
By few the crown is won,
For few are truly wise.
The things of this short life they choose,
The endless life of heaven—refuse!

If we go to the wise and excellent, they will tell us to seek the guidance of heaven along the path of life, and the future will be bright and glorious.

Life is a path that leads
From time and earth away;
At first, through flowery meads,
With prospects green and gay.
Then climbing many a rugged height,
Over strange hills it goes from sight.

But, if we go to the map of the land afar off, we can trace the end of the way from the spot on which we are standing. "The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day." "I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

Seek bliss where bliss alone is thine—
Seek it in Christ—Eternal Fount!
Then shall thy path with glory shine,
And Hope on holier wings shall mount.
Live in this light, and darkness dies—
Ask of Him bliss, and forth shall roll,
From rivers springing in the skies,
Eternal bliss to fill thy soul.

But, mother! how much of the happiness of the future, for yourself and your family, depends upon your teaching

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—your influence—your example! A dying man once said, "Oh, that my influence could be gathered up and buried with me!" It could not be—his influence still survives him; and the influence of the ungodly mother will live and work on, when she has passed away from earth, for years and generations to come. She puts agency in motion which she is powerless to arrest; her body, indeed, may be shrouded and coffined, and buried out of sight, but not her influence—for that, alas! corrupt and deadly as it is, there is no shroud, no burial—it walks the earth like a pestilence—like the angel of death, and *will* walk till the hand of God arrest and chain it.

The grave is not the end of the mother, even as to this world. She is doing that, every year, every month, every hour, which will survive her, and will affect, for good or for evil, those who come after her. A mother makes a remark before a thoughtless child—it arrests his attention. She does not know her boy has noticed it, and he scarcely thinks of it again, but loses it in the instant rush and press of life; but it is gone into the storehouse of thought, and will remain and come forth, in after years, when his mother's tongue is hushed in death. A whole system of action and belief has sometimes been drawn out of such a remark, and the destiny has been shaped by it; and, perhaps, the fate of a nation. Could we distinctly see the influences for the future we are always throwing around us, which may bless or curse our friends, our children, our neighbours—how much more watchful should we be! Every mother is a centre, constantly radiating streams of influence. Oh, what will be the future of such influences! Good or bad!

Think of the brevity of human life, and the eternal duration of human influence. How soon another year has escaped from us! Onward our moments fly, on swift wings—they fly by day and by night—onward—onward; never weary in their flight—they stop not—they wait not the convenience of man nor of nations. How quickly has

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the year gone by!—its last day is numbered—its last sun has set—it has carried with it many joys and sorrows—gratifications and disappointments—the memory of its days lingers—deep traces are left on our hearts. Departed years, like ships of burden, bear a heavy lading; they carry away hopes that were illusory—cares that corroded—and pleasure that satiated in enjoyment.

To some, the past year has been one of pungent sorrow; to others, it has spoken pleasure and joy; but the thought of the flight of time makes the gayest grave—why is this? Why do we regret vanished years? Ah, we love life—we love creation—we love the blue skies, sparkling with a thousand worlds—we love the golden sun—we love to gaze on this still beautiful world—we love the spring, blushing into summer—we love the summer, ripening into autumn—we love the autumn, frowning into winter—and the winter, softening into spring. We love the dear ones clustering around us, and we like not to dwell on decay and death, of which the fading year reminds us; but it will read us an affecting and useful lesson, if we will only listen—making us wiser for the future, by telling us of the unforgotten past, and of those who dwell where everlasting spring abides.

Mothers! let us live while we live; let us open our eyes and be wide awake, and try to disturb our neighbours' sinful slumbers by the stir we make in awakening. The more we do, the more we can do; the more busy, the more happy. "I have lived long enough," said a good and useful man, "to know that the great secret of human happiness is this—never suffer your energies to stagnate; the old adage of 'too many irons in the fire,' may convey an untruth. Whatever you have, keep them going." The mate of a ship, having put everything to rights, asked the captain what more could be done. "Tell them to scour the anchor," was the reply, on the principle that occupation, however needless, saves from the discontent of idleness.

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Let there be method, too, in the arrangement of your time. Cecil says, "Method is like packing things in a box; a good packer will get in half as much again as a bad one." Give to the eternal welfare of yourself and dear family all the time it deserves; live for something; write your name by kindness—love—mercy—on the hearts of those who surround you; and, remember, you and yours are to live for ever, in a world beyond the grave, "when rolling years have ceased to move."

So should we live that every hour
May die as dies the natural flower,
A self-reviving thing of power;
That every thought and every deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good and future meed;
Esteeming sorrow, whose employ
Is to develop, not destroy,
Far better than a barren joy.

THE WIFE.

Study (says an old author) the duties of marriage before you enter upon them. There are crosses to be borne, and manifold obligations to be discharged, as well as felicity to be enjoyed. It combines the interests, the fortunes, the happiness of two beings in bonds that death alone can lawfully dissolve; it is the most intimate union which exists in the present world; no attachment is so strong, no tenderness so great, as that which is originated and cherished by this institution. The brightest happiness that earth imparts, or sorrow the most deep and lasting, is in the power of marriage.

A woman, indeed, ventures most, for there is no earthly resting place for her from an unkind husband, and her tormentor has a warrant of prerogative. A wife, suffering from a cruel husband, may complain to God, as subjects do of tyrant princes; this is the only appeal she has. That was a wise wife, who, in her desolateness, would not have r

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female friend to reside with her, lest she should be induced, in her hours of deep sorrow, to *talk* of the *faults* of her husband, who treated her very unkindly, but who was at length won over to the truth by her holy conversation and godliness.

To all who think rightly and seriously on the subject, the day of marriage is a solemn season; to the *bride* it is especially so. She confides her most important destinies to one who, though fondly loved, and believed to be all he has ever seemed, is yet *untried*. She has entered upon a voyage in which it would be the height of folly to anticipate only calm and sunshine. The happy home of her childhood is hers no longer; there she reposed upon a mother's love—now she has contracted another tie, of a still more binding nature.

> It is no common tie
> That binds her youthful heart;
> 'Tis one that only truth could weave,
> And only death can part.

That must be a cold, selfish heart, which can look with indifference on a bridal party; even strangers gaze with interest on the newly wedded pair, while friends and relatives press forward to greet them with love's best wishes. The sunshine of gladness beams on the countenance of the bridegroom, and, although the bride looks pensive and placid as she advances, it is very evident her heart is full of confiding love.

But there is another, we observe, among the group; one on whose brow clouds and sunshine seem struggling together. She smiles, yet the tear is in her eye. This is the mother of the bride. Ah! varied are the emotions conflicting within her breast. She tries to think only of her daughter's happiness, and the joy of her newly-made son, but she feels that she makes a great sacrifice to-day! She knows full well that her home will no longer be cheered by the sweet voice and kind attentions of her beloved child,

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and that in sickness and sorrow a stranger hand must now smooth her pillow, and administer to her wants; but she is not selfish—no, no—a mother's heart is not selfish. She made up her mind to all this, ere she gave her cordial consent to the union. An old sorrow, too, presses heavily on her heart this morning. She thinks of one who would have shared with her this day's joys and sorrows. But he sleeps in the green valley, and she feels more than ever that the widow's heart is indeed a desolate thing! The question, too, arises in her maternal bosom—"Shall my precious daughter suffer life's sorrows as I have done?" Yet she hushes the rising waves by looking up to Him who alone can say, "Peace, be still," and she whispers—"The good Shepherd bless thee, and guide thee, and keep thee, my precious one;" then, with feelings to which neither tears nor words can give utterance, she bids her remember her dead father's and her mother's God. The young friends look sorrowful, and the old servant utters a wish for her future weal, as the bridegroom whispers—"The chaise is at the door!" It is a solemn season.

"I never saw a bridal but my eyelid hath been wet,
And it always seemed to me as though a joyous crowd were met
To see the saddest sight of all—a gay and girlish thing,
Lay aside her early gladness for a name and for a ring.
And I think I hear her father's sigh, her mother's calmer tone,
As they give her to another's care—their precious one—their own."

Amidst tears and blessings she takes her seat by the side of him who bears her away—it may be to a world of strangers, perhaps, to receive cold looks for the warm greetings of home, and where a true heart may seldom be found, save that which beats in the bosom of him who calls her "wife." Perhaps storms may gather, and, unable to see any bright light in the cloud, she may have to weep in secret over remembered joys of early days—the disinterested love of a mother's heart, and the home circle which her marriage had broken. Still, amidst all, if she has a good

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hope through grace, she can look up to her home in the sky and say—

"The path of sorrow, and that path alone,
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown."

Our pen must rest till another month.

A MOTHER'S LOVE EVIDENCED.

A LADY, who was visiting in a truly pious and well-regulated family, took one of the little girls on her knee, and said, in a pleasant and thoughtless manner, "Who loves Edith?" The dear child fixed her sweet, meek eyes on her, and replied, in an earnest tone, "Jesus loves Edith!" The lady was no less astonished than delighted—for, just before, the child had received a little token of her fond mother's affection, and when the friend asked her the question, she felt certain the answer would be, "Mamma loves Edith." Yet, though she did not say just these words, she could not have told more expressively of her mother's solicitude, in having led her tender little one to look through the wings of her own brooding love to that compassionate Saviour who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." That mother felt that she could manifest her affection by no stronger and more enduring means than leading the little lamb to that good Shepherd whose crook would be everlastingly held out to save and succour, when she could no longer watch over it, and guard it from the perils that must beset its path.

H. M.

A PAGE FROM FRANCE.

THE YOUNG GARDE MOBILE'S "TREASURE OF TREASURES."

NEAR a barricade, erected in one of the most populous districts of Paris during those days of political excitement

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which agitated France, two bands of soldiers were stationed under orders to take and destroy the barricade. One of these companies belonged to the National Guard, the other to that young militia, known by the name of the "Garde Mobile." In this latter company might be seen lads of but fifteen years of age at most, not amongst the least ardent for the attack. The action was hot—much courage was shown on either side; but it was a sorrowful sight, for this terrible struggle took place between fellow-citizens—between men and youths, whom so many bonds of interest might have united as one family!

During the thickest of the fight, two soldiers separated from the ranks of their comrades, and throwing themselves into the midst of a shower of balls, gained the summit of the barricade, where they drew after them their companions in arms. This put in disorder the opposite party; a shot, however, fired from the discomfited side, wounded mortally one of the two soldiers who had advanced so valiantly before the others. He fell into the arms of his comrade near him—the same who with him had climbed the barricade. "I am going to die," said the wounded man, to the young garde mobile who supported him, "I am going to die! open my wallet—take from thence a small book; it is the New Testament—read it, ask God to bless it to you—farewell."

The young man thus addressed accepted the gift of the dying soldier. About a year after this, an excellent and truly Christian man was called, by business, to a certain place at some distance from Paris. To his surprise he observed, in the hall of one of his tenants, a Bible placed upon the table; a Bible bearing, however, visible traces of the frequent use that was made of it. "You, then, read the Bible?" said he to his host. "Yes, Sir, and with much pleasure." "God be praised for it," replied the landlord. "God be praised, truly," replied the host, "for the surprising manner in which I and my family have been led to

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think of these things. Listen how it took place:—One of my nephews, whom I had adopted on the death of his parents, showed early such evil dispositions that, for the tranquillity of my household, I was compelled, when he had reached the age of thirteen years, to place him as an apprentice in Paris, with a master upon whose strictness and watchfulness I could depend. Notwithstanding this precaution, Paul found means to defeat all the care of his guardian. He escaped one day from the house of his master, and we lost all traces of him. When I thought of him I was troubled indeed. I expected every day to hear that he had committed some crime which had placed him in the hands of justice. Six months ago, however, the diligence of Paris set him down unexpectedly at my door. On seeing him, I shuddered. 'What!' said I, hastily, 'after having led such a life, you are come to take refuge with us, and to bring dishonour into your own family!' Paul looked at me with gentleness, and pointing to the uniform which he wore, he said calmly, 'I have not dishonoured the body of which I formed a part; I have, here, attestations which prove this sufficiently; I leave on account of my health. As to what you say of my former dissipation, you cannot speak of it with more dislike than I myself feel.' 'Yes, yes,' I replied, interrupting him, 'you are ill, in consequence of excess; you have no more money, and you find it very convenient to come and recruit yourself at your uncle's, in order to begin again your former course.' Paul cast down his head at these words, and in a low voice, as though he feared to be heard by others besides me, he replied, 'Uncle, a great change has taken place in me. This is not the moment to speak of it, at length; as I am now seeking assistance from your kindness, I should have the appearance of trying to gain your favour by hypocritical words; all that I can affirm is, that I am no longer that wild, that dissipated youth, whom you have known.' 'We shall soon see,' I rejoined, and I led

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the poor boy into my house. From that day I began to perceive that Paul was, indeed, greatly changed. In the evening, I was extremely surprised at what I saw. I had caused a bed to be placed for him in my chamber. Before lying down, he asked my permission to pray. 'Your prayer,' cried I, laughing—alas! at that time I was a mocker at real religion—'the prayer of a garde mobile! that must indeed be a curious thing; let me hear, however, this fine prayer.' Paul looked at me sorrowfully, and said with great seriousness, 'Do not laugh at this, my dear uncle, and require me to pronounce aloud what my heart desires to address to God. Soon, I hope, it will be different, when you will be assured, better than you now can be, that prayer is not a vain form with me.' "

You shall see, also, if you are spared to another month.

THE MINISTER'S PIG.

Some few years ago I was in the west of England, and, whilst there, received a warm invitation from a dear friend, who was a returned missionary, to visit him. He had been labouring very successfully on the sunny plains of India; but, like many other valued men, his health gave way in the midst of his usefulness. He had also been called to watch by the sick-bed of a dear and affectionate wife—to minister to her many wants in affliction—to close her eyes in death; and, almost before he could realise his position, was standing by the side of the open grave, and had to leave one there who had been dearer to him than life itself; and as the clods fell upon the coffin at the well-known words, "ashes to ashes, dust to dust," the unearthly sound broke up the fountain of his inward grief; never had such a sound fallen upon his ear before, and never will it be forgotten. He returned to his home with a bleeding, wounded heart; and with all the active ingenuities of grief

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recalled to remembrance the dearest and tenderest seasons of affection which had ever passed between him and the beloved of his soul, now buried out of his sight. And there, on a couch close by, lay the dear babe, the only one left of its mother; and when that mother's tongue refused to do its office, she turned her dying eyes to the cot, and, with a look full of affection, seemed to say, "I commit her to your care."

A few months afterwards he was on his way home, compelled to leave the dear people among whom he had laboured with so much interest and success, the tears rolling down his affectionate cheeks; and they wept most of all, grieving lest they should see his face no more.

He was now residing at the house of a minister, which was situated upon a ledge of a mountainous hill, commanding an extensive view over one of the loveliest valleys in the kingdom, in the midst of which was a beautiful city, with its noble cathedral towering high above all the surrounding buildings; while, in an opposite direction, might be seen the clustering sylvan villas of a fashionable watering-place.

When the coach stopped at the door, he came running out to meet me, and I was delighted to see the improvement in his health, and his cheerful, smiling face. After introducing me to the family, he jocularly said, "We are so full, you must sleep in the good man's study; they have put up a nice little bed for you there." "This to me is no difficulty, if I have plenty of air," I replied.

I soon observed the same traits of lovely piety which I had always admired in him, the same dulcet tones of his sweet voice, which seemed to harmonise beautifully with the solemn scenes of Calvary. Truly might it be said of him, "the love of Christ constraineth him." His very heart seemed to vibrate when he spoke of the love of God to helpless, ruined men, in the gift of His only Son to die in their stead.

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"This was compassion like a God,
That *when* the Saviour knew
The price of pardon was His blood,
His pity ne'er withdrew."

At the appointed moment the voice of love and tenderness was heard, "Lo, I come!" All heaven was filled with wonder and amazement! The adoring angels flocked in countless multitudes, from heaven's extremest limit, to be present at the wondrous sight—how they hovered in mid air around Him who was about to lay aside the glory that He had with the Father from the beginning—how they looked when He arose and voluntarily relinquished the bliss He enjoyed in the bosom of the Eternal—stepped from the portals of heaven's highest blessedness, and descended to the lowest depths of earth's humiliation; and happy, oh, how happy they who were appointed to accompany Him on His embassy of love—how they sang, with heaven's vast minstrelsy, the song, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, and good-will towards men." Now was about to be fulfilled all that was written by Moses and the prophets. Now was the wondrous plan of sinful man's reconciliation with his offended God to be accomplished. Now God was to be glorified, and the sinner saved.

But I must stop, and tell the rest of my tale in a future number of "The Mothers' Friend;" but, how solemn the thought, that we know not what a *day* may bring forth, much less a *month!*

M. B.

THE YOUNG TEACHER; OR, DANGEROUS COMPANIONS.

"Wheel in wheel, and world in world—come the band of children,
A tender nest of soft young hearts, each to be separately studied;
A curious, eager flock of minds, to be severally tamed and tutored.
O the blessing of a home where old and young mix kindly;
The young unawed, the old unchilled, in unreserved communion!"

"I WONDER where your brother is?" said Mrs. Lamure to a little girl of six years of age. "Ah, I dare say he is

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gathering moss, or examining wild flowers," said Florence; "he does so like to think about things all by himself. I heard him say, one day, that he sat for an hour, without moving or speaking, to watch the little ants running up and down their heap. Oh, here he comes with an old stick in his hand." "Well, my son," said Mrs. Lamure; "we have long been expecting you; where have you lingered?"

"I have been sitting down by the great oak tree, ma, and here is a bit of its root. I cannot think what good this old dry root can do to the tree!" "I shall feel pleased to talk to you about it, Frank, when you have had your tea; I am sure you must feel hungry." "No, ma, I do not; so will you please tell me the use of this root while Sally brings my tea?" "Well, dear, you know the acorn is put into the ground to cause a tree to grow up from it, do you not?" "Yes, ma." "Very well; the heat of the ground causes it to swell and crack, and from it proceed two little shoots—one comes up to form the stem and branches, and the other goes down into the ground, and is called the root,—a part of which you hold in your hand." "Yes, ma, I know that; but what use is the root?" "Well, dear, we will proceed. The little shoot that goes down divides itself into several parts, and by striking itself deeply into the earth, it holds the stem and branches very firmly, so that the strong winds cannot blow it down. This is one great use of this dry-looking piece of wood." "Oh how nice, mamma, to know all this; is it of any other use to the tree?" "Yes, dear, it has another very important office to perform. The end of the root is so formed by the wise Creator that it can suck up the moisture from the earth, and send it into every part of the fine large tree,—even to the tender little leaves which you may observe unfolding to the light. This sap is just like the blood which runs through all the tiny veins in your hands and fingers. Now, the reason why you see me

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give water to my plants is that the roots may have moisture to suck up and cause sap. In winter, the trees have rest; they look bare and dry, because they have little or no sap in the branches, but when the gay and beautiful spring-time comes, they seem to awake from sleep, and put on their new green dress; and this is caused by the ends of the roots spreading about to seek food, which they send up into that part of the tree which is above the ground, and the leaves act like lungs in preparing the sap to nourish the tree." "Oh dear!" said Frank, "I could sit all night to hear about trees." Mrs. Lamure smiled, and replied, "It is time for bed, now." "Is it, ma? Oh, I did so wish to see papa before I go to bed; I want to speak to him very particularly." "He will not be home until late, my boy; but you may get a chat with him as early as you like in his dressing-room in the morning, for I heard him say that he hoped to arise very early to-morrow."

The next morning, Frank's tap was heard at the door of his father's dressing-room—a snug little place, where he often enjoyed a cozy chat, asking many questions about various things that sometimes puzzled him; but this morning he wished to talk of a plan very near his heart; so, closing the door, Frank took his usual seat, and began to open his budget. "Papa, will the barn in the North Yard soon be cleared out?" he asked, looking into his father's face anxiously. "The barn cleared out, my son!" "Yes." "But why do you ask such a curious question? What can the barn and its clearing possibly have to do with you?" "Why, papa, I have a plan in my head,—if you will allow me to carry it out, I should be glad; but I would rather not tell what it is, if you are not afraid to trust me; but I cannot do it, unless I might have the barn all to myself during summer." "I have no objection to that, my boy," said the kind father; "nor am I afraid to trust you to carry out your plan; so you may have the

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barn, and keep your secret." "Thank you, papa; and shall it be cleared out and cleaned up soon then, pa?" "Yes, my son; I will desire Henry to attend to it to-morrow; will that do?" "Oh yes, beautifully, pa!" and, taking up his cap, Frank bounded off in high glee.

"COME THIS WAY, FATHER!"

During a short visit to the sea-shore, some two years since, with a party of friends, it was proposed, one bright afternoon, that we should make up a party, and go down the harbour on a fishing excursion. We accordingly started, and after sailing about three miles, a young lady of the company declined going farther, and requested us to land her on one of the small islands in the harbour, where she proposed staying until our return. My little boy, then about four years old, preferred remaining with her. We left them, therefore, and proceeded on six miles further. We remained out much longer than we intended, and, as night approached, a thick fog set in from the sea, entirely enshrouding us; without a compass, and not knowing the right direction to steer, we groped our way along for some hours, until we distinguished the breaking of the surf on the rocks of one of the islands, but were at a loss to know which of them. I stood up in the stern of the boat, and shouted with all my strength. I listened a moment, and heard, through the thick fog, and above the breaking of the surf, the sweet voice of my boy, calling—"Come this way, father! Steer straight for us—I'm here, waiting for you!" We steered by that sound, and soon my little boy leaped into my arms with joy, saying, "I knew you would hear me, father," and he was soon sleeping on my bosom.

The boy and the maiden are both sleeping in the grave now; they died in two short weeks after the period I refer to, with hardly an interval of time between their deaths. Now, tossed on the rough sea of life, without compass or

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guide, enveloped in fog, and surrounded by rocks, I seem to hear the sound of that cherub-voice calling from the bright shore—"Come this way, father! Steer straight for me!" When oppressed with sadness, I take my way to our quiet cemetery, and, as I stand by one little mound, the same musical voice echoes from thence—"Come this way, father—I am waiting for you!"

I remember a voice
Which once guided my way,
When, lost in the sea-fog,
Enshrouded I lay.
'Twas the voice of a child
As he stood on the shore,
It sounded out clear
O'er the dark billow's roar—
"Come this way, my father,
Steer straightly for me;
Here, safe on the shore,
I am waiting for thee!"

I remember that voice,
'Midst high-dashing spray,
Through rocks and through breakers
It guided my way.
How sweet to my heart
Did it sound from the shore,
As it echoed out clear
O'er the dark billow's roar,
"Come this way, my father!
Steer straight on for me;
Here, safe on the shore,
I am waiting for thee!"

I remember my joy,
As I held to my breast
The form of that dear one,
And soothed it to rest.
For the tones of my child
Still sound in my ear,
"I called you, dear father,
And knew you would hear

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FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

Never be cast down by trifles. If a spider breaks his thread twenty times, twenty times will he mend it again. Make up your mind to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not, if trouble come upon you. Keep up your spirits, though the day be a dark one!

Troubles never stop for ever;
The darkest day will pass away.

If the sun goes down, look at the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven! With God's presence, and God's promises, we may always be cheerful.

Never despair when fog's in the air;
A sunshiny morning comes without warning.

Mind what you run after. Never be content with a bubble that will burst, or a firework that ends in smoke and darkness. Get that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping.

Something sterling, that will stay
When gold and silver fly away.

Fight against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it stoutly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. A father killed his son one day by throwing a stick at him in a rage! and a mother killed a little one by knocking the child down!

He that revenges knows no rest,
The meek possess a peaceful breast.

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him, and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another, till you have accomplished your end. By little and little great things are accomplished, and repeated kindness will soften a heart of stone.

Water, falling day by day,
Wears the hardest rock away.

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MEETING OF MOTHERS—FIRST DAY OF THE NEW YEAR.

"Keep silence, daughter of frivolity, for death is in that chamber!
That eye is fixed, that heart is still;—how dreadful in its stillness!
Lay her in the sunshine, friends, nor sorrow that a Christian hath departed."

SOLEMN thoughts possess our souls as we enter on a new period of time. We look upon our dear ones, and we ask, "Shall we walk on together through another year?" Alas! none can answer the question. We talk of the trials and sorrows of this tearful valley,—and yet we love it right well. How few, when looking round upon the home circle, can say, "I am now ready to depart." We know not what death is; this nurse of dreamless slumbers—this husbandman that reapeth always—out of season as in season—taking the young and beautiful, as well as the faded and unloved, to his cold prison-house. We know what life is—its sunshine and its clouds—its joys and its sorrows; but none have returned to tell us the tale of passing over Jordan. The bravest look on death with dread; the humblest fear its coming. Some lingering love keeps us clinging to life,—some hope we wish to realise, ere we enter the silent waiting-hall, where the dead mother meeteth with her children. When dear ones look lovingly into our eyes, we feel that for them, at least, it were well we should linger yet on these mortal shores.

While we greet you with fond wishes for the coming year, we must stand for a moment to look back with fond regret on those who have stepped out of our path during the past. They began the last year with us, cheering us in our work by their sweet smiles and kind words; but, suddenly, some of them have ended the journey of life. Oh, if loving hearts could have held them, they would have walked with us still,—if usefulness could have given

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them a claim to life, they would have helped us still,—if excellence could have demanded length of days, they would have entered with us into 1852. But they have left the garments of flesh, to be clothed in suitable robes for the bright spirit-land,—their hearts are tuned to harmony, to join the seraphic choir, and sing the "new song." Blessed, for ever blessed, are the dead who die in the Lord, and we shall see them and love them yet again, when our dream of life is fled.

Is there a mother here living without God, without hope, without Christ? Oh, listen while we tell you of the uncertainty of life. On "Christmas eve," a mother was listening with delight while the preacher unfolded the beauties of that text, "We shall see Him as he is," little imagining that in a few brief hours it would be realised. She returned to her happy home, rejoicing in the glorious Gospel, and expressing her joy that she had been to the temple. She was, as usual, happy and cheerful.—"I am glad I went out this evening," she said, "I do love Christ! Oh, what is this?" she then exclaimed, feeling poorly, and desiring her husband to be called, for she had gone to her room. She soon became unconscious, and spoke no more—stepping from the temple below into the temple above; one hour, a worshipper here—the next, at the foot of the Eternal Throne, while dear ones looked up in amazement. Oh, how we long to know what she felt when she exclaimed, "Oh, what is this?" Doubtless, a strange sensation passed through all the frame as the spirit soared away from the body, flinging it aside as a garment. She has passed the jasper wall, and entered the golden city; but she may not come back to tell us anything of the upward journey.

Ah, many a mother has lost a friend in this dear saint; but the circle of heaven is enlarged, and another golden harp sounds through the celestial palace of our glorious King. Without a lingering illness, or the pain of speaking her farewell, she went up to spend her "Christmas day".

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among the angelic hosts who announced the advent of our Lord to the shepherds on Bethlehem's plains. Is it not difficult to realise the fact, that our dear ones, with whom we have so often talked of heaven—of what we shall be there—of its society and its employment—are really there, and know all about it? But it is even so. Let us listen while they speak to us, "Be ye also ready."

If you are busy, mother, rest here, and seek leisure for the next page.

"THE WORLDS OF BLISS AND WOE ARE PEOPLED WITH IMMORTALS."

How rich is the grave made by our heart's treasures!—what have you there? "Ah," says one, "it has in keeping for me all that I loved on earth, the loving and the beautiful." "My beloved mother is there," says another, "and my revered father." "My husband, too, the father of my helpless children." Parent and child—lover and friend, are resting side by side, where the tongue is silent and the heart is cold—

> "Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side by side,
> Yet none have saluted, and none have replied;
> Ah, sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love nor fear,
> Peace, peace, is the watchword—the only one there."

When we look around us, and when we scan some of the letters of our correspondents during the past year, our hearts are made sorrowful by the desolations that death has made. Your minds will recur to the sad home of the dead father, who left his family on the morning after Christmas-day in his usual health, never—no, never to cheer that home by his presence again. Little did any of that family imagine that on that morning, as he walked forth in manly vigour, he would, in a few short hours, be returned to them a lifeless corpse. The widow and the five young fatherless children must live on alone in their sorrow.

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Not long ago, a friend tells us, a kind mother was playing with her children, listening with delight to their merry laugh, but it was the last time she was to share in their childish mirth—the same day, that mother was taken ill, and in a few days more she was in an eternal world. That bereaved husband had scarcely consigned his beloved wife to the tomb, ere intelligence was brought to him of a dear sister having been numbered with the dead. She had taken a journey with her husband in good health—the day after her return she was taken ill, and almost before they could say, "Death is coming!"—he laid his cold hand upon her, conducting her through the dark valley, leaving her home desolate, and her loved ones weeping.

Mothers!—what say you? Are you ready to tread the shadowy vale? Are you ready to follow those of whom we have been speaking? Is your heart in tune for the songs of heaven, if you should be called to join them this night? Death will come. How full of dread—how full of hope is inevitable death; of dread, for all have sinned—of hope, for One hath saved. Death in Adam, life in Christ; the curse hung upon the cross, but we must repair to that sacred spot *now*, or it may be too late.

"I have only a moment to live," said a dying youth. "Then," said a Christian friend, "you have something to think of." "I cannot think—it is too late," he replied. Ah! death came too soon for him, but the attempt to turn him back to his own dark abode was vain—shall it be so with you? Remember, nothing turns him aside. He cares as little for the robe of ermine, as for the beggar's rags. He likes to level the rose-bud and the thistle—the daughter of beauty, and the woman of sin—the child and the mother—all, all must die, but death does not end existence; it is only the gate to an immortality of bliss or of woe, and awful, unspeakably awful will the opening of that gate be, if you are not united to the blessed Jesus. "You will be in hell before you are in the grave;" ah, then, indeed, like

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the dying young friend, you cannot say, "Do not weep for me, for I am happy." Yes, deep indeed are the comforts of the Lord within the soul of the Christian; never will that fountain of love be exhausted, in which, and from which they will derive that bliss which is unto everlasting life.

THE SHIP OF DEATH.

By the shore of Time now lying,
On the darkened flood beneath,
Patiently, thou soul undying,
Waits for thee, the Ship of Death!

He who on that vessel starteth,
Sailing from the sons of men;
To the friends from whom he parteth,
Never more returns again!

From her mast no flag is flying,
To denote from whence she came;
She is known unto the dying—
Azael is her captain's name.

Not a word was ever spoken
On that dark, unfathomed sea;
Silence there is so unbroken,
She herself seems not to be.

Silent thus, in darkness lonely,
Doth the soul put forth alone;
While the wings of angels only
Waft her to a LAND UNKNOWN.

THE WIFE.—No. II.

This is a changing world, and although the great duties of life are substantially the same, they are somewhat modified by change of circumstances; character is drawn out by the varying scenes of life, and how great is the influence which the character of a *wife* exercises on all

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around her. How important that she should be actuated by *Christian* principles, and that in every varying scene she should be able to display their efficacy; anxious that she may be useful in life, forgetting herself, while she tries to make a happy home for those she loves, and, above all, that she may be the guiding star to a home eternal in the heavens.

We knew a wife of this character once; she had an only and beloved child, who died suddenly while on a visit to some friends; this so greatly affected her husband's mind as to make him almost an idiot. The wife spent hours of every day by his side, trying to soothe and comfort him, keeping up a cheerful countenance though her own heart was well-nigh bursting. Her husband remained in this state for a considerable time, but at length the clouds passed away, and his fine mind shone forth with more than its usual splendour, and he became more active, more holy, more devoted than ever; but the *wife*, the untiring, the self-denying wife, became now as ill as he had been; her health and her intellect gave way, and the grave soon received her. All persons revere the character of such a wife, but, alas! there are many who would appear a perfect contrast if we were to tell their history.

We once heard an aged minister say, "We should remember the *furies* were females as well as the *graces*;" and we often feel the truth of this remark, as we pass some of our neighbour's doors. The "furies" are there, indeed, and they seem to talk loud enough to frighten the poor little children "out of their judgment," as the Scotch would say. "The strength of woman," said the same gentleman, "lies not in resisting, but in yielding—her power is in her gentleness."

A missionary one day gave us a most amusing anecdote of a negro couple, who came to him with the request that he would "unmarry" them. The husband advanced, and said, "Massa, you marry me and this woman; now we

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come for you to *unmarry* us." "I cannot do that," said the missionary, "the law of *man will not allow it*, and the law of GOD will not allow it." "Oh! yes, massa, me tell you how to manage; take this paper," pulling from his pocket the marriage certificate, "you tear this in two, massa; give me one half, give this woman toder half; she go one way, I go toder way, and that all ended, massa." "But why do you wish to be separated?" asked the missionary. "Why, you see, massa, me take her for better for worse, but *all worse*, massa, no better at all; she too much big tongue, massa."

This anecdote makes us smile, but we believe there are many in our land who would now willingly be "unmarried," if it were possible, whose bridal morning was all sunshine, and whose bright vision saw no clouds in the vista before them; they found, too late, that they were not suited for each other, and they have neither love nor religion enough "to bear and forbear."

"An angry, coarse, and harsh expression
Shows love to be a mere profession;
The love that cheers life's latest stage,
Proof against sickness and old age,
Preserved by virtue from declension,
Becomes not weary of attention,
But lives, when that exterior grace
Which first inspired the flame decays;
'Tis gentle, delicate, and kind;
To faults compassionate or blind,
And will with sympathy endure
Those evils it would gladly cure.
The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear,
And something every day they live
To pity, and perhaps forgive."

Thus sang our dear Cowper, and we continue his song. Young wife! read it again; try to sing it, it is indeed true. More next month.

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THE MINISTER'S PIG.—No. II.

Doubtless, many of our readers have been called to mourn departed friends, since we penned our last page in "The Mothers' Friend." Some we have known. They will no more read its instructive pages—no longer need its warnings or encouragements—their doom is for ever fixed! —for ever fixed—heaven or hell is their portion; no repentance now, no carrying out good intentions—as the tree falls, so it lies—progressive holiness or progressive misery is before them!

If it be matter of hesitation with any reader of these lines whether he be a Christian or not, we beseech him, by all that is sacred, to decide the doubtful point; it must be decided, either in this world or the world to come. *Now* a mistake may be remedied—*then* a mistake will be fatal! The day of grace once ended, there is no more hope—now is the day of salvation. We now turn to the completion of our narrative.

In the cheerful company of my friend the evening passed pleasantly and quickly. After a hearty shake of the hand I was conducted to my sleeping place. It was rather a large room, with a respectable show of books; the writing desk and other matters had been removed from the table and placed upon the floor, to make room for the sundries of my carpet bag, which were duly arranged for my use. Being tired, I slept soundly, but awoke rather early; after which I got dreaming, and, being half awake and half asleep, I appeared to hear most unusual sounds, and seemed to be conversing with some strange being. I felt very placid and greatly pleased; at last I awoke to somewhat greater consciousness, but still the sounds seemed to have about them something unnatural, nor could I determine what they were.

From this state of uncertainty I sought to relieve myself by rising up in my bed. The morn was grey and misty;

I listened attentively, and it was some time before I could admit the thought—why it must be a pig! Gradually the conviction became stronger, and I laid down again, resolved to settle the matter the first thing in the morning. This I did immediately after I was dressed, for the geography of the house was not very difficult; and, sure enough, up in a corner beneath my window, was the home of a pig! and a fine large fat fellow he was. I told him of my surprise, and his knowing little eyes peered beneath his great ears. He grunted an acknowledgment, but it was more than doubtful whether he understood me; yet the grunt was the very same voice which had so much pleased and perplexed me. I had much conversation with him; and, scratching him with a stick, he seemed perfectly delighted, and certainly I left him with the impression that he was a most intelligent pig! When I told my friend of my adventure it amused him much.

After joining in social worship, we turned out for a morning walk, and strolled amidst delightful scenery; climbed the high hills and lonely winding valley; then we talked about the future; the claims of the heathen; and his fond heart brooded over the dark-coloured people whom he had left behind; and, standing still, whilst his intelligent eye beamed affection, he drew an interesting picture of a group of listeners, squatted upon the ground before him, while he would chant the great truths of the Gospel in pleasing song. I never shall forget the exquisite delight I felt as he repeated one of these chants — his silvery musical voice, the gentleness of his manner, almost overpowered me. He said, they would listen for hours most attentively to instruction so given, as they are passionately fond of music. "Shall I," he affectionately asked, "ever take part in this delightful work again—ever on India's burning sands point sinners to the Lamb of God—invite them to come unto Him who is able and willing to save their souls? I am waiting—I am willing to go, but the

way is not plain." "Well," I said, "we must wait patiently till all be made plain before us; the Lord never leaves His people in such complete darkness that there is not a little glimmer in the distance."

Eventually my friend returned to the scene of his early labours, where he is now actively employed. May he long be spared to bring souls to Christ.

Reader, have you ever spoken to any one who is in the "broad road,"—warning him to flee from the wrath to come—pointing him to the Saviour, whose blood cleanseth from all sin? Be careful that souls are not required at your hands.

M. B.

CARE FOR THE OUTCAST.

We are encouraged by our friends responding to our wishes on this subject—which we almost tremble to touch—and gladly admit the following paper:—

TO MOTHERS OF GIRLS.

My dear Countrywomen,—For more than twenty years I was a Sunday-school teacher and district visitor in a town where the young women and girls were principally factory hands. Soon after I began my labours, I discovered that a love of finery was the ruling passion of most of these young females. Against this evil, which I found led to much sin, I set my face as a flint, strictly forbidding ornaments and unbecoming dress to my class, which was the first in the school, and watching carefully against inconsistency in my own attire; remembering that example is better than precept.

Who threw the greatest obstacles in my path of reform, think you? *Not the girls*, for they generally gave way under an affectionate appeal to their conscience, and the Word of God. It was *not* the girls who threw obstacles in my way, I say; no, but the MOTHERS! What did they

say?—"Oh, the girl works hard, and it is strange she may not have a bit of ribbon. The earings were put in for the good of her eyes. The artificial flowers were a gift."

In vain I urged that the money might be better spent; that it was contrary to scriptural precepts; that long pendants could not affect the eyes; that injudicious presents should be firmly but properly declined; the answer was, "Well, ma'am, she may do as she likes." The class thinned at first, but almost all came back, and ere long I gathered round me a band of nineteen, simply and modestly dressed, and bound to me by respect and strong affection.

In the providence of God, I was for a time removed from my class; on my return, one of them was missing, and on inquiry I learnt that she was gone to service. A few days after I met her,—she turned away her head, yet not so quickly but that I saw her face was surrounded with bright red ribbons. "I don't like that," said I to a lady, who was walking by my side; "there is evil at work there; I will see her mother." "Nay, you are too particular," was the reply; "the girl may be steady enough, though she does wear red ribbons." "I will see her mother," I repeated. I did so, the next day. "Indeed, ma'am," said the mother, "you are too hard upon Eliza; she is steady and industrious, and I don't grudge her a little bit of dress—no harm will come of it." "I wish there may not," I replied, "but I warn you; Eliza's love of dress will increase beyond her means of purchasing honestly, and then——Oh, do check your child in time!" The mother thanked me, but smiled incredulously.

Again I was summoned away, and on my return, three months after, I inquired for Eliza. She had lost her place, having been seduced into sin, and detected in robbing her mistress—SHE WAS IN PRISON! I asked, "What was her motive in stealing?" Listen, mothers, to the answer,—"THE LOVE OF DRESS." She had small wages, and wanted fine clothes—this led her into sin.

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There was one girl in my class so uniformly neat and clean, that knowing how low her wages at the factory were, I asked her mother how she managed—for they had a large family. "I give Maria a shilling a week for her clothing, and take the rest of her money for her board and washing," said her mother. "She sometimes wishes for smart clothes," she added, "but I always refuse, for I AM DETERMINED THAT MY GIRLS SHALL NEVER LEARN TO LOVE DRESS FROM ME." I saw Maria as a wife and mother—herself and child as neat and clean as in her girlish days. I learnt that she made her husband's home so comfortable that he had no temptation to go out in the evenings. Their means were small, but her mother's example had not been lost, and with economy they lived in comfort.

Mothers! I leave these instances of the influences of a mother's example and teaching on the fate of the girl, to your consideration. May God teach you the importance of checking evil in the bud. May you resolve, with Maria's mother, that your girls shall never learn the love of dress from your example, or by your indulgence. L. T.

THE YOUNG TEACHER; OR, DANGEROUS COMPANIONS.—No. II.

"Green promise of the golden wheat that yieldeth angels' food."

A FEW evenings after the conversation with his father, Frank was home from school earlier than he was wont, and as soon as tea was over he disappeared for more than two hours, and this continued every evening for the whole week. This aroused the curiosity of the bright Florence. "I cannot think where Frank goes!" she said to her mother; "evening after evening he goes off, and just now he took his bag of books with him." "I dare say he goes out to read on the green seat," replied Mrs. Lamure; "or perhaps he walks over to your uncle's to read with Charles."

'Ah, perhaps he does. I did not think of that."

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When Frank returned, Florence asked him if he had seen her cousin Louisa. "No," he replied, "I have not seen her for a week." "Is she not at home, then?" cried the puzzled girl. "I really cannot tell." "Where have you been then, Frank?" Frank smiled, and walked into the study. Florence turned to her mother, and said, rather pettishly, "Frank always has some secret—I *hate* secrets." "Do you, my Florry? Why, I thought you were making a purse in your own room, to present to Frank on his birth-day; and you would not even allow him to go into the shop when you purchased the silk!" "Ah, that's a different thing, ma." "Well, I only know that you keep *your* secret, and Frank keeps *his;* so you must not blame him, as you really do not so very much dislike secrets, after all!"

The following evening, Florence came running in breathless haste to her mother, exclaiming, "I have found out the secret! I have found out Frank's secret! Oh, ma, it is so funny! Oh, what an odd brother I have got! I have seen such a sight, ma! Do come,—pray come." "Where am I to come, my child? tell me quietly where I am to go, and what I am to see." "Oh, ma, it will spoil the whole if I tell you—come and peep, do, pray do." "I do not like peeping, Florry." "Well, then, dear ma, come and go in at the door, only come."

The wondering mother yielded to the wishes of Florence, and accompanied her into the "North Yard," where she heard a noise as of many voices, when she approached the barn. Florence danced before and behind her mother with the greatest glee, laughing and jumping with delight, till they arrived at the door of the large barn. There, in the midst of half-a-dozen village boys, surrounded with books and slates, she beheld Frank, like a young missionary in the midst of the heathen. She walked quietly back to her parlour without being observed—her heart was too full to speak.

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At the usual time, Frank came in, and hanging up his bag of books, he took his seat by the fire. Florence could keep the secret no longer, but taking her brother round the neck she said, "We saw you! we have found you out." Frank smiled, and looked inquiringly at his mother. "So you have turned schoolmaster, my son, have you? Who are your pupils? and what do you teach them?" she asked. "Why, ma, the truth is, I heard that many of the village lads wanted to be taught to read, and I thought, if pa would lend me the barn, and agree to my plan, I could be of use to them, and so they come for an hour every evening. I bought a few things with my own money, and they are to give me two-pence a week to lay out in books and slates. You know, mamma, the Saviour went about doing good, and you often tell me He is our example; and as I cannot do good any other way, I thought I would try this plan." "A very good plan, my son. I hope you will always remember that the Saviour is our pattern, and do all the good you can to those who know less than you do yourself; and if you need a little cash to carry out your plan, I shall be happy to help you." "That just puts a thing into my head," said Florence. "I wish I might have a few little girls in the kitchen on Sunday afternoons to teach, as there is no Sunday school here, as there was at our last home—can I, ma?" "We will see about it, dear; your papa and I have been talking a little plan over, to aid our poor neighbours, and when we have settled it, you shall have a share in the arrangement." "Oh thank you, ma, then I shall be happy." "But, Florence," continued her mother, "you must bear in mind one thing which is of great importance to all who attempt to teach others, and that is, that unless you ask God to send his Holy Spirit to teach you first, you can never teach others in a proper way, nor lead them into a good path—if we would guide others to heaven, we MUST LEAD THE WAY."

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THE TWO MOTHERS.

"Selfishness is base and hateful; but love considereth not itself."

"Mrs. Notting, will ye be so good as lend me a candle? My old man will be home soon, and trust me if I have any light to set up for him to see my pretty face by; he will storm a good one, like a black November day, I guess; and my unlucky boys there, are burning all the small wood I have in my house to see to mend their bird-catching things with." This speech was made by Mrs. Allsop, a slatternly woman, who was a near neighbour of the tidy, orderly, generous Nancy Notting.

The kind woman arose from her work, and opened a little cupboard to cut her borrower a candle. Ally Allsop arose from her chair, and peeped across, exclaiming, "Well, to be sure, what a lot you have got, Nancy! I should think you have had a windfall, this Christmas time. Some people are always in luck's way; as for me, I suppose I am like the miller's man—'I care for nobody, no, not I; nor nobody cares for me.'" "Dear, no," replied the quiet Nancy, remembering only the first part of Ally's speech, "no one has given me anything, I assure you, nor do I expect anything." "Well, then, you are a mystery to me, Nancy, and that's all about it. Here, your husband has no more wages than mine, and I know he drinks away quite as much, for my Will tells me a near the matter about it, though he tells on't himself the same time, without knowing it; but that's always the way—when a man has been drinking, he loses his sober wits."

Nancy blushed, and looked unhappy for a moment, but soon recovering herself, she rejoined, "I manage as well as I can, and we have seldom any lack." "Ah!" replied Mrs. Allsop, looking very knowingly, "I heard a whisper, though, one day, that when *you* had dry bread at tea-time, you managed to eat it before George came home, to make believe you had all you needed, when you put a good

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supper before him; but, although you are so secret, George told my Will that he found it out through one of the little ones, and that he could not drink his pint at the Black Bear tap quite so comfortably after it; indeed, I watched the next evening, expecting he would stay at home until Jack Brown called him. Bless the woman! if ye be'nt a crying about it; well, I never! I am sure I would not have told ye, if I had thought ye would have taken on so."

Nancy smiled through her tears, and cheerfully replied, "My spirits are not very good to-day, I had not a very good night with baby; I do not think the little creature is quite well." "Well! how should he be *well*, poor thing! I am sure mine were bad enough; but, bless me, if I lived as carefully and sparingly as you do, they would have been unbearable. I took care to get all I could to keep up my strength, and let others fish for themselves; but I do often wonder how you manage to have needful things at the end of the week; for the life of me, I can't keep any money after the first few days; folks are all coming after their bills, and more than I have sometimes." "I do not know," said the gentle Nancy, "that I have any particular management; I was always taught by my good mother to have a little forecast, and now I find the profit of it. I just make a rough guess of what I shall want—what I can do without—what money I have to spend—what I need to lay by for the rent and the winter fuel—and then what I can't buy we must go without; and I do not mind that sort of thing myself, so as George and the children have all they need to make them comfortable. I don't think there is anything uncommon in my management, and I have no secret about the matter." "Bless the woman," exclaimed Ally Allsop, "why, you have said as good as a sermon to me; and, sure, I should think myself getting pretty nearly like an angel, if I could do all you say."

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Just then, the eldest son of Mrs. Allsop was heard calling at the top of his voice, "Mother! mother! where are ye gossipping? here's our father come home, and he is just about cross, because there's no light and nothing ready, and he is going to the club, somewhere." "Yes, yes," said Ally, "I am coming. I had no notion it was so late, but, in turning my head just now, I was going to ask the time, as I saw a little table laid for your good man's supper as nice as my lord's; and, dear me, oh! if the cloth isn't just as white and clean as if no little fingers lived in the house. Well—well, I must go; all seems so tidy and comfortable, I hardly know how the time passes along while I look round me. Good day, Mrs. Notting; you always have been, and I suppose you always will be, a downright mystery."

A PAGE FROM FRANCE.

THE YOUNG GARDE MOBILE'S "TREASURE OF TREASURES."

NO. II.

"From that moment," continued the host, "I observed my nephew closely,—I observed him, I must confess, without any indulgence, for I could not believe in the sincerity of these new sentiments. I thought always that he had beneath them some ill design—some mystery of duplicity. Soon, however, I was forced to acknowledge that I had been unjust in my judgment.

"Paul's state of health grew worse every day; the chest complaint with which he was attacked made alarming progress, and caused him sometimes fearful suffering. In these moments of anguish he would join his hands, raise his eyes to heaven, and murmur, in a low tone, phrases such as these,—'My Father, have pity! succour me;' sometimes, 'Not as I will, but as thou wilt;'—'Lord, I kno I believe, all things work together for good to those wl

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thou lovest.' But what touched me deeply, was his unchangeable gentleness. He was satisfied with every thing, and manifested so much gratitude for the little attentions that we paid him, that my wife, my children, and myself, were all greatly touched.

"'Paul is changed in one point,' I said to my wife one day, 'which causes me ceaseless astonishment—when he speaks of the goodness of God to him—of the peace with which he sees death approach—this staggers me more than I can express.' 'It is true,' replied my wife, 'and I ought at length to acknowledge one thing, which is this—PAUL IS A TRUE CHRISTIAN!' 'What do you mean by that? you and I are not pagans, I hope!' 'Oh, my dear husband,' my wife rejoined, 'God has not till now been the first object of our thoughts; if we have pronounced the name of Jesus Christ, it has been with our lips only, with indifference, and without thinking of what he has done for sinners; from Paul I have learned truths which are now my joy.' 'How, from Paul?' I asked. 'You shall hear how it happened. One day I raised in my arms the poor boy, whom a fit of coughing was suffocating; in moving his pillow, I caused a small book to fall on the ground. Judge of my surprise,—it was a New Testament! I said nothing, but replaced the book. The next day I spoke to Paul of my discovery. He told me that a soldier of the National Guard, who had been fatally wounded by his side, had given him this book before he died. Paul told me further, that its contents, by reading and prayer, had become to him the "TREASURE OF TREASURES," the source of the peace and happiness which he now enjoyed. From that day forward, when I was alone with him, he read to me passages from the New Testament, which he explained so simply and so clearly, that at length I understood and believed the truth, "that God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life."—John

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iii. 16. Paul wished to speak to you of these things, but he feared to do so. He said that such a fear was cowardly and unfaithful, and he besought God to grant him the courage he yet needed, in order to confess him before you, and before all the world.'

"My wife's communication made a deep impression upon me. God greatly blessed to us the conversation of the dear youth, so that at length my wife, my son, my daughter, and myself, could all say, like those spoken of in the Gospel—'Now we believe, not because of thy saying, for we have heard him ourselves, and know that this is indeed the Christ, the Saviour of the world.' Paul is no longer in the midst of us; but see," said he, placing his hand on the Bible, "see the living testimony of the good of which God allowed him to be the instrument; by means of this precious book, his 'TREASURE OF TREASURES,' by the faith that we place in its PROMISES, by the obedience that we *endeavour* to render to its commands, and still more by the words there written which live in our hearts, a peace unchangeable, and a happiness without alloy, have become our inheritance."

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

TALE-BEARING.

Turn a deaf ear to the backbiter. If thou receivest not his words, they fly back and wound the reporter. If thou dost receive them, they fly forward and wound the receiver.

A HOUSEHOLD HINT.

A mistress should be sometimes blind, and a servant sometimes deaf.

SLANDER.

Slander is a secret propensity of the mind to think ill of all men, and afterwards to utter such sentiments in scandalous expressions.

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"SHE MEANS WELL."

Many who "mean well" do not find time to carry out their meaning.

THINGS LOST FOR EVER!

Lost wealth may be restored by industry; lost health often regained by temperance; forgotten knowledge by study; alienated friendship smoothed into forgetfulness; reputation by penitence and virtue; but who ever looked upon his vanished hours—recalled his slighted years—stamped them with wisdom, or effaced from heaven's record the fearful blot of wasted time?

ARE YOU DESPISED?

Respect yourself, and you will be respected.

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

This is a simple rule, but the most useful that people can adopt in their every-day intercourse. There is a great deal of the "Paul Pry" spirit in the human heart, or wonderful inquisitiveness in regard to the personal and private affairs of friends and neighbours, and this causes terrible mischief, and creates more malice, envy, and jealousy in a year, than can often be overcome in a century. If everybody would just mind their own business, there would not be half the trouble in the world we now experience.

WHAT WILL MAKE US MORE HAPPY?

Thinking over the list of our mercies, and talking about the love of Christ and the joys of heaven.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Scholar's Friend. London: Bartlett.

A useful little serial for the Sabbath-school class, and a great favourite with little children.

Rhymes for the People. By WM. DREW. London: Arpthrope.

A cheap little book, with many energetic thoughts in it, by a temperance friend.

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THE MOTHER'S DEATH-GRASP.

"How seldom we dream of the mariners' graves,
Far down by the coral strand;
How little we think of the winds and waves,
When all we love are on land.
The hurricane comes, and the hurricane goes,
And little the heed we take—
Though the tree may snap as the tempest blows,
And the walls of our homestead shake.
But the north-east gale tells a different tale,
With a voice of fearful sound,
When a loved one is under a close-reefed sail,
On the deck of an 'Outward-bound.'"

WHO has not read with thrilling and sorrowful interest the account of the ill-fated *Amazon?* Who has not tried to imagine the terror of her passengers, who, awakening from their slumbers, and perhaps dreams of happiness and home, found themselves in a burning ship on the raging billows! But, amidst all the desolation and terror, there is one on whom the mind's eye rests with peculiar interest—a feeble woman—a mother!—holding on to the side of the burning vessel over the angry billows with one hand, while the other grasps her infant boy! Twice she lost him from her hold—but regaining him, with deathless energy she clasps him to her maternal bosom, and both are saved! What a sad memento will that precious boy be to her of the fearful night when she was written "widow," and her child "fatherless."

How wonderful are the ways of Providence!—a feeble woman with an infant boy are saved, while the father—the strong and the stout-hearted—finds a grave in the ocean wave! Ah, who can tell!—perhaps the father's deep anxiety to know where his precious ones were, amid that fearful tumult, might have prevented him from being saved himself! We have only heard of ONE among the multitude who seemed to care for nobody but himself. We

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are glad this was a gentleman, and not a lady, for it would have caused many of us to blush. We take it for granted, that he was a cold, calculating piece of individuality, with none to love him, and none to love!—neither lover, husband, nor father! We do not envy him.

The fearful account of the *Amazon*, and the death-like grasp of the mother, remind us of one mother who was drowned when the vessel in which she with her infant child were sailing was capsized, and she had held her boy above the waters until her arm became fixed in death. As her body was borne to the shore, the stiff, upraised arm revealed the history of her last fearful struggle, and love of her heart, seen in the mother's death-grasp. Another mother, who would do something for her child, as they were about to meet death, placed her green veil over its face, that it might not so distinctly see the horrors of the death it was about to die. One more instance of a mother's death-grasp, and we have done.

A poor widow, with an infant in her arms, was turning round the corner of a street in London, when she was suddenly met by a cart and a restive horse—the way was narrow, and there was no time for her to get out of the way. She saw death was inevitable. High above the danger she held her infant, and the shaft of the cart ran through her body, fastening her to the wall. When the crowd gathered round, she was still alive, and spoke only of her helpless babe. A kind-hearted gentleman, seeing her anguish, promised to take charge of it. She thanked God and expired!

Perhaps, every mother who reads this page would exhibit like devotion in the last extremity; but allow us to ask,—Are you equally anxious to shield your precious ones from that more dreadful death to which they are all exposed? Are you doing all you can to ward off the great enemy, and save your children from the flood of ungodliness which would swallow them up? Can you see them

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exposed to the contamination of sin, and all its misery, present and to come, and not strive with death-like energy to save them? Are you more anxious to save them from temporal death, than from that moral evil and spiritual death which awaits them at every step of their journey?

REPORT OF THE MATERNAL ASSOCIATION, CARR'S-LANE, BIRMINGHAM.

"The committee, in presenting their first annual report, would record their deep sense of obligation to the Giver of all Good, that they were led, by the perusal of Mrs. Sherman's 'Memoir,' to form a Maternal Association; at which formation they would not forget the kind aid rendered by their esteemed friend, Mrs. Finney, of America; and would here remark, that they have reason to believe, the instructive meetings they have so happily enjoyed together, have been given in answer to the fervent prayers long since presented by their esteemed pastor's wife, Mrs. J. A. James; and they have been stimulated with the thought, that if saints in heaven are permitted to look down upon earth, their glorified spirits must rejoice over those happy gatherings.

"The meetings have been edifying, and conducive to a more earnest piety in most of the members; they feel and acknowledge to each other, that they cannot attend the meetings without looking more closely into their own personal piety. During the past year, death has snatched away five of the children connected with the Association, but every mother is spared. We have wept with those who have wept, and rejoiced with those who have rejoiced. There are now sixty members in the Association.

"The committee mention with gratitude, that they have been permitted to form a branch at Balsall Heath, and the attendance there has been from twenty-five to thirty; and they have been greatly encouraged from the growing

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interest evinced by the members in the design of the Association. Subscribers to *The Mothers' Friend* here, sixty; at Garrison-lane Maternal Association, thirty-five members; number of subscribers to *The Mothers' Friend*, forty-two. At other places, also, promising meetings have been held."

A second report is before us, which we shall hope to give next month, and trust these happy movements may be a stimulus to others. One lady has the names of ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY subscribers for *The Mothers' Friend!*

ONE LITTLE EARLY LESSON!

A YOUTH, who was the son of highly respectable parents, was imprisoned for six months for robbery. Having been carefully educated, he was asked who had induced him to the *first* wrong step. He replied,—"My MOTHER! When very *young*, she would give me my medicine as sweetmeats, which in time I began to suspect, but my inquiry was put off by equivocation or denial. When old enough to take medicine like a man, I was told of the deception of earlier days. Having my mother's example in remembrance, I did not hesitate to deceive, when I deemed it necessary to accomplish my wishes—equivocation and lying are the necessary accompaniments of deceit—my conscience became seared; the downward path was easy; and to my own mother's false love I owe my present degraded position!" What fearful consequences, from lack of proper early training!

While on the subject of taking medicine, we would offer a few remarks. Though it is imperative on the parents to see that a medical man's orders are attended to, and all necessary medicine taken at the proper time, it is important to make little home-doses as agreeable as possible for dear little children; at the same time telling them it *is* medicine,

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that it is intended to do them good, and the means God has sent to heal the little body.

We knew one little girl who was in the habit of taking her dose of rhubarb and magnesia without "making a face." One day, when little Prissy was ill, her papa mentioned this circumstance to her aunt, who was on a visit. "I should like to see her take it," said the aunt, "for I have a sad fuss at home over medicine." The father was mixing the dose, and together they went to Prissy's crib with it. The little child jumped up as usual to take it; but, alas! no sooner was it in her mouth than it was out again over papa and aunt! "Well, I declare," said Mrs. S., "my children do as well as that!" "How can it be?" said the father in astonishment; "we will go and ask mamma." The problem was soon solved. Papa had mixed the dose instead of mamma, and he had forgotten to put in a bit of sugar! The poor child always had some in it before.

Many children will take this dose if made a little sweet, who would cry over it without—only a very little sugar will do, not enough to do harm. One more instance. A little girl who was ill refused to take her medicine. She was told by both parents that it was of great moment, and *must* be taken, adding, "It must be put down your throat with a spoon, if you do not take it willingly." She still refused, and the father held her while the mother poured it gently down as she was reclining; but from that time she has never refused her medicine, and when a little brother was old enough to understand, she was heard to say, as the dose was presented, "Come, brother, better take it now, like a good boy, than have it put down by ma!"

We have sometimes trembled to behold a dear little child dangerously ill, refusing anything and everything presented to do it good, from having been unaccustomed to obey in this point from infancy; and often we have heard medical men blamed for lack of skill, when the

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parents were the guilty party, for not attending to his orders—and, in more than one instance, death has been the consequence!

THE TWO MOTHERS.—No. II.

"Lo! thou art a landmark on a hill; thy little ones copy thee in all things."

"HERE's a fine house for a tired man to come home to!" said William Allsop, as his wife entered, "everything is at sixes and sevens. I heard my young missus talking about a book called 'Muddle,' and thinks I to myself, the lady who wrote that book has perhaps seen my muddle of a house." "May be so, Will," said Amy, tossing her head, and lighting the candle she had just borrowed, "and I should like to know what woman could help being in a muddle that has so little means brought home to keep a family with!" "Well, well, wife, do give me a bit of something to eat,—I want to be off again." "Ah, there it is, you are always off—off for ever! It was not so once: I am a miserable woman, and have a miserable family, everybody knows. I have had my tea, and you may get out yours, if you mean to be off as soon as you have swallowed it." Saying this, Amy seated herself by the few dying embers, and folded her arms under her apron.

"Now look ye, woman," said her husband, as he placed himself near her, "you know, while you had a tidy home for me, and a morsel of comfort, I did not go off to seek comfort elsewhere; but it's many a day since then—worse luck! For a poor man to come home weary in mind and body, and to find his bit of a house full of washing tubs, dirty dishes, crying children, every chair and table covered with everything but what ought to be on them, no fire in the grate, and a wife anything but kind—I should like to know who is to blame? Yes, yes, Amy, you may thank

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yourself for all the misery you have around you; and so, now, if you don't give me my supper in a little more peaceable way, why I can soon go and get a rasher, where folks know how to give a poor man a smile and a welcome. And now there's no time to be lost,—so jump up, or sit still, as it best suits you; only remember one thing, if you drive me from home to get food in comfort, of course you will have less money to take when I get my wages."

Amy now saw her husband was in earnest, and with a reluctant and lingering step she moved towards the dirty-looking cupboard, and took from it a crust of bread, which was the remains of a newly-baked penny loaf she had used at her tea, and a small bit of dry cheese. "I thought you had a bit of bacon left, Amy," said William, as he cast his eye over the table placed before him. "No, daddy," said little Ben, who was sitting in the corner, "mother has eaten it all up. I wanted some too, I did, and Jack is gone out cause mother 'fended him about it." "Oh, indeed! Jack is gone out is he, as usual, Amy?" said William, looking at his wife. "That boy will come to ruin in the end, I plainly see; can't you contrive to lead him into a better way, mother? I am away from him all day, but you always have the children under your eye." "No, indeed," replied Amy, "he is gone beyond my management. Nancy Notting says I did not begin early enough with him and with Sally, and I believe they are both going the wrong road, and I can't help it now,—and you do nothing to make them better, Will."

"Depend upon it, wife," said Will, "Nancy is pretty right, and I have long thought so, and my master one day made me think about the same thing. I was helping him to plant some young trees, and I chanced to put one in rather crooked,—'No, no, William,' says he, 'that won't do; your work will tell tales of you for years to come, if you put it in to grow wrong at first; just like little children,' says he, 'if parents begin to train them

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the wrong way early in life, they will run wrong for years after.' Thinks I, master, you are pretty right, for I feel the wrong doings of my young days working in me now. So you see, Amy, Nancy and master think near the matter alike. I only wish our children were like hers; I can't think how it is, but they are all so tidy and so comfortable, and yet George gets no more money than I do, and I don't see but he drinks as much at the Black Bear as I do. I shall see him presently—I will ask him. Now, young ones, go to bed, I am going out." "I won't go till mother does," said Ben. "I won't go till Ben does," said Annie; and she began to cry. This awoke the poor baby, who was sleeping in a wooden cradle just by; then the mother began to scold, and the father hastened off, to seek comfort among his companions at the club.

Mrs. Allsop now, with the crying baby in her arms, pushed aside the supper table, and leaving the door on the latch, and fragments of everything that had been used through the day scattered over her comfortless home, she went up from her muddle below stairs to her muddle above; driving, dragging, and carrying her grumbling and crying little party, with the feeling that she was a miserable mother, with a miserable family of unmanageable children. Alas! had she only learned that lesson to do all things "decently and in order," following the example of Him who pleased not himself, she would have found that godliness is profitable for the life that now is, as well as for that which is to come.

WILLIE AND THE BIRDS.

A TRUE STORY.

A LITTLE black-eyed boy of five
Thus spake to his mamma,—
"Do look at all the pretty birds,
How beautiful they are!

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How smooth and glossy are their wings,
How beautiful their hue ;
Besides, mamma, I really think
That they are pious too."

"Why so, my dear?" the mother said,
And scarce suppressed a smile.
The answer showed a thoughtful head,
A heart quite free from guile :—
"Because, when each one bows his head,
His tiny bill to wet,
To lift a thankful glance above
He never does forget ;
And so, mamma, it seems to me,
That very pious they must be!"

Dear child, I would a lesson learn
From this sweet thought of thine ;
And heavenward, with a glad heart turn,
These earth-bound eyes of mine.
Perfected praise, indeed, is given
By babes below to God in heaven.

B. D. C.

THE YOUNG TEACHER; OR, DANGEROUS COMPANIONS.—No. III.

"Character groweth day by day, and all things aid it in unfolding."

VERY soon Mr. Lamure made arrangements for conducting a Sabbath school in the kitchen, and Florence and Frank were delighted to help in teaching; and to the poor boys of the village Frank continued to act the little schoolmaster, and, although he had a considerable distance to walk to his own school, morning and evening, he was always in time to attend to his chosen work. Many of the boys were soon able to read and write, and some of them still live to bless Frank for the early teaching they received in the barn.

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A few years passed on, and Mr. Lamure removed with his family to a large town, where Frank appeared the thinking, useful lad, and became an active Sabbath-school teacher. It was his happiness to be introduced to a few pious young men, who felt anxious to lead him on in the good road they had themselves found so very "pleasant." "Will you take a walk with us to-morrow morning, at five o'clock?" asked Ernest Trueman, as they were shaking hands one summer's evening. "That is rather early,—where are you going?" asked Frank. "Oh, never mind *where*, we will lead you into no mischief,—will you go?" "I will, if I wake in time." "Well, make up your mind to go with us, and you will awake, I have no doubt. We shall make just half-a-dozen of us if you go; and you will return with a good appetite for your breakfast and no sin on your conscience by accompanying us." "Well, I shall hope to awake in time," Frank replied, and the young friends separated.

Frank was at the meeting place in time, and the party walked together to a distant wood. At a retired place, where no eye could penetrate, they sat down, and Ernest drew from his pocket a small Bible, and read a chapter. Then another of the group offered up a short prayer to the God of heaven; and this varied exercise of reading and prayer, by each in turns, lasted for half an hour, when they returned to their homes, happy and cheerful, talking of Jesus as a "pattern" and a "friend." Thus Frank walked on towards heaven, in company with those who had sought and found "wisdom" early in life.

But the time came when Frank was called to leave the happy home where the morning of his days had opened so delightfully, and mingle in the great city with various characters, to study the art of healing, which he had chosen as a profession.

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PAGE FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.

"A babe in a house is a well-spring of pleasure, a messenger of peace and love."

To an affectionate mother, the first few months of the life of her babe is a season so bright, so new, so interesting, that in after-life she looks back upon it as a dream of more than earthly happiness; and in these sunny days she forgets the clouds of the past. As she watches the unfolding organs of the fragile yet immortal creature committed to her care, she seems to live and move in a new atmosphere; and if she is a *Christian* mother, her prayers for her helpless treasure go up to the throne of heaven for blessings on its young head—she opens her "mouth for the dumb."

It has been said that the first two or three months is the only period of a mother's perfect enjoyment, as dentition, with its accompanying train of ills and pain, mar the pleasure of future days, and the little temper, too, has not yet grown into fretfulness; but we think the whole time that a babe derives nutriment from its mother is to her a season of peculiar delight. What exquisite feelings thrill through her heart as she looks down into the bright eyes beaming up into hers, and feels the velvet-like touch of the tiny, soft, and beautiful hand, passing up and down her cheek, silently telling her of enjoyment and love! How soon can a nursing mother hush the sorrows and dry the tears of the little being who has only just taken hold of this life of trial, and what sacrifice of personal comfort will she make to enjoy the society of the young voyager on her lap! We know some devotedly tender mothers who are deprived of this delight, not from choice, but from physical inability, and we deeply sympathise with them, for they lose pleasure beyond our power to describe. Allow us to say to you, young mother, that it is very important you should guard

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your own health and watch over your own spirit, while this season lasts, with more than usual solicitude; and while your dear one enjoys this season of quietness in the first dawn of life, and you hush it to its dreamless sleep, lift up your heart to Him who was once a babe in Bethlehem, but is now exalted to impart gifts and graces, and strength and wisdom to every anxious, praying mother.

THE WIFE.—No. III.

We cannot for one moment charge it upon our own sex, that in all cases *they* have caused the briars and thorns to spring up around them, for we know many who have much to bear, and who almost seem to have angelic patience; and we think there is much truth in the saying of an old divine, that "Some men are always showing their bitterness by words—grow quarrelsome—find fault with every thing—grow into a passion upon every little occasion, and often try blows! Such men have little growing in their furrows but wormwood. They have a true gall of bitterness in them, and may be compared to the star in the Revelation, for as that made the third part of the waters bitter, so are more than three parts of the words of many husbands bitter words. Yea, as if their natural frowardness were not enough, some men will sharpen and whet their tongues to sound out cursed words like swords or arrows; yea, some are so unappeasable, their anger is like the fool's wrath."

We believe the number of unhappy marriages is very considerable. There are many persons whose passions are too violent, or whose tempers are too sordid, to permit them to be happy in any situation; and there are some so vicious, who will neither be happy themselves, nor suffer others with whom they reside to have an hour's peace.

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Then, again, we sometimes see persons united whose dispositions are wholly incompatible with each other. They are constantly verging off to the opposite points of the compass. Of course, where persons marry for family distinction, acquiring or repairing fortunes, obtaining rank, or gratifying in any way ambition or avarice, without feeling an atom of affection for each other, nothing but misery is before them,—and really, to say truth, we can scarcely sympathise with them. The fetters that bind such, although they may be made of fine *gold*, must, indeed, be galling, and the thought that they are riveted for *life* must augment the anguish.

Then, again, there is the lack of little attentions on the part of the husband, sometimes, that causes a sensitive mind much pain. Oh, how much is included in "*little things!*" Speaking on this subject, Cowper says—

> "As similarity of mind,
> Or something not to be defined,
> First fixes our attention;
> So manners decent and polite,
> THE SAME WE PRACTISED AT FIRST SIGHT,
> Must save it from declension!"

Some husbands, who are really very kind in *private*, seem to claim the privilege of being very *unkind* in *public*; or, at least, of manifesting roughness of manner and words, as if it were a sin to *appear* to love a wife! In conversation she will get a snap or a rude contradiction that makes her heart leap back to its place and her eyes fill with tears, which she is afraid will be seen. Aye, and she is often afraid, too, that observers will form a wrong estimate of her husband's character. How different was the conduct before marriage! How very polite, and gentle, and loving everywhere! Again we repeat—

> "The same we practised at first sight
> Must save it from declension."

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MOTHERS' RESPONSIBILITIES.

"Ah, Mrs. Gray, what a time it is since I have seen you!—we meet but seldom now; I suppose you are like myself, much occupied with your growing family?" "Well, indeed, it is so, Mrs. Bell; not only does every day bring its cares, but every day seems to turn up some fresh anxiety or other—so that I am fully employed from morning to night." "Never mind, Mrs. Gray, it is good to be usefully and profitably engaged." "As to that, Mrs. Bell, no doubt you are right; but I fear I must look a good while before I find the profit of my labour!"

"I met your little Charley, Mrs. Gray, the other day; what a nice boy he grows! He spoke so prettily, and said you were all well. What school does he go to?" "Why, I have not sent him to any yet." "Dear me, Mrs. Gray, have you not? Why he is quite old enough, I should think, and it would be such a relief to you to place him under the care of a kind and affectionate master, who would watch over him both for time and eternity."

"As to that, Mrs. Bell, I am told that in our new school religion is taught very nicely, and I thought of sending him there." "That may be, Mrs. Gray, but I have no idea of teaching children religion, the same as you teach to write or to sum. Mr. Price called at our house the other day, and he got talking to my husband about this very thing. He said, 'Mr. Bell, when do they teach religion in the school to which you send your little boy?' My husband looked at him, and replied, 'Why, Mr. Price, you might as well go into the shop of our thriving neighbour over the way, and ask him, "Mr. Thrifty, when do you get profit?"—he would smile, and tell you, "Why, Sir, we never lose sight of it—it is our aim from morning to night, the mainspring of all we do!" So of the teaching of religion in our school—it mingles with all

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we do; we aim to control and regulate the passions—to show the value and importance of truth—the sinfulness of using bad words—that every boy owes a duty to his schoolfellows — that submission and order are duties which we must learn to practise—that his parents claim his first affections, and he must ever strive to please them—that the Bible is the Word of God, and must be our only rule and guide in all things, and that they must love and serve Him supremely; and this they must do, not only because it is right and proper in itself, but because God has commanded it. Now we think this the best, if not the only way of teaching children religion—and, to do it effectually, you must have a man for your teacher who is himself a Christian; and in proportion as he knows and loves the great truths of the Gospel, will he strive to make them known and understood by the children committed to his care.' 'Well, Mr. Bell, there may be some truth in what you say, but I have not been in the habit of looking at it in this light.' This passed between my husband and Mr. Price. Yet there is a deal of responsibility, Mrs. Gray, attaches to mothers—we must be ourselves what we wish our children to be; example is better than precept, and far better understood. We must never forget the old saying, 'Little pitchers have wide ears.'

"I was astonished the other day," continued Mrs. Bell, "at some observations my little girl made upon a conversation I had with Mr. Price. The little thing seemed to be very busy and attentive to her own matters, but she heard every word, and, what is more, thought about it too. I was very near making some unkind observations upon our neighbour at the top of the Row—and when the child was speaking, how glad I was to think I did not; it brought fresh to my recollection the pious resolution of Bishop Beveridge, "never to say behind a person's back what you would not say before his face." But

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our responsibility also implies, that we teach and instruct our children, and the first great lesson is this—that we make them fully understand we mean all we say, and intend to be obeyed. On no account must they be allowed to gain their point by perseverance. A short time back, Sarah Burk came to spend a few weeks with us—she is really a nice child, but sadly spoiled. She is a most tiresome little thing, always wanting something; and the moment she has it, throws it down, and teases for something else. One day she was more provoking than usual, when I told her, if she did not behave better, I must whip her. The little miss pertly replied, 'You dare not—I am not your child.' I answered, with a firmness of look and voice which astonished the young lady, that if I heard that again, she should see if I was any longer to be trifled with. She immediately sprang to her feet, muttering, 'If she must—she must!' I had overcome, and during the rest of her stay I had comparatively little trouble with her. I watched her with the greatest interest, and pitied both her and her mother."

"Well, I must go now, Mrs. Bell, or else I shall be too late for my husband's dinner, and I always make a point of having it ready by the time he comes in; for it is trying, you know, to a man's temper, when he comes in hungry and tired, to find everything behind-hand, and have to wait till the last minute before he can get his hasty meal; it is sure to make words, and is a strong temptation to him to stop at the beer-shop, where, if he calls for a glass of ale, it is handed to him immediately, with a cheerful smile. I am sure I don't wonder that many husbands are what they are, when I see the goings-on of some of their wives—but, good-bye, I'll come again soon."

M. B.

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"HE MADE HIM A COAT OF MANY COLOURS."

"Only me."

A MOTHER had two children, both girls. The younger was a fair child; but the elder was very beautiful and the mother's pet. Her whole love centered in this child, and she gave her the pet name of "Sweet," and lavished on her all the kindness that ardent affection could bestow, while the less beautiful child was neglected.

One day, after a severe illness, the mother was sitting in the parlour, when she heard a childish step upon the stairs, and her thoughts were instantly with the favourite. "Is that you, Sweet?" she inquired. "No, mamma," was the sad, touching reply, "*it is not Sweet*,—IT IS ONLY ME!" The mother's heart smote her, and from that time, "Only me" was restored to a place in her affections.

Have you an "*Only me*" in your family, mother? Oh, then, quickly resolve she shall be "SWEET!"

THE LITTLE NURSE.

I LOVE dear little children so,
A nurse-maid I should like to be;
Whene'er I hear a baby cry,
I long to take it on my knee.

I long to nurse it on my arm,
To let it nestle in my breast;
To keep it close, and snug, and warm,
As if I were its little nest.

And when it smiles, I smile again;
And if it cries, my eye is wet,—
Poor little baby is in pain,
I think, or wherefore does it fret?

And then I love to coax it so,
And sing a little baby song;
"A lullaby,—gee up—gee O!
Crow, little baby, crow, ding dong."

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Oh, I should like a nurse-maid's place,
To see the little darling fed;
To dress it, comb it, wash its face,
And tuck it in its little bed.

To sing it gently off to sleep,
To soothe it when I hear it cry;
To have it all mine own to keep,
To watch it, guard it, ever nigh.

To teach its little tongue to say,—
"O gentle Jesus, meek and mild,"
As I have here been taught to pray,
A little orphan work-house child.

O—— S.

A PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

"A man's life is a tower with a staircase of many steps,
That, as he toileth upward, crumble successively behind him.
No going back—the past is an abyss; no stopping—for the past perisheth;
But ever hasting on precarious on the foothold of To-day."

TUPPER.

DID you ever read this thought before? Read it again, it is as true as beautiful! Life, *your* life, is like this staircase. You are at this moment putting your foot on one of the stairs—take heed! Go back you cannot; all the stairs over which you have passed are crumbled and gone for ever from beneath your feet. Move on you must; for the step on which you are at this moment placing your foot is going, going to the dust also. Take heed, look up, you need a guiding and supporting hand; take firm hold of the arm that supports the pillars of the universe; then look up to gather strength ere you lift the foot again—the next step may be your last. "There is but a step between you and death." "Nonsense," you say, "I am on firm ground, and can go backward or forward at my will." Ah! can you? well, so thought Emily E——; listen to her tale.

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Who was so happy as Emily? Loved and petted in her own family, admired by all who knew her, secure in the affections of him in whom centered all her hopes, the happy day of their nuptials was fixed, and busy had she been, preparing for the great event. Fatigued, and a little excited, she retired in the evening to rest, but sleep came not, and becoming more and more restless, she rang the bell; the family were aroused, and hastening to her room, found her in great excitement. Medical aid was immediately procured, and the symptoms declared to be alarming; violent fever ensued; her beautiful hair, her ornament and her pride, was removed, and ice applied to the throbbing temples, but all in vain—the fever triumphed; reason left her seat, and after suffering for twelve hours, she sank exhausted, and gently breathed away her spirit.

Truly, we know not what is before us, and it is well we do not. "Hope for the best, and prepare for the worst," said a good man to his wife, when he was dying. Sometimes, indeed, we are anxious to pry between the folded leaves—but, generally, the knowledge would not add to our comfort. Our wisdom is to be daily meetening for heaven, then we are ready to rejoice or to suffer, to live or to die. How often has many a bright morning been darkened, and clouds covering the landscape have burst in a terrible storm when least expected. Do not take the next step *alone*, lest you step into darkness; there is a hand ready to guide, take it, and be happy.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy who is whipped to school, never learns his lesson well. A person who is compelled to work, cares not how badly it is performed. He who pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his sleeves in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man admired.

A cheerful spirit gets on quick;
A grumbler, in the mud will stick!

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FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

SPOILED CHILDREN AND GRUMBLERS.

Some people are never content, let what will happen. Clouds and darkness are ever over them, and under them, in rain and sunshine; to them, every incident is an accident, and every accident a calamity, and every shower of rain will end in a Noah's flood! Like spoiled children when they have their own way, they like it no better than your way. How like the little boy of whom we have read! He was crying because his mother had shut the parlour door. "Poor thing!" said a neighbour, "you have shut the child out." "It is all the same to him," said the mother; "he would cry if I called him in and then shut the door. It is the peculiarity of that boy, that if he is left rather suddenly on either side of the door, he considers himself shut out and rebels accordingly!" How many tall children are like this naughty boy!

BEGIN EARLY.

Wicked dispositions should be checked betimes, for when they become habits they grow incurable.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Teacher's Offering for 1851. Ward and Co., London.

An attractive, instructive, and very beautiful little volume for an offering at home or at school.

The Infant Class. By Charles Reed. Sunday School Union.

A book full of thoughts that parents and teachers would do well to study.

Dictionary of Domestic Medicine. Groombridge, London.

First number of a very useful family book.

Messenger of Mercy. Aylott and Jones, London.

A suitable little periodical to place in the hands of those who are loitering in the "broad road."

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THE TWO MOTHERS.—No. III.

"There be that count thy tears; He hath numbered the hairs of thy head."

"WELL, mate," said George Notting, as William Allsop entered the snug little room at the Black Bear, "I was wondering you were so late—where have you been?" "Oh, why, as usual, there was nothing ready for me when I went home, and right glad I am to escape; depend upon it, I don't stay in a filthy, uproarious house longer than I can help. Washing tubs—half-dry garments—broken dishes—potato parings—leaves of cabbages—a dirty hearth without fire, and squalling children, are pretty nearly enough to drive a poor weary man out of his reason, and cause enough to make him leave a place called home, for such a snug little room as this, with a tidy hearth and a smiling company! Come, square round, to give me a corner!"

"Why, man," said Harry Lee, addressing William Allsop, "while listening to your description of a comfortless home, thinks I to myself, you and I seem to have very different sort of women for our wives, and yet they *both* drive us to seek comfort here. Your wife, it seems, seldom 'cleans up,' and mine is for ever scrubbing—go home when a man will, you are sure to find the chairs and tables dancing about, one after the other, like peas in a frying-pan. Mops, brooms, pails of water, and flowing waves meet you at every step, and one can never go right; put your poor foot where you will, it is sure to be the wrong place! I asked my Sally, just now, if I hadn't better chop off my feet at once, for the floor is too clean for them!—the hearth is too clean for them!—the fender is too clean for them! I thought, if I could find out any special favourite of hers, it would be a good thing to ride in to supper upon his back. 'Why, Sally, my girl,' says I, 'thou art

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always cleaning up, and never clean; thou hast found out the perpetual motion master talks about.' This put her out—and then she put *me* out; and as the monkeys were up and grinning on both backs, I very soon cut off. I never did see anything like it; the house hasn't time to dry, before splash goes the water again. It is as good as a yard of new flannel round a man's heart to find a dry house, and the mop and broom out of sight."

"Well, Notting," said William Allsop, when Lee had finished, "of all the tidy, comfortable, neat houses I ever see in my day's walk, YOURS beats all. I looked in but now, as I came by, to see if you were gone; and, behold me, there sat your wife and her daughter, as neat as a new pin—her home like a palace, and all the younger children gone to bed, after having said to her all their Sunday-school lessons. I had a very good mind to sit down with them, but I took second thought. I mind, my father used to read about a good wife in the Bible, where it says—and I remember what I heard in those days better than what passed a week ago—'She looketh well to the ways of her household;' and your Nancy does this, if ever a wife did."

George Notting hung down his head, and knocked his pipe upon the bar of the grate, with a look that betokened anything but peace. "You don't make any answer, mate! Isn't it true that you have a good wife?" And as he asked the question, he gave him a smart rap on the shoulder, which made him start. "Yes," George quickly replied, as he gave a very long puff; "and more than that, she is a good woman too." He gave another long puff, and was silent for some time. His companions began to rally him, but there was something wrong about his heart and his conscience—he could not be merry as usual. "I have heard say," said he, as he arose to leave the room, "that a look may work ruin, and a word create wealth. A mote in the gunner's eye is as bad as a spike

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in the gun." "What does he mean?" asked Harry Lee. But George Notting was gone.

THE SHORT CANDLE.

A LITTLE girl was working by the light of a candle—it was burnt down almost to the socket—she plied her needle very fast, and at length she exclaimed, "Oh dear, I must be very industrious, for this is the only candle I have, and it is almost gone!" May we not learn wisdom from this little girl? Life is but a short candle—it is almost gone, and I have no other! How earnestly engaged should I be in every duty of life—how careful to do my work while the candle burns, lest the darkness of death suddenly overtake me! How alive should I be to the immortal interests of my household!—how anxious to bring all I can to the cross of Jesus!—how active in making as many happy as I can, and doing all the good within my reach—consecrating every talent to Him, whose I am, and whom I serve!

Mothers! you have a mighty work to do, and, it may be, very little time in which to do it. Make haste, the candle is very short, and will soon be down in the socket.

"Life is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to ensure the great reward!"

"Whatever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might, for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest."

A SEED SOWN FOR IMMORTALITY.

Sown to live for ever! Mothers! you have often sown seeds, have you not? You love your gardens, and you sow them with the choicest seeds you can get; but did you ever put into them seeds which were to grow up and live

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for ever? Your sweet peas—your mignionette—all your flowers have withered and died. You expected them to do so, and were not disappointed; but many of us have sown the precious seed of which I speak—sown them with tears, and with bleeding hearts. Look at the First of Corinthians, 15th chapter, 42nd, 43rd, and 44th verses.

Mothers! have you ever lost an infant? If so, *you have sown one seed for immortality.* You saw it laid in the ground, and it was covered from your sight, like some tiny seed; but the winter will ere long pass away. The beautiful spring—the bright morning of the resurrection—will soon be here. The earth will heave with new life, and the flowers burst forth from it in fresh beauty.

Did you think of this when you lost your little ones? Oh, how sweet these thoughts are! How consoling to a mother's heart! If you are a Christian yourself, you may well rejoice; when the first struggle is over, you may visit the little mound of earth, and look forward with joy to the time when the trump of the archangel shall call your darling forth to an eternity of joy and blessedness, body and soul re-united.

But why do I write thus? Sweet as these thoughts are, far different ones compelled me to take up my pen. *Unconverted mother!* I was thinking of *you*,—caring for *you*. Yes, it was love for you that filled my heart. What an awful thought to be the mother of a babe—to give it up to God—to lay it in the grave, and to know that you have parted with it *for ever!* You have, indeed, sown a seed for immortality, but with what different prospects to those of the believing mother. Your infant is in heaven, and you are on the road to hell! There is no middle path—no middle state. Christ or Satan! Heaven or hell! Mother, think! DO think of these things, while yet you may. Jesus said, "*Suffer the little children to come unto me;*" and he also says, "WHOSOEVER *will*, let him come." If you have not *the will* to come, go and ask for it, for He hath

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said, "Every one that asketh receiveth." It is a solemn thing to be a mother!—to have SOULS given into our charge on earth—to have happy spirits belonging to us in heaven! MARY.

Oxford.

THE WIFE.—No. IV.

THERE is one class of wives who need especially heavenly wisdom; those who have become truly pious *since their marriage*, and have husbands who are yet opposed to the Gospel. How important, in such a case, that the wife should show, by her bright example, her daily walk, her "holy conversation," how lovely a thing religion is: how wisely should she use her influence—how gracefully should she yield in matters of little moment—how *firm* where the Bible points out her duty.

"Many a wife," says an author, "has, by her devoted and kind attentions in a season of sickness, drawn back to herself that cold and alienated heart which neither her charms could hold, nor her claims recover." How often has the patient suffering of a wife, amidst persecution and unkindness, spoken with a loud voice to her husband in his seasons of solitude; and what a certain key to unlock the door of mercy for him has her simple, believing prayer proved! We will give a few illustrations as we pass along.

A husband one evening told his wife that if she went to the Sanctuary of God he would shut the door against her for the night. She, however, went, and on her return found that he had kept his word. She quietly left the door, and repaired to a barn to pass the night; before she lay down to rest she committed herself to Him who never sleeps, and prayed for her husband, still beloved, though unkind. The husband's heart began to relent, and he glided out to see where she had taken up her abode for the night, and reached the barn while she was in the act of

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praying for *him*. This was too much; he turned into the barn, saying, "Mary, you may come in!" She did so, and was privileged to be the means of his conversion. Is there not a God in heaven who hears and answers prayer? THERE IS. Think of the value of a soul, and of the ineffable glory of being the instrument of leading one soul to the foot of the cross; but if that one should be a beloved husband, how cheering! Think how it will strengthen, and sanctify, and sweeten the bond which unites you on earth, while it will brighten the prospect of separation with the thought of meeting again as kindred spirits in heaven.

When Livia had attained such an ascendancy over her husband, that there was scarcely anything he would refuse her, although he was emperor of the world, we are told that many of the married ladies of Rome were anxious to know the secret and the source of her success, to whom she replied,—"I RULE BY OBEYING!"

We read that Monica, the mother of Augustine, and the wife of Patricius, always endeavoured to win her husband over to the service of Christ by her amiableness of manner, and by patiently bearing the unkind treatment she received from him; his temper was passionate, but his spirit benevolent. By perfect silence and composure she knew how to bear with him when angry, and when she saw him cool would meekly expostulate with him. Matrons sometimes complained to her of the severe treatment they received from their husbands, and whose tempers were yet milder than that of Patricius. She replied to them,—"Learn to govern your tongues—and always remember your inferiority." They expressed their surprise that this pair had never lived at variance for a single day, especially considering the violence of Patricius. She informed them of the plan she pursued. Those Roman matrons who followed her example were ever very thankful for its success; those who did not, experienced nothing but vexation. At

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length, Monica gained her husband, and the heathen emperor died in the faith of Jesus. Had she not a rich reward on earth? will she not rejoice over him in heaven? Have you a husband living far from God? try what sweetness, *meekness*, *kindness*, *attention*, *smiles*, and PRAYERS will accomplish—tell us the result.

OUR OLD BIBLE.

I LOVE, when Sunday morning's come,
And father's with us all at home,
His spade and mattock put away,
When mother looks so pleased and gay,
To get the Bible from the shelf,
(I now can reach it down myself,)
And open it on father's knee,
For him to read to George and me.
Both George and I can read and spell,
But not in our old Bible, well;
The print's so queer, the S's long,
They're so like f's, we read them wrong.
But father always reads them right,
Although he tells us that his sight
Was better far in days by-gone;
And then he puts his glasses on,
And sees as well as George and me—
I can't think how they make him see!
I put them on sometimes for fun,
But it's like looking at the sun;
The reading all looks like a fog,
And Georgie looks just like a log.
Then father asks, "What shall I read?"
George likes to hear how Moses freed
The Jews from cruel Pharaoh's hand,
To take them to the promised land—
The land where milk and honey flow,
And grapes like sloes on hedges grow;
And David, with a shepherd's sling,
A pebble from the brook could fling

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So straight, that he the giant slew;
And father says,—"it all is true."
I find the place—I know it well—
Where cruel brothers Joseph sell;
And dip his coloured coat in blood,
As if some lion from the wood
Had killed the lad, and how they went
And took it to their father's tent;
How Jacob wept. Then George and I
See a big tear in father's eye!
It seems to make his glasses dim.
"Now, Jane," he says, "that little hymn."
And then he shuts the book, and prays
That George and I in wisdom's ways
May always walk—may love the Lord—
May trust His gracious, holy Word,
Who gave His darling to be slain,
For father, mother, George, and Jane.

S.

THE YOUNG TEACHER; OR, DANGEROUS COMPANIONS.—No. IV.

"He that rideth on the hurricane is pilot of the bubble on the breaker."

Mrs. Lamure was sitting with Annie, her youngest child, when a letter was presented to her from her absent son. "Oh, mamma, another letter from Frank!" exclaimed Annie; "oh, how glad I am! But why do you always cry, mamma, when you get a letter from my brother now? You used to be so glad when the postman came. Why is it, ma? Is my brother ill? or has he done anything to make you unhappy? or what is it?"

Mrs. Lamure replied, as she wiped her tears, "Your brother is not well, dear, and I have felt anxious about him for some time; this makes me weep when I get his letters now. You know, Annie, your papa and I are very desirous that you may all be happy, not only during the

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short pilgrimage of life, but in eternity." "Yes, mamma, I know you are; but is Frank changed, then? for we used to call him 'the praying boy' in the nursery." "I hope, my love, he will soon come home for rest and change of air, and then we shall know all about it."

"Oh," exclaimed Annie, "I am so very glad Frank is coming home, for he tells me so many things about the sun and moon and stars, and how things are made. I remember now all he told me about making needles and pins; and how Queen Elizabeth had only large, clumsy pins, made of bone and ivory." "I am glad my little girl remembers what her brother told her; perhaps she can tell me where pins were first used." "Yes, that I can, mamma; in France." "And what are pins made of?" "Brass wire, mamma. Frank told me that it would take twenty men to make a pin. Only think, how funny!" "I suppose, Annie, he meant all the men who would be engaged, from the time of digging the copper out of the mine, to the finishing the fine point, and little round head." "You mean brass, mamma; they are made of *brass* wire." "No, I mean copper, dear; for brass is made of copper and zinc; but I am glad you remember thus far." "Oh, but, mamma," said Annie, "do you know, the very best thing I used to like Frank to talk about was that great city that was burned by liquid fire, so many hundred years ago; some call it 'the city of the dead;' but that is not the right name, ma." "You mean Herculaneum and Pompeii, I suppose." "Oh yes,—the names are rather hard; and then there is the great mountain, too, he told me about, that poured out the fire." "Yes, dear, Vesuvius." "Only think, mamma, how dreadful it must have been to have had the boiling fire coming into all the doors and windows of the houses; and Frank told me the people were all busy at work, and some were in the market; and one old man's skeleton was found in the cellar, with a bunch of keys in his hand, when the men dug into th

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houses. Frank supposed he was a miser, and had all his treasure there; but they were all burned together,—the prince and the poor man,—the little children and the mothers." "Yes, dear, it was really so; for a lady, who has written home from the spot, has told us a great deal about it; but here comes papa; we will talk about it some other time." "Oh, do let us, mamma!"

MOTHERS' RESPONSIBILITIES.—No. II.

"I was so pleased," said Mrs. Gray, "with our conversation the other day, Mrs. Bell, that I determined, the first opportunity I had, to pay you another visit—but I was glad I left you as I did, last time, for when my husband came home to dinner he was quite out of sorts, poor man; but I had every thing ready for him, and did all I could, silently, to soothe him—the children I kept still with a book, for he was not in a state to bear worry; and seeing he was a good deal vexed, I said nothing to him, but lifted up my heart that he might have comfort and support from Heaven.

"After dinner he recovered himself a little, and told me his master had been very unreasonable, and had used some hard words which tried his temper very much; but he said he knew that, a little before, his master had been sorely vexed by a customer. 'Therefore,' said he, 'I ought to have been prepared to put the lesson you and I have learned into practice, to bear and forbear; but, instead of that, I got teasing myself by reasoning in the old way—that it was not true what he had said, and therefore very unjust, forgetting that, if it had been true, I should have had no *right* to complain, and that the only merit was in suffering *patiently* the wrong; as Peter argues, "for what glory is it, if, when ye be buffeted for your fault, ye shall take it patiently?—but if, when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God."—I don't

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know how it is, but somehow or other it seems so natural to rebel when one is called to suffer wrongfully. It was but the other day, Ben Willis put himself into a towering passion about something that had happened in the shop, and he said he was not going to stand all this—there was not a word of truth in it, and he would have it all out, "see if I don't!" Now I saw directly, in his case, how much better it would be to be quiet and say nothing, and the thing would soon blow over,—and as soon as master cooled down, he would see he had been wrong, and, I am sure, would have been sorry for it, for he is a good master, though a little hasty; yet no sooner did it touch me, than I fell into the same snare, and it was as much as ever I could do to keep my tongue within my teeth, and I came home here like a bear robbed of her whelps, ready to quarrel with the least thing. But your gentleness, Mary, quieted me, and your silence overcame me—nothing else would have done—had you spoken like an angel, I should have answered like a demon. What queer creatures we are! I don't wonder at the misery there is in the world, in so many families—nothing but the grace of God will do, when we have to wage war with the corrupt passions of the evil heart. I have heard Ben Willis argue very well, but he is sure to go wrong when anything is amiss; but I pity the poor fellow, for I think if I had his home I should go crazy. He is well-inclined—not fond of the public-house, but his wife is such a dirty creature, so noisy, so fond of gossip, for ever running about among her neighbours; and, many a time, before we were married, have I heard her in a precious brawl, for I then lived in the same Court. Her poor children are under no control. I called, one day, to see Ben, and as he was not at home, I sat down a minute, and they were running about like little wild creatures—one got under my chair, another got up behind, and a third, a nice, round-faced, curly-headed little boy, stood grinning before me, apparently heartily enjoying the fun. The

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mother, I saw, was in a perfect stew—she scolded, soft and loud—she entreated, but it was all in vain. She then made a desperate effort to catch the young urchin before me, but he, aware of her intention, dashed away in a moment, and, in his haste, ran against a chair where the baby was asleep—down came the poor baby and the chair, and they were all sprawling on the floor together. This was too much, she could stand it no longer—the other two chaps instinctively saw the coming storm, and ran off, jumping over the baby and the chair, and stood laughing outside. I now thought it was high time for me to go, so while she was picking up the child I bid her good-day, without waiting for an answer—but it is time for me to return to my work. Mary, I owe you much—a good wife is from the Lord.'

"Now you see, Mrs. Bell, there is in all this an important lesson for us, and our responsibilities are neither few nor small. There is, to be sure, much wickedness in the world; but, I fear, a great deal of it may fairly be laid at our door. The men, you know, are but like ourselves, after all; and then they have to work hard, as well as bear with the tempers of their employers and fellow-workmen; and they naturally enough look for comfort and happiness at HOME, and perhaps are thinking of it all the way they come; and then, how very trying to have to wait for their dinner till it is almost time to return to their work,—while the wife, uncomfortable and dissatisfied with herself, is most perplexingly busy, the children are snubbed and driven about, and the good man himself comes in for a large share of these domestic miseries. Shall it be for a wonder if, on his way home in the evening, he is tempted to turn aside, and join the drinking husbands, trying to forget his troubles there, while his family are made, like himself, miserable. My poor father used to say of public houses that they were 'beggar-making shops,' and I am sure they are the beginning of most miseries. Good day, Mrs. Bell."—M. B.

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SECOND REPORT OF THE MATERNAL ASSOCIATION, CARR'S-LANE, BIRMINGHAM.

THE committee, in reviewing the past year, feel that a sacred seriousness pervades the mind, in that the cypress leaf has been dropped in their midst again and again. Two seats are vacant, but those departed are, doubtless, "for ever with the Lord." From two of their number the cherished arm of flesh has been wrested, but the Omnipotent arm of infinite love has been outstretched, and the cry resounded, "a father of the fatherless and a judge of the widow is God in his holy habitation." Then, again, two opening buds, just promising to shed fragrance around the maternal path, have been suddenly wafted away to bloom in a more congenial soil. The fact will at once present itself, that alternate grief and joy has taken possession of the breast. To some, the past year has been one of sorrow—to others, pleasure and joy. In the retrospection, the committee cannot fail to find many reasons for humiliation of heart.

The question naturally arises—In what spirit have they enjoyed the blessings conferred; and to what extent have their responsibilities been discharged? Having crossed the threshold of another year, the importance of considering afresh the nature of their aims and efforts has been suggested, to see how far they accord with the advantages they possess, the requirements of the Redeemer, and the condition of their families. During the year, monthly meetings have been regularly held. The number of members has increased from sixty to eighty-two, by which it may be stated that an alliance is formed—VARIOUS DENOMINATIONS BEING THUS COMBINED.

The committee are happy to report the continued prosperity of the Branch Association, but must here remark, that often, when ready to faint, their pastor's last annual text, "My grace is sufficient for thee," nerved them

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afresh for the good work. In Garrison-lane, fortnightly meetings have been regularly held, and well attended. The number has increased from thirty-five to sixty; sixty have taken *The Mothers' Friend*, monthly; twenty-four copies of the Scriptures have been sold; thirty-eight copies of Bogatzky's "Golden Treasury," and other small volumes.

At Balsall Heath, fortnightly meetings have been held, and well attended. The number has increased from forty-two to sixty. ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY have been induced to subscribe for *The Mothers' Friend*, and other periodicals, as well as various other books. A Maternal Library has been formed here, in which are upwards of forty books. At these two branches, three hundred of the Rev. J. A. James's "Lectures to Young Men" have been sold.

A second Association has been formed at Carr's Lane, for those mothers who can more conveniently attend in the *afternoon*. Here, twenty-seven have already given their names to attend, and twenty-six to take *The Mothers' Friend*. At Bardesley-street, the number of attendants is generally from fourteen to sixteen. Sixteen numbers of *The Mothers' Friend* are here regularly taken. At the Boatman's Chapel, meetings have been regularly held—members, from four to eleven. Various books have been lent for home perusal, and six take *The Mothers' Friend*.

Total number of meetings held at the Parent Association and branches	122
Number of members	260
Number of subscribers for *The Mothers' Friend* and other periodicals	240
Number of Scriptures sold	50
Bogatzky's "Golden Treasury"	90

Read this Report again, mothers, and try what you can do in this good work. If you have no Maternal Association near you, hasten to arouse your neighbours to form one, and tell us the result.

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THE WISE MOTHER.

When Mrs. Ray's daughters were very young, she used to spend some hours every day in teaching them to recite passages of Scripture before they were capable of reading it themselves. At the age of six, they were able to read well, and were then delighted to find the same stories, in Genesis and in the Gospels, which their mother had taught them. As their years advanced, they were admitted into the best conversation, and had such books put into their hands as would lead them to prudence and piety. Reading the lives of eminent persons, who were examples of this kind, was one of the daily methods used to instruct and entertain them; thus trained, they acquired a knowledge proper for women, and such as would make them honourable and useful in the world. Mrs. Ray felt that domestic virtues are the business and honour of her sex; she took care, therefore, to educate her daughters in constant acquaintance with all family matters, and they early understood all that belonged to the provisions of the table, and the furniture of every room. Though her circumstances were considerable in the world, she made her daughters know that a frequent visit to the kitchen was not beneath their state, nor the common menial affairs too mean for their notice, that they might be able hereafter to manage their own home. They were initiated early in the science of the needle, and were bred up skilfully in all the plain and flowery arts of it; but it was never made a task nor a toil to them. To render this exercise pleasant, one of them always read aloud, while the rest were at work, and questions and remarks were made on the book; so that reading, working, and conversation might fill up the hour with variety and pleasure.

Mrs. Ray was herself sprightly and active; she therefore constantly found some inviting and useful employment for her children, that they might hate idleness as a mischievous vice, and be trained to an active and useful life; yet she

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constantly taught them the superior delights of private devotion, reading the Bible, and serving God. She taught her children the happy art of managing a visit, with some useful improvement of the hour, and without offence. If a word of scandal occurred in company, it was soon diverted or suppressed. The children were charged to speak well of their neighbours, as far as truth would permit, and to be silent as to anything further; but when the poor, or the deformed, or the aged, were mentioned, they were treated with the utmost tenderness. Nothing displeased this good mother more, than to hear a jest thrown upon natural infirmities; she thought there was something sacred in misery, and it was not to be touched with a rude hand. All reproach and satire of this kind was for ever banished where she came. Persons of distinguished character were treated with the greatest respect, and she taught her children to pay double honours to those who laboured in "the word and doctrine," where their personal behaviour upheld the dignity of their office. Whenever she named her own parents, it was with high veneration and love, and thereby she naturally led her children to give honour to theirs. The children have freedom given them, in all the common affairs of life, to choose for themselves; but they take pleasure generally in referring the choice back again to their parents. A wish or a desire has the same influence over them now, as a command had in their infancy; in short, they have been educated with DISCRETION, FIRMNESS, TENDERNESS, and PIETY, and thus a foundation has been laid for their future happiness and usefulness, and their parents' comfort.

How do you like the portrait, mother? Is it a family likeness of your own, seen in every room in your house? If not, get one like it, as quickly as possible;—make haste, lest you be too late. Time is short.

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AN ANSWER TO PRAYER.

For "The Mothers' Friend."

A MINISTER, a short time since, was addressing an audience at a public meeting, and, speaking of the efficacy of persevering fervent prayer, he related the following instance:—"A devoted and pious mother had from infancy endeavoured to train up her children in the right way. She frequently prayed with them and for them; she conversed with them, and instructed them in all things calculated to promote their present and eternal welfare; but one son, who was fast growing up to manhood, appeared unconcerned and indifferent. One day, she talked seriously with him, and urged upon him the importance of seeking religion, but he replied, 'Mother! it is of no use; I am determined to have nothing to do with it till I am settled in life; do not, therefore, persuade me now. *Then* I shall have more time, and I can attend to these matters.'

"This declaration, for a time, disheartened and discouraged the mother; but she was one who knew the value of prayer. She decided in her own mind, after a short time had elapsed, that she would earnestly plead at the throne of grace on behalf of this son more especially. She set apart one week for the purpose, and fervently entreated for his conversion. The week passed, but no answer came. The following Sabbath evening, as he was passing an open sanctuary, where the worshippers were assembled, the singing attracted his attention. He halted—he went in; there the word of the Lord met him—he went home a broken and contrite penitent—he sought and found mercy—and he and his praying mother could rejoice together. That sainted mother is now in heaven—THAT SON IS NOW ADDRESSING YOU."

R. T. P.

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PAGE FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.—No. II.

"For disposition is builded up by the fashioning of first impressions."

It has been said that one-half of the deaths occurring during the first two years of infancy may be ascribed to mismanagement of the fragile body, and mistakes as to its food. How very important, then, that young mothers should get all the information they can on the subject. As it regards food, in the first few months of your infant's life, the very best is that with which nature has furnished you, and, if you have a plentiful supply, nothing else need be given; and bear in mind, the *first* portion of this natural food which the babe receives from you is purposely prepared to suit its stomach and bowels—there is often a grand mistake made here. If a mother can but partly nourish her little one, a small quantity of *this* gruel may be given, two or three times a day, taking care to have it nicely made—clean, pleasant, and smooth. Do you know, young mother, that the stomach of your infant is very feeble? It is unaccustomed to food—give it, therefore, sparingly. Some little ones have slow digestion, others quick; wisdom is needed as to the frequency of feeding; but never lose sight of the fact, that the tiny stomach can contain but a VERY SMALL QUANTITY. Nor must you imagine that every expression of uneasiness is a call for food; many foolishly act upon this plan, and do a vast deal of mischief to the babe's health and comfort.

Allow us to press on your attention, at this season of your child's life, the necessity for being careful of your own health. If you take cold, the infant will suffer; and your *mind*, as well as body, should be carefully watched, if you wish your child to be healthful and happy. Irritability and fretfulness, anxiety or fear, will cause your child to suffer, and act as a blight on its happiness, as well as your own. When in danger from any of these, fly to your private chamber, and ask for strength and wisdom to be

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kept calm and tranquil. We have heard of some who have found SINGING an excellent remedy for irritability; try to sing one of the songs of Zion, young mother, and let us know if it succeeds. When the little system of your infant has become more developed, and the stomach accustomed to the exercise of its functions, it will be well to observe regularity in the distribution of its meals.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

HAPPINESS.

A CRUST of bread, a pitcher of water, a thatched roof, and love:—there is happiness for you, whether the day be rainy or sunny. It is the heart that makes the home, whether the eye rests upon a potato patch or a flower garden—HEART makes home precious, and it is the only thing that can.

MONEY AND HEALTH.

There is this difference between these two temporal blessings, health and money: money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed—health is the most enjoyed, but the least envied; and this superiority of the latter is still more obvious when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with money for health.

NUMBER ONE.

One hour lost in the morning, by being too long in bed, will put back all the business of the day. One hour gained by rising early would make one month, in the year.

One hole in the fence will cost ten times as much, by-and-by, as it will to fix it at once.

One diseased sheep will spoil a flock.

One unruly animal will teach all others in company bad tricks; and the Bible says, "One sinner destroyeth much good."

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JEALOUSY.

"Jealousy is cruel as the grave"—it is fed by a fuel that burns fiercely, and emits a most vehement flame—it impregnates its possessor with relentless rage, and impels him to the execution of implacable vengeance. He will not accept of compensation for his supposed injury, nor is it possible to pacify him with conciliating gifts.

A HINT.

If parents differ in their ideas of education, let them take a proper opportunity of discussing the matter in private, with freedom and kindness; but let them not weaken the respect of their children by expressing doubts of each other's good judgment in their presence.

ALWAYS ENGAGED.

I should have thought mowers very idle people; but they work while they whet their scythe. So devotedness to God, whether it mows or whets its scythe, still goes on with its work.

A USEFUL HINT.

Instruct your son well, or others will instruct him ill; no child goes altogether untaught. Send him to the school of wisdom, or he will go himself to the rival academy kept by the lady with the cap and bells. There is always teaching going on of some sort—just as, in fields, vegetation is never idle.—E. Cook.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Bible Fruit. By Rev. E. Mannering. Snow, London.

One of the most delightful books for little children we have seen for a long time.

Waterloo Series. Edited by Elihu Burritt. Gilpin, London.

All the series are instructive and useful, and there is *one* among the fifteen worth the price of the whole packet.

Morning; or, Darkness and Light. By Rev. G. B. Scott. Nesbit, London.

Thoughts for meditation, good and cheap.

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THE TWO MOTHERS.—No. IV.

"Prayer is the golden key that can open the wicket of mercy."

As George Notting passed out of the Black Bear, he met a gentleman who had often manifested considerable interest in his welfare. "Well, George," said he, "so you are come early from your old pleasures. I always regret your continued habits, and am often led to wonder that, with such a comfortable home as you have, you should seek pleasures elsewhere." "The power of early training and example hangs over me, Sir, and binds me like a chain," said George, in a husky voice. "Ah, there is sad truth in that, Notting; but still your case is rather a singular one. Generally speaking, the man who has a kind, careful wife, a neat, tidy home, and a family of nice, obedient children, is seldom found among drunkards." "That's true, Sir, and more's the shame for them when they are," responded George. "I am very glad to hear you speak thus, George, and you are leaving your companions earlier than usual, to-night; this looks like a step towards something better." "The deer that's wounded, Sir, runs into the wood. But who told you, Sir, if you please, what time I generally leave the Bear?" "Why, the truth is, George, I often linger about this place, to observe who may come out sober, so that I may speak a word to them, and put a little book into their hands; here is one for you, if you will read it." "Thank you, Sir; is it the 'Band of Hope?'" "No; but I think you will like it." "Ah, well, Sir, my good wife will read it to me if I ask her, and thank ye, too, Sir." "You do not seem very happy this evening, George; I hope you are beginning to feel that there is no true lasting pleasure in your present course." "True enough, Sir; I have felt this a long time, but one can't bear the jeers and taunts of one's mates, and I used to be called a good fellow among them." "Ah, I understand; but,

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George, if we would walk in the road that leads to real happiness, we must be content to leave the 'multitude,' and walk with the 'few;' we must dare to be singular, and brave the jeer, and laugh, and curled lip of those who will not join our little company." "That's true, again, Sir; I know it all, and my own thoughts, with a few remarks I have heard this evening, have made me rather vapourish; I have neither enjoyed my mug nor my pipe; I can't tell what's come to me, so I am going home to bed."

Just then they reached George's little garden-gate, leading to his cottage, where the gentleman left him. As he drew near the door, he heard the voice of his wife, and thought she was reading; but, on approaching nearer, he heard these words:—"Heavenly Father, bless my dear husband, and wean his heart from the love of strong drink, and cause him to feel happy at home. Help us all to follow the example of the blessed Saviour, that we may all meet, at last, where sorrow cannot enter, and where tears are wiped away from all eyes."

George could hear no more; he turned away from the door, and walked up and down the lane for some minutes. When he was composed, he walked to the door again, and was about to enter, when a voice still arrested his attention. At first, he thought his wife was yet in prayer; but, listening, he heard a more feeble voice addressing the throne of Heaven. It was the voice of his child—his eldest daughter, praying with her mother, as she was wont to do every day; and she was imploring blessings for herself, her parents, and the little ones who had gone to rest. Again George walked back into the lane, and the hot tears coursed down his rough cheeks; he felt he dare not enter; the place was too sacred for him, and he was afraid his present state of mind would be observed by his watchful wife.

At length, when all was silent, he gently opened the door of his cottage; there sat his patient wife, with a cheerful face, mending his boy's stockings. She was quite

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alone, waiting for him, and as he entered she rose to throw on a few sticks which she had kept by her, to "make the fire laugh," as she called it. "I am glad to see you so early, George," she said, pleasantly. "Mary is but just gone to bed, so my evening has not been very solitary." George made no reply, but, placing a chair by her side, he took her hand in his, and said, "Nancy!" He seemed half choked, and the astonished wife, looking up into his face, anxiously asked, "What can be the matter, my dear George?" "You are like an angel to me, Nancy," he got out at last, and then burst into a flood of tears. The wife wept too; how could she help it? Tears are infectious when we see a *woman* weeping; but when a MAN is seen weeping, tears *will* come.

After some minutes, George went on—"I am quite ashamed of myself, Nancy, and don't intend to leave my happy home of an evening again. No, no; you shall have my company now; you have been solitary long enough; and the very men who will laugh at me for keeping this resolution, have stung my conscience this evening by speaking of you and my home; but I see all about it now; you were praying for me, and God was listening. Here is a little book, just given to me; will you read it before we go up stairs? 'tis not late."

Poor Nancy was not in a state to read aloud just then; she felt her heart too full, and a choking sensation in her throat. "I will read it to you, to-morrow," she at length replied; "but, in regard to your good resolution, dear George," she continued, "you must not make it in your own strength; we can do nothing right without Divine aid; but you have known this from your youth up." "Yes, yes, I have, my Nancy, but I have never acted up to my knowledge; it is not, however, too late to begin; so, if you will read a chapter in your Bible to me, we will go to rest; and if you will get me a little book of prayers by to-morrow night, I will help you at the family worship."

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Nancy could make no reply, but, lighting the bed-room candle, she took out the fire, while George looked to the doors and windows. They retired that night, both feeling assured that there is a God in Heaven who heareth prayer.

A LESSON FOR MOTHERS AND FATHERS.

Grown people should have more faith in and more appreciation of the statements and feelings of children. When I read, some months since, of a mother who, in punishing a child for telling a lie, which, after all, (it subsequently transpired,) it did not tell, hit him with a slight switch over the temple, which killed him instantly,—a mere accident, of course, but yet a dreadful casualty, which drove reason from the throne of the unhappy mother!—When I read this, I thought of what occurred in my own home, only a week or two before; and the lesson I then received was a good one, and will remain with me.

My little boy, a dark-eyed, ingenuous, and frank-hearted child as ever breathed, had been playing about my table, on leaving which, for a moment, I found on my return that my large porcupine-quill-handled pen was gone. I asked the little fellow what he had done with it; he answered at once that he had not seen it. After a renewed search for it, I charged him, in the face of his declaration, with having taken and mislaid or lost it. He looked me very earnestly in the face, and said, "No, I *didn't* take it, father." I then took him in my lap, enlarged upon the heinousness of telling an untruth, told him that I did not care so much about the pen, and, in short, by the manner in which I reasoned with him, almost offered a reward for confession,—the reward of standing firm in his father's love and regard. The tears had swelled into his eyes, and he seemed about to tell me "the whole truth," when my eye caught the end of a pen protruding from a port-

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folio, where I myself had placed it, in returning a sheet of manuscript to one of the compartments. All this may seem a mere trifle to you, and, perhaps, it is; yet I shall remember it for a long time. But I will narrate a circumstance which happened in the family of a friend of mine, some ten years ago, the history of which will commend itself to the heart of every mother and father who have any sympathy for their children.

A few weeks before my friend wrote to me, he had buried his eldest son, a fine, manly little fellow, about eight years of age. His death occurred under circumstances peculiarly painful. A younger brother had been ill for a month with an epidemic fever; every precaution was taken to guard the other members of the family—but this eldest son was so healthy, they had little fear for him; but his father forbade him going into the pools and docks near his school, which he sometimes visited. One evening this father came home wearied with a long day's labour, and vexed with some disappointment which had soured his naturally kind disposition. While he was sitting by the fire in this unhappy state of mind, his wife entered the apartment and said, "Henry has just come in, and he is a perfect fright,—he is covered from head to foot with dock mud, and is as wet as a drowned rat." "Where is he?" asked the father, sternly. "He is shivering over the kitchen fire; he was afraid to come up here, when the girl told him you had come home." "Tell Jane to tell him to come here this instant," was the brief reply.

Presently the poor boy entered, half perished with cold and fright. His father glanced at his sad plight, reproached him bitterly for disobedience, spoke of the punishment awaiting him in the morning, and in a harsh voice said, "Now, sir, go to bed." "But, father," said the little fellow, "I want to tell you——" "Not a word, —go to bed!" With a peremptory stamp, an imperative wave of the hand to the door, and a frown on his brow,

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did that father close the door of explanation. When his boy had gone supperless and sad to his bed, the father sat restless and uneasy while supper was prepared, and he ate little. His wife saw the cause of his emotion, and remarked, "I think, my dear, you ought, at least, to have heard what Henry had to say,—my heart ached for him when he turned away, with his eyes full of tears. Henry is a good boy, after all. He is a tender-hearted, affectionate boy!" and the tears stood in the eyes of that forgiving mother.

As the father passed the bed-room where his boy was sleeping, he thought he would look in upon him before he retired to rest. He crept to his low cot, and bent over him. A big tear had stolen down the boy's cheek, but he was sleeping sweetly. The father deeply regretted his harshness as he gazed upon his son, and he resolved to alter his course to him in the morning. But that morning never came to that poor child in health. He awoke, the next morning, with a raging fever and wild delirium.—In forty-eight hours he was in his shroud! He knew not his father or mother, when they were first called to his bedside, nor at any moment afterwards. Waiting, watching for one token of recognition, hour after hour, in speechless agony, did the unhappy father bend over the couch of his dying son; he would have given worlds to have whispered one kind word in his ear,—but in vain.

Two days afterwards the undertaker came with the little coffin, and his son, a playmate of the dead boy, brought the stools on which it was to stand in the entry-hall. "I was with Henry," said the lad, "when he got into the water; we were playing down at the long wharf,—Henry, and Charles Mumfrit, and I,—and the tide was out very low; and a beam ran out from the wharf, and Charles got on it to get a fish-line, and he slipped off, and was struggling in the water. Henry threw off his cap, and jumped clear from the wharf into the water, and after a great deal

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of hard work got Charles out, and they waded up through the mud; and then I helped them to climb up the side. Charles told Henry not to say anything about it,—for if he did, his father would never let him go near the water again. Henry was very sorry, and all the way going home he kept saying,—"What will my father say when he sees me to-night? I wish I had not gone to the wharf." "Dear, brave boy!" exclaimed the bereaved father, "and this was the explanation which I cruelly refused to hear!" and hot and bitter tears rolled down his cheeks. Yet that stern father now learned that what he had treated with unwonted severity as a fault, was but the impulse of a generous nature. "Now," said the father, "every thing I see that ever belonged to him reminds me of the past. Yesterday I came across his boots, still covered with dock mud, as when he last wore them. Many things speak to me vividly of my son's active life, but I cannot—no, I cannot recall any other expression of the dear boy's face, than that mute, mournful one with which he turned from me on that night I so hastily repulsed him,—and my heart bleeds afresh." Oh, how careful should we be, in our daily conduct towards these little beings lent us by God!—how guardedly ought we to weigh every action against its motive, lest in a moment of excitement we should do them wrong! Alas! perhaps few parents suspect how often the fierce rebuke, the sudden blow, is answered in their children by the tears, not of passion, nor of physical or mental pain, but of a loving, yet grieved or outraged nature.—*American Ladies' Book.*

THE WORDS OF MARTIN LUTHER.—"I would not advise any one to place his child where the Holy Scriptures are not regarded as the rule of life. Every institution where God's Word is not diligently studied must become corrupt." "Weighty words (says D'Aubigné) which governments, fathers, and the learned in all ages, would do well to consider."

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A VOICE FROM THE GRAVE.

The departed—the departed,
They crowd around me now,
And a sweet and cheerful light of peace
They shed around my brow.
I know they have not left me,
Though no more I see their forms,
And their presence, 'mid the strife of life,
Is like sunshine seen in storms.

"Oh! let parents awaken and blend their anxieties and efforts to bring their children to Jesus. When Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, all the wounded were to obtain cure by looking. But children were bitten, as well as men and women. Had we been there, we should have seen many a father leading along his little daughter to a place of vision, and many a mother pressing near, with her infant son in her arms, and pointing his eyes to catch the shining remedy—so has the Son of Man been lifted up, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

"The *young* need him, and the sooner they are brought to him the better—the sooner will they be prevented from injuring society—the sooner will they enter on a course of usefulness, during which they will scatter a thousand blessings. If we do good to an old man, it is all-important to himself, but then it often soon goes off with him; whereas, the good communicated to a *child* is not only valuable personally, but relatively, during probably a long period. It descends from him, and is spread by him, as he rises up and multiplies in life, and the result of the whole cannot be estimated. With love, "E. U."

[The hand that traced these lines for us is motionless in the dreary tomb! the spirit that wafted "love" to us is rfect in heaven!—"Be ye also ready."—Ed.]

BREAK UP YOUR FALLOW GROUND.

In these days of activity and zeal, men stand out in masses, and each class has its own peculiar province—one is for "Protection," another for "Free-trade;" some are "State Churchmen," others are supporters of what is called the "Voluntary Principle;" and whilst each of these have many friends, how few are arranged in a compact phalanx in defence of vital godliness! There seems to be a wide-spread impression that the state of the evangelical churches in our land is not just what it ought to be—there is a coldness—a formality—a conformity to the world crept in, which has greatly weakened the force of truth. There is a feeble lament heard, from one end of the country to the other, and men are saying, "these are not the days of the Owens—the Bateses—the Baxters—or the Flavels." Certainly not—the depth and fervour of our piety is far from being equal to theirs, but the times in which we live and act are very different from the times in which they lived and flourished; our piety, if not so deep, is certainly spread over a wider surface, and the balance, if properly struck, would not, perhaps, after all, be found so much against us as appears at first sight. Nevertheless, after making every allowance, it becomes us to be up and doing; and as every reformation must begin in the individual, we may urge you to break up your fallow ground.

For instance, let professing Christians only think of their *ingratitude*, and try to remember wherein they have received favours from God, for which they have never manifested any gratitude—*remarkable providences, unexpected turns in events*, which saved them from ruin, or opened up a way for the enjoyment of many mercies. Let them look back at the forbearance of God before their conversion, and the numerous mercies received since, and then say if there is not a long catalogue of instances of black ingratitude! Upon your knees, then, confess them, with a humble,

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penitent, and contrite heart, and thus break up your fallow ground.

Then, again, think of the neglect of the Bible, and number the cases when, perhaps, for weeks or months together, the reading of God's holy and blessed Word gave you no pleasure. Think also of your unbelief, the instances in which you have virtually charged the God of truth with lying, by your unbelief of the express promises, when you neither believed nor expected you should receive the blessings which He has expressly promised to give—think of these things, and break up your fallow ground.

Again, think of your neglect of prayer, the times when you have omitted secret prayer, family prayer, or meetings set apart for public prayer—nay, have even prayed in such a manner, as more grievously to have offended God than if you had never prayed at all. Then your want of love to the souls of your fellow-men; look around upon your friends, your children, your neighbours, your relations, and remember how little true compassion you have felt for them—you have stood by and seen them going straight to hell, without one faithful, vigorous effort to save them. How many days have there been, in which you did not make their awful condition the subject of a single fervent prayer, or even an ardent desire for their salvation? Oh, is it not high time to break up your fallow ground?

Then think, again, of your worldly-mindedness—what has been the state of your heart in regard to your possessions? Have you not reckoned them your own, rather than God's, and disposed of them to gratify your own will, or your ambition, in laying them up for your families? Then, as to levity, have you not often trifled before God as you would not have trifled in the presence of an earthly sovereign, and almost forgotten that there was a God? And as to hypocrisy, are you altogether free?—have you not confessed sins you did not seriously intend to break off, and when you had no solemn purpose not to repeat them? And how often have

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you risen from your knees, and could not tell what you had prayed for? Oh, lukewarm professor, is it not high time to break up your fallow ground?

And are these things really so?—then go and confess to God your sins and iniquities—go, do it immediately; if you attempt to put it off, you will make the matter worse. In the progress of such a work, you have to do violence to yourself. Oh, fasten your attention to the subject of your sins—you cannot look long and thoroughly, and see how great they are, without deeply feeling—and you will never have the Spirit of God dwelling in you, till you have unravelled the mystery of iniquity, and spread out your sins before God—therefore, break up your fallow ground.

M. B.

WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

Mother! unconverted mother! Nay, do not lay down the little book at once, because I have addressed you thus. Are you really *converted?* That is, are you *turned*—turned from sin to holiness, from the road to hell into the path to heaven, from the service of Satan to the service of God? If not, then you are still *unconverted;* and though I have never seen you, though I have not heard your name, nor the name of the place where you live, yet I feel deeply for you. I fancy I see you now, sitting by the fireside, while your little ones are sleeping, and all is still and quiet. Dear friend, my thoughts are very sorrowful about you, yes, and about your children too.

Last month I wrote to those mothers who had infants in heaven—now I am addressing those who have children living in this world. I never yet knew a mother who wished her children to grow up and to die strangers to the love of Jesus. Do *you* desire this yourself? But how can you teach them what you do not know? Would you sit down, and call them to your side, to teach them some language of which you had never learned a word? No;

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you would not be guilty of such folly. Dear friend, there is the language of *Canaan*, which those who are travelling thither understand. Do *you* know anything about *this?* When you tell your little ones—as perhaps you do, at least on the Lord's-day—that Jesus died for them, can you say also, "This is *my beloved* and *my friend, my Saviour* and *my Redeemer?*" When you talk to them of heaven, can you say, "Jesus is gone there to get ready a mansion for *me?* Yes, dear children, a mansion for *your mother*—will you not share it with her? Must she go to heaven without you?"

Unconverted mother! my heart yearns over you—sorrowfully *I* feel, and *you* feel it too, that you cannot, you dare not speak thus to your little ones; and are *they* ignorant of this mournful fact? No; they can see, plain enough, that when you talk to them of heavenly realities, those things bring no joy, no peace to *your* mind; they are not near your heart. Poor children, how I pity them! Who will lead them towards heaven, if their mother cannot?—the mother who guided their tottering footsteps below. But how can she lead in the road on which she has not herself entered? If they ever reach that blessed country, they will owe no thanks to her—no; they will not even see her there! And that voice, which so often soothed their little sorrows and hushed them to a gentle sleep, will never blend with their voices before the eternal throne. Mother, has the cry ever been put into your heart—"What must I do to be saved?" Remember, now is a day of *grace*, but a day of JUDGMENT is near—how *near* we know not; if you have never cared for your own soul, or the souls of your dear children, may you now begin before it is too late. The Bible tells us, "yet there is room"—room in the heart of Jesus—room in this everlasting home; yes, room for you, and room for your little ones also. MARY.

Oxford.

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PAGE FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.—No. III.

"Mother, let him learn of thy lips."

In our third and fourth volumes of *The Mothers' Friend*, we have told the young mother the views of a clever medical man, as to the best management of infants' food, clothing, and medicine; and in the second volume you will find, under the heading "Take care of the Baby," thoughts on its nursing, washing, food, sleep, and many other matters; we will, therefore, only linger a short time to say a word about the little creature when it has put on its short clothes, and is able to enjoy a roll on the carpet. But, may be, you have no carpet; well, put down a blanket or a rug—and keep it for the purpose if you can spare it, always folding the underside outermost when put away—for the tiny thing to exercise its young limbs on; it will save youthful arms, and your time. It will be more happy and healthful, if very early accustomed to this position, than if always on your lap or arm.

But just a word as to solid food. We like to get information wherever we can, so we will, if you please, go to the home of our beloved Queen, and hear what her physician, Dr. Clarke, says:—"There is no greater error in the management of children, than that of giving them animal diet very early. By persevering in the use of an over-stimulating diet, the digestive organs become irritated, and the various secretions immediately connected with, and necessary to, digestion, are diminished, especially the *biliary secretion;* and constipation of the bowels and congestion of the abdominal circulation succeed. Children so fed become, moreover, very liable to attacks of fever and of inflammation, affecting particularly the mucous membranes; and measles, and the other diseases incident to childhood, are generally severe in their attack."

A sentence or two, and we end this short paper. Do

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remember, young mother, that your precious babe is an heir of immortality, and that you enjoy a high honour in having the helpless creature lent to you to nurse and train, not only for this fleeting life, but that it may dwell with the angels of light, and the spirits of the just made perfect, when this world, with all its beauties, its joys, its cares, its sorrows, shall have passed away. Let it add new interest to all your early maternal duties, to contemplate the life your child must live, in everlasting happiness or endless woe. Bear in mind, too, that the first impressions it receives are from *you*, through the medium of its senses; be careful, therefore, to promote, as far as you can, a healthy development of the bodily organs, that the mind may not be impeded in its progress by a frail and unhealthy little body. Earnestly and unceasingly seek Divine aid in all your maternal duties, that you may begin aright, and go on aright; take it in your arms every day, and plead for it and for yourself, that you may have wisdom, and strength, and grace from Heaven.

THE SEWING SCHOOL.

Amongst the minor things which add to the comfort of a cottage home, *plain sewing* is one of the most important, and yet one in which the wives and daughters of the working classes are sadly deficient, particularly in towns where the young women frequently marry from a factory, and are, consequently, ignorant of many domestic duties. A conviction of the truth of this statement induced some ladies in the town of B—— to establish a sewing school for female factory hands, two evenings in the week, from seven o'clock until nine.

The charge of it was given to a truly pious woman, under the superintendence of four lady visitors, whose duty it was to to read aloud some instructive book, and to close the evening with a portion of the Word of God, a

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prayer, and a hymn. The poor girls were very thankful for this instruction, and several came from a great distance, without waiting for rest or food, after their hard day's work. Many sweet recollections of those happy evenings crowd on the writer, as she recalls the bright winter-fire, the cheerful lights, the calm sweet face of the mistress, and the smiling ones of her pupils;—then the earnest prayer and closing hymn. No wonder the girls loitered, unwilling to change these for their own homes.

During the years that the school was kept open, a considerable number of girls had gained a thorough knowledge of plain sewing, cutting out, and knitting. If proof of the usefulness of the knowledge thus gained were needed, it was given by the sudden closing of the mills round the town, by which a hundred young women and girls were thrown out of work. Aware of their exposure to temptation, and feeling deeply for their desolate condition, the wealthier females of the place promptly came forward, and arranged a plan by which needlework was supplied to all who could and would do it; for which they were paid as soon as finished. The writer never can forget the burst of tearful joy with which two of these poor creatures received their first bundle of work, saying, "Now we shall not be tempted to sin, as some said we should be, by want." Almost all the old school girls were thus provided for, until many found employment elsewhere. Some were taken into service, and others continued to support themselves by sewing. The fate of those who could not or would not work, was, as might be expected, that of the outcast—helpless, and surrounded by temptations, they became an easy prey to the seducer.

Mothers of families! this little anecdote may show the value of a good knowledge of plain sewing, and the importance of rearing young girls in useful and industrious habits. As a contrast, I may mention that, in going into a large female school, some time back, I was surprised at

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the small number of girls who were employed in sewing. I learned, on inquiry, that it was the afternoon set apart for the work brought from their *homes*. "What are you doing?" I asked one child. "Knitting a lace for my sister's petticoat-bottom!" "And you, my dear?" "Knitting trimming for my little sister's trowsers, ma'am!" And this was the work sent by the wives of poor men;—a bad training for those who might become wives and mothers themselves! Surely, surely, my friends, there was a grievous error in judgment. Do be persuaded to bring up your girls for their probable station in life; don't teach them to ape the follies of others; be contented with your high and very important office of rearing those who will, in time, be called to rear others; and let them learn from you the great lesson, to do their duty in that station of life whereunto the providence of God hath called them.

L. S. T.

THE YOUNG TEACHER; OR, DANGEROUS COMPANIONS.—No. V.

"Each waiting soul must claim his own when the archangel soundeth."

"Now, mamma," said Annie, "now we are so snug and quiet, do tell me about the 'City of the Dead' again. I cannot remember the other names." "Well, dear, the lady who wrote from Pompeii tells us, that in the cellars of one villa, under the porticos which surrounded the garden, seventeen skeletons were found buried in the ashes; one woman had on bracelets, rings, and various ornaments of gold. The skeleton mouldered away when exposed to the air, leaving only an impression of the bust in the ashes. Another was found grasping bags of money and keys in his hand." "Oh, dear mamma, how shocking! And so he died, I suppose!" "Yes, dear, so he died; and, most likely, in the same awful state as the rich fool we read of

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in the Gospel; but we shall know at the judgment-day." "It was sudden, ma, was it not?" "Yes, dear, awfully sudden; the city was crushed and buried in a few hours. In the morning its streets were alive with teeming multitudes, all eagerly pursuing their pleasure, or their business, heedless of the coming ruin. At night it was a mighty sepulchre."

"Then, ma, that was something like the world before the flood." "Yes, very like it, Annie, for death overtook the careless inhabitants in the midst of their employments. In one place, the mason's hammer was arrested in the act of striking the chisel; in another place, a sentinel was struck dead while at his post of duty; one spot is pointed out where a poor mother was found clasping an infant to her bosom, but, alas! she was unable to shield it from the ruin which involved them both. In the shops, men were actively engaged in the business of life—the loaves were found in the baker's oven—the hot drinks stood upon the marble counters—prisoners were found in their cells, while the ministers of justice sat in the courts above." "But, mamma, did they not try to run away?" "Yes, but this was of no use; in many cases, the poor terrified people ran down into the cellars, but everywhere death met them."

"What kind of houses were they, ma?" "They were not built like ours, dear, but were surrounded by a court-yard, in the centre of which a reservoir of water was placed, and the marks of the cords by which the buckets had been drawn up were visible." "Were the rooms like ours, ma?" "No, dear, and I do not think you would have liked their bed-rooms, for they were so narrow generally, as not to admit anything but a bed, and many of them had no windows." "No, indeed, ma, I should not like that; I should think I was in a dark closet—do tell me more about Pompeii, ma." "You must ask Frank, when he comes home, dear, to read all the account to you from the book I gave him."

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traying the indifference with which thousands view the tremendous responsibility resting on all who bear the name of mother, I welcome each monthly appearance of *The Mothers' Friend*, as an unobtrusive but powerful means, affecting the destiny of millions of our race. * * * * * * I would say, that it is not merely for *others* I rejoice in your work, I need much its counsel for myself. I have felt especially interested in a subject which has occupied some recent numbers, and am desirous to elicit still further information on a matter of so much importance to a mother. I allude to the subject of *employment* for our little ones. You introduced it just as I began to feel it a source of anxious concern. Frequently, of late, has that little couplet, so fraught with truth, been impressed on my mind—

"Satan finds some mischief still,
For idle hands to do;"

and almost as frequently have I been led to transfer the blame I was about to attach to the little active one by my side, to myself, for allowing the tiny fingers to remain without suitable employment. This was forcibly impressed by the pathetic reply of a little girl, of four years, when reproved for "meddling." "Well, but, mamma, I have no work of my own to do!" Ah! methought, the little one is right. Here is the secret of much vexation both to mothers and to children; still, I was perplexed and discouraged, and, though delighted with the beautiful pictures you have sketched, where happiness and activity are sweetly blended, I feel that want of health and time must preclude *my* constantly thinking *for* my children; but I do feel that the letter contained in this month* does so completely describe my difficulties, and, at the same time, presents such plain and practical suggestions for their removal, that I am quite thankful for its perusal. I am sure others, with myself, would feel indebted to the writer for further thoughts. Perhaps, you will meet the wishes of some of your readers by enlarging on this subject, especially as bearing on children under six years of age. * * * *

I am, dear Madam,
Yours very sincerely,

K———. S.

* In a number of last year.

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"DO YOUR WORK IN THE LIGHT, MOTHER."

"WHAT are you doing, mother?" asked a little boy, of some six years old. "I am trying to mend my apron, my boy; but it is so dark, I can scarcely see the end from the beginning—one can't work well in the dark." "I should think not, mother; but why don't you do all your work in the light, dear mother? Nobody can see in the dark; I don't think I could thread your needle for you, for I could hardly tell the eye from the point." "Ah, well, my son, you are pretty right; it is better to do work in the light, for when the glorious sun shines upon work done in the dark, it don't look over well."

Alas! how many prefer doing their work in the dark, and how ashamed they are, sometimes, to see the bad kind of work they have done, when the light from heaven falls upon it. We will look at a few bits of work of this kind.

There is Mrs. Wring, for instance; she will come like a friend, and wind her way into your heart, and cause you to feel she really has some little love for you. She will introduce the names of half-a-dozen of your neighbours, give you what she calls a few "hints," get you to make all the remarks she can—or, at any rate, to answer her in some way—which you, in your innocence, have no idea are to be turned against you. Then she bids you "good morning," and goes to work in the dark. She will make another call, on one of whom she has been talking to you, and so alter and turn about, and misrepresent all that has passed at your house, that you would not be able to recognise your own words, if she had not appended your name to the end of her speech! She will turn away the hearts of those who were inclined to love you, and cause them to be your enemies; and she will pretend to take to her heart those of whom she had spoken all manner of evil. She will cause one friend to doubt the sincerity of another, make discord in families, and set the whole neighbourhood on fire; and

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when the flames cause her work to be seen, she will turn round, as if surprised, and ask who did it? But when it is proved, beyond doubt, that she is really the guilty person, she hides her head, for very shame, till some new motive to advance her own interest arrives; then she will not scruple to be at her work in the dark again. Take care, Mrs. Wring, the light will fall upon your work soon, and a day is at hand that will reveal secrets. How ashamed you will be to look upon your work then!

Then there is Mrs. Roden; she has a fine, noble, upright, honest man for a husband, and he is for ever encouraging his children to act as in the sight of God—never to do anything like a sly act—to be transparent, open, generous, upright, and always to remember the text, "Thou, God, seest me." But as soon as he has gone off to *his* work, his wife begins to do *hers* in the dark! "Now, Sammy," she says, "go and get me some beer at the 'Ring of Bells,' but don't tell father!" "Here I am, mother," says little Jack, as he jumps out of the wood-cupboard; "I hid because I want to go bird's nesting instead of going to school. I heard father ask if I was gone, and I heard you say you supposed so! But you *did* see a corner of my pinafore outside all the time, because you pushed it in, and I saw you laugh!" "Ah, you are a sly dog, Jack," says the mother; "but you must not tell father." Stop, Mrs. Roden, if your little Jack does not tell, there is One who will. How will you feel, think you, when you stand, face to face, with your husband and children, before the great white throne, and hear all these charges read against you? How will you wish you had never been born, when you see the consequences of your working in the dark, in the destruction of your children, as they pass over into the everlasting darkness of eternal death.

If you are busy, mother, rest you here, before we look at some other bits of work.

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THE TWO MOTHERS.—No. V.

"Those parents are best honoured whose characters best deserve it."

Eight months passed, and George Notting's home was the abode of happiness and peace. The "Black Bear" saw him no more, and he bore the taunts and jeers of his daily working companions with the courage of a hero who feels sure he suffers in a good cause; and Nancy looked as happy, and blooming, and attractively neat, as she did on the morning when she walked to church with George, and came home his bride. The sweet and mother-loving Mary was filling a good place of service—not as an "eye-servant," but as one who feared God; and the eldest boy, Tom, was working among the "big men" in the fields.

One morning, as Nancy was preparing her husband's breakfast, Amy Allsop entered, with eyes red with weeping, and her dress in more than usual disorder and discomfort. "What is the matter, neighbour?" asked the kind Mrs. Notting. "Matter! haven't ye heard all the noise, Nancy, during the past night?" said Amy with surprise. "No," rejoined the quiet, happy woman, "we have heard nothing to disturb our repose; what has happened to you?" "Ah, that's the way it always is with *you*; happy enough, while everybody else is miserable. For my part, at least, I am wretched, that's certain sure." Saying this, Amy burst into tears.

After she had somewhat recovered herself, she told Nancy that her husband had been brought home like one dead from the "Black Bear," having greatly hurt his shoulder in a fall, and that her eldest son had been apprehended for a robbery, and the police had been to her home to tell her of it, and to ask for clothes at the young man's request. "And now," she added, "I am pretty nearly out of my senses, and have neither bit nor sup in the house." Nancy gave her a cup of coffee, and begged she would

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draw near the fire for a moment; while she stood by her side, with her kind hand placed on that of the excited woman, she replied—"As to your being nearly 'out of your senses,' Amy, I do not wonder at that; for in the sorrow that I have experienced, I believe I should have gone clear out of my mind, if I had not had help and comfort from Heaven; and now I never wonder when people in deep sorrow go off their right thinking. *You* may find help, too, in this time of trouble, if you seek it. The kind Saviour is more willing to hear our sorrow and to help us, than we are to go to Him. Only try this way of getting rid of at least a part of your heavy burden." "Bless you, woman," exclaimed Amy, "you are a dear creature, and have always a sweet word of comfort for every body; and what good coffee this is! Oh, I have suffered shipwrecks through the night, but I am better already for your comforting ways. I wish my husband, my children, and my house were like yours; but now I see they never can be. I did not begin in time, as you told me long ago." "Well, well, Amy, you must begin now. I shall be happy to help you all I can, by-and-by." "Ah, you are very good; but I should almost be ashamed for you to put your foot into my house, or look at it just now, for, bless you, yours is a palace to it!" "Will you allow me, Amy, to run in and help you, when my baby gets into his morning's sleep? We will then tidy up, and set poor William a little matter comfortable." Then desiring Amy to take a cup of coffee to her husband, Nancy set about her own business with a nimble hand.

At the appointed time, Nancy put on her coarse apron, set little John to watch baby, took a scrubbing brush and a house-cloth in her hand, and went to fulfil her promise; but such a sight met her view, as she entered Amy's neglected house! Every table, chair, dish, plate, and kettle seemed to be keeping holiday in the middle of the room, playing "puss in the corner." The fire-place looked as

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if neither brush nor broom had visited it for many a day, and discomfort reigned all around. Nancy quietly set to work in her own thrifty way, finding a place for every thing and putting every thing in its place. When the lower room was remodelled, and had the look of comfort about it, she called to Amy, who was up stairs, to ask if she could help her *there*. "Oh, yes, do come up and help me, for William says he shall get up, and he can't move alone."

Nancy tripped up stairs, when, lo! a melancholy sight presented itself. Dirty rooms—dirty beds—dirty, ragged linen—broken chairs—old clothes—all huddled together, in as complete a muddle as any real muddler could desire; but her transforming hand soon gave it all a very different appearance. After they had got up the suffering man, and placed him in a chair by the fire in the lower room, "Well, to be sure," exclaimed William, as he looked around him, "here's a strange, tidy house! No mortal man ever saw such a change! Why, am I quite sure I am in my own house? Ah, then, if it was always like this way, I don't think the 'Black Bear' would look at me so often." "Well, well," said Nancy, "let us hope that

> 'A brighter day to-morrow
> Will shine upon us all;' "

and she then set on her own coffee-pot to prepare the sick man some refreshment. "That brighter day might have come long ago," said Amy, "if we had known you would have been such a friend to us; but now my poor boy is ruined, and we are all going the wrong way, worse luck!" "Cheer up, Amy," rejoined William, "let us all try to mend; 'tis a long lane that has no turning. Thanks to good Nancy, we may all be better yet." "I will look in again soon," said Nancy; "I must run home now to see the baby and look about my husband's dinner."

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WOMEN AS PEACEMAKERS.

Women rule by obedience—they consequently conquer by retreat; they triumph by submission—they carry nearly all their points by insisting strenuously on none! Such a temper is the spirit of peace; women, if not disposed, are compelled to adopt the policy of peace. Their nature, their training, their condition and relations in life, all conspire to render them peacemakers, and peculiarly fit them for co-operation in this work. Women may, if they will, perform for this cause services which none others can—they are the mothers of men, and leave on their children an indelible impress of themselves. The hand that rocks the cradle will be found, in the end, to rule the world; and the voice which whispers in the infant and youthful ear lessons of truth or error—of goodness or guile—will yet give tone to morals, law to society, and character to the whole human race.

We must win the young to peace, and their character is necessarily moulded almost entirely by *female* hands. As *mothers* and *teachers*, women are the chief educators of mankind—they have access, in childhood, to every mind, under circumstances peculiarly favourable—they cast the mould of society—they may, under God, make its character very much what they please; and if they would stamp upon every young mind under their care, a deep, indelible impress of *peace*, war would of necessity come to an end, with the very next generation thus trained.—*Olive Leaves.*

MOTHERS' RESPONSIBILITIES.—No. III.

"Is that your baby?—dear, what a sweet child it is! What pretty black eyes, and what a chubby face—what a dear creature! May I nurse it a bit? Come, sweet one, let me take you in my arms, and press you to my bosom with

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all a mother's tenderness. Oh, how I long to sing to you! What is the matter, dear? Why do you turn away your pretty face? Why do you hang over your mother's shoulder? I see you there! Ah, there he is! Come, dear, come to me—don't cry, baby—don't be frightened—lady loves baby very dearly." All this may be very true, and her heart beat in unison with all she says—and "mother" knows it too, and would cheerfully trust baby in lady's arms—but baby has no sympathy with all this; he has not yet learned the power of language; all his knowledge is from experience and tender looks; he has not known you long enough to trust you, therefore it is he hesitates to come to you. He is placed in your arms—all your love and tenderness avail not—he screams and is terrified; but return him to his mother, he ceases crying immediately, and throwing his little arms round her neck, looks at you reprovingly through his tears, and pressing his little cheek close to hers, seems to say, "Now I am happy, for now I feel I am safe."

In all this we see a mother's influence! She enjoys the entire confidence of his little heart—the mother, and the mother *only*, will the child trust; and at this early period must commence the discipline which is to guide and form the future man. His smiles and his screams will betoken the state of his mind, and must be dealt with accordingly—very soon his waywardness will be manifest, and the struggle for power begin. The desire to have our own way seems to be one of the earliest and strongest of the passions of our fallen nature—vain man would be wise, though he is born like "the wild ass's colt." But this is the all-important moment! An unyielding firmness in dealing with right and wrong must uniformly, without any deviation, characterise the conduct of the mother—and if commenced at this period, the struggle will be a gentle one. The infant boy will soon discover that his mother's will, and *his mother's will alone*, must be the rule by which he is to shape

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his course. The tender, quiet look, mingling decision and affection—the eye beaming with love, speaking a language all its own, but universally intelligible—will be the influence by which she must begin to mould and form the precious, immortal being committed to her charge and keeping, and for whose weal or woe, in future life, she is so awfully responsible.

I wonder not that the mother, alive to her deep responsibility, should exclaim, "Who is sufficient for these things?" Who, indeed, would not tremble under such a weight, if left to themselves? But oh, how sweet, how cheering is the voice which whispers, "Your sufficiency is of me, saith the Lord."

The pious mother, relying and resting upon her Beloved, and looking unto Him for wisdom and strength—even to Him who took up little children in his arms and blessed them—goes forth to her mighty work in confidence. Hear her saying—"I believe I never gave my children their natural food, without praying in my heart that I might not nurse a child for the devil—as I washed them, I raised my heart to God, that he would wash them in that blood which cleanseth from all sin—as I clothed them in the morning, I asked my heavenly Father to clothe them with the robe of Christ's righteousness—as I provided them with food, I prayed that God would feed their souls with the bread of heaven, and give them to drink of the water of life—when I prepared them for the house of God, I prayed that their bodies might be fit temples for the Holy Ghost to dwell in—when they left me for the week-day school, I followed their infant footsteps with a prayer that their path through life might "be like that of the just, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day"—and as I committed them to rest at night, the silent breathing of my soul has been, that their heavenly Father would take them to his embrace, and fold them in his gracious arms. Pious mothers! behold the picture!—is it like? Why the

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inward trembling?—you are ready to faint, and the bursting language of your heart is, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" He has committed to me the training of immortal spirits, and I have greatly failed in my duty!

Now, if this be the exclamation, if these are the feelings of *pious* mothers, what shall be said of those who are living without God, and without hope in the world—who have never prayed for themselves, much less for their children, but whose ungodly example has led them into all kinds of iniquity?—Can we wonder that the children of such mothers are not what we wish them to be, and not what the Bible says they would be, if properly "trained?"—Shall it not rather be for a wonder and astonishment, that the counteracting influences of daily and Sabbath instruction can accomplish any good, while children have such homes and such mothers? We pray you to awake. Mothers! arise to your solemn responsibilities—to you it is given to mould and form the characters of the coming generation.

M. B.

THE YOUNG TEACHER; OR, DANGEROUS COMPANIONS.—No. VI.

"The sense that some are watching near, bindeth thee to caution.
The consciousness that some are hearing, cometh as a care.
Thou shalt weep in solitude—thou shalt pray in solitude—
Thou shalt sing for joy of heart, and praise the grace of solitude."

"Oh, mamma," said Annie, as she sat by her mother, "I shall be so glad when Frank comes home! I will keep all my questions in my little pocket-book, that I want to ask him." "I fear, my love," replied the mother to her little, talkative girl, "that Frank will be too poorly to talk much to you, until he gets some weeks of rest." "Oh, dear ma, is he so poorly as that? then I must be very still, and we can all nurse him, can't we, ma?" "I hope so, dear, if

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it please our heavenly Father to bless the means we may use—you know, Annie, He alone can restore our wasted health; and you remember the chapter you were reading to me this morning tells us that Jesus can heal a sick brother by speaking a word only, so we must ask Him to restore poor Frank."

Just then Mr. Lamure came in, and Annie jumped upon his knee, to talk of her brother's approaching visit. "When shall we have another letter, papa?" she asked. "To-morrow, I hope, dear, if the doctor will allow your brother to travel, and then you shall go with me to meet him at the station."

When the long-wished-for time came, Frank arrived, to the great joy of Annie; but his pale face and languid appearance was a cause of deep anxiety to his family. Frank left his home, twelve months before, a fine, healthy youth, with a mind stored with the knowledge of things relating to earth and heaven, and Mr. and Mrs. Lamure fondly hoped that he would prove useful in his profession as a medical man, and in his walk through life as a Christian; but, lovely as the early blossoms had appeared, they were soon blighted by the chilling atmosphere of dangerous companions.

There had been a strange mystery about some of his letters, when writing to his home, and Mr. Lamure was about to pay a visit to the place where Frank was engaged in study, when a letter arrived to announce the doctor's decision, that change of air, and rest from study, were essential to his recovery from a state of extreme exhaustion. Alas! poor Frank was, indeed, sadly changed, both in body and mind, since he left the happy home of his childhood. He desired to be allowed to remain alone in his own room as much as possible, avoiding the society of his family, and looking full of anxious care.

In vain his mother sought to solve the problem of his disquietude; Frank was ever silent, when pressed by her

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kind voice and tearful eye to tell the nature of the burden which it was too evident now rested on his heart. If asked to speak of it, he would give an evasive answer, and escape from the presence of his affectionate family as soon as possible. "I wonder why my brother locks his door always now, ma!" said Annie, one day; "I hear the sound of books and papers, and the great trunk shut down, before he will let me in to see him. I wonder what he *can* be *doing* always; and he won't talk to me a bit about Herculaneum and Pompeii now." "We hope he will be better soon," Mrs. Lamure would reply; "we must pray for him."

The kind nursing of his good mother, under the blessing of Heaven, partially restored young Frank to health, and he was prevailed on to walk out, by the aid of his father's arm. But the gloom still remained on his countenance, and in his heart; he sat in the family circle as a being who did not belong to it—the very opposite of all he was wont to be before he left it, to dwell in a distant town, among the multitude of strangers.

THE WIFE.—No. V.

In our last paper we told you of Monica, the good Roman wife, and her husband Patricius; but we need not go back to her days, to find examples of gentleness and patience, and prevailing prayers in suffering wives. But is it not the case, too often, that prayer is the *last* resource of those who are in sorrow? And is it not a matter of great surprise, that so few attend Maternal Associations, and meetings for prayer? It is said, "human nature is selfish," but this certainly does not prove it; for this poor "self" of ours would, after all, be the most enriched at the place where the treasures of heaven often come down upon those assembled.

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Have you no favour to ask? Are all and every one you love safe for the kingdom of heaven? Is the husband—are the children — the friends — all meetened to dwell above? Sabbath-school teacher! are all your children in the class—every one—safe? Oh, have you no friends walking in the broad road? If you have, do you ever think that destruction is before them? Can you look upon them without anguish? What if they should go with the "multitude" to that dread place, where is heard

> "The hollow wailing of eternal death,
> And horrid cry of the undying worm?"

Where—

> "Dying perpetually, yet never dead;
> Where groans are ended not, and sighs
> That always sigh, and tears that always weep."

Mothers! Teacher's! Friends! do you never think of that awful place, and of that sure word of God, where He says — "The wicked *shall* be turned into hell;" and if you do, does it not immediately occur to you, that every one you love, who has not given evidence of being "born again," has nothing but the brittle thread of life to keep the soul from falling into the abyss of woe? And when you think of this, have you no favours to ask from Him who is willing and waiting to bestow them? Ah, think again!

But if all your own family and friends are safe, all truly converted to God—still, we marvel that you join not the Maternal Association, or the praying band, to ask blessings from the King of Heaven, because the religion of the cross enlarges the heart; and, even if matters were thus with you, still we should see you coming up, to ask for the Holy Spirit to descend upon those who are standing afar off—far from the Saviour—from happiness—from heaven. Alas! when shall we awake to a sense of our duty?

Then, again, some who *do* meet for prayer, seem to forget what they ask; for, as soon as they leave the place, we sometimes hear them say,—"I do wish I could see my

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husband, or my child, decided for God, and I pray for them, but *I do not believe* the truth will ever reach their hearts!" And we have replied, "No, very likely not, for if it be 'according to *your* faith,' it seems you do not *expect* what you ask." Who among us takes hold of the promises as we ought?

A remarkable answer to prayer came, not long ago, to a poor cottager's wife. She seemed to have

> "Strong and lasting faith
> To credit what the Almighty saith;"

and, amidst many discouragements, she was enabled to persevere in the "narrow way." Her husband, with whom she had lived happily for many years, began to persecute her cruelly, and frequently put her outside the door, in the cold winter nights, under the dropping clouds. She betook herself to prayer, and set apart an hour a day to ask God to bless her husband. This she did for a whole year, but he was still unchanged. She persevered for six months longer. On the last day of that period he came home deeply dejected, and, instead of sitting down to his comfortable dinner, he went to his chamber, and said not a word. Again he went to his work, and in the evening returned still very melancholy. The wife now, in a soothing voice, inquired, "What is the matter?" He replied, "Matter enough! I am a lost sinner, that's certain! When I was at my work, about twelve o'clock this morning, a passage of Scripture, that I heard years and years ago, came right into my mind, and so impressed me that I cannot get rid of it, and I am lost!"

The wife now encouraged him to pray, but he replied, "O wife, it is of no use; there is no forgiveness for me!" She spake of Him who came to seek and to save the lost sons of men. He then said, "Wife, will *you* forgive me?" "O yes," she gladly replied, "with all my heart." "Then will you pray for me?" he again asked. "That I

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will, and now." They fell on their knees, wept, and prayed. He became "a new man in Christ Jesus." They went to the sanctuary together, and their home became a house of prayer. Thus did the wife win her husband by her holy walk and conversation, and thus did she obtain an answer to her persevering prayer.

Let pious wives and mothers, who have husbands and children still walking with their back to the cross—and Sabbath-school teachers, who have unconverted children in their classes—follow the example of this good woman, and *expect her reward;* and when an opportunity offers for prayer, let us all so arrange our matters, if possible, that we may not only attend ourselves, but induce as many as come within our influence to attend with us, reminding ourselves, as well as our friends, that we have many favours to ask from the King of kings, who waits to hear our supplications.

SUNDAY OCCUPATIONS.

Dear friends, have you ever felt a difficulty arise on this subject, with regard to your little ones? If not, you have either been very happy in your method with your children, or else very negligent about them. I should like to say a few words on the subject. And, first, in reference to *very young* children, I would say, do not be *over strict* with them. Certainly, you cannot allow them the same noisy games on Sunday which you often encourage on other days. But still there are many quiet ways in which they may amuse themselves, and thus give you a little leisure. You cannot be engaged all the spare time on Sunday in *teaching* your child, even if it were good for him. You must have a little for yourself, busy as you are obliged to be all the week. You may seat him in your lap, two or three times during the day, show him pictures and tell him

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Bible stories, and so on, and at night kneel and pray with him; but his attention perhaps fails very quickly, and if he may not amuse himself in his own way for a time, there will be great danger of his disliking Sunday altogether. Surely this is an evil against which we must earnestly watch. Those parents who can afford it will find much assistance from Scripture puzzles and pictures. The little books also, entitled "Peep of Day," "Line upon Line," "Prince of Peace," "The Lamb," will be found useful.*

Mothers! Christian mothers! make the most of the Sabbaths with your children; they will not last for ever. As your little ones grow older, and one by one leave your roof, these precious opportunities will all be gone. Oh, that, while yet you have them, precious seed may be sown, which shall spring up in after-life and bear blessed fruit.

I do not know whether or not you feel with me on this subject, but to my mind, if you cannot take them to a place of worship, there is no time for making early impressions on the mind of a little child, for directing him to Jesus, and for securing a permanent influence over him, like a quiet Sunday evening. I often look back to those I passed with my own mother, until I seem to see her once again kneeling with her children, and hear the soft tones of her gentle voice pleading with God in their behalf.

Then, again, memory brings to mind the Lord's-day evenings we passed together, when we fondly imagined she was watching us from her bright abode. When my own children gather around me at this hallowed season, I think it very happy, only Sunday goes away so soon, and they "only wish it would last a *little longer*." I hoped to say

* Ann Jane has published a number of suitable books for Sunday or week-day reading, in "Kennedy's Series." Also some sold by Mr. Ward and Mr. Green, "The Lamb of the Fold," "Irish Dick," "Amiable Willie," and very many others.

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something about Sunday occupations for older children, but must make that the subject of another letter.

Oxford. MARY.

[We have found a large book, made of plain paper, with Scripture pictures pasted on the leaves, and laid open on the floor, a never-failing source of delight to the little ones, while the elder children, with their own Bibles in their hands, will be very pleased to read the accounts of the pictures and explain them to the wondering little listeners. We have found, too, that if little children are very early accustomed to put away the play-things of the week on Saturday evenings, they will soon do it of themselves, without the mother's bidding. We would never attach any gloom to the Sabbath, but in every way try to make it a "delight." We shall hope for more papers on this important subject.—ED.]

SUNDAY EVENING CONVERSATIONS.

"I SHOULD like to be a lily,"
My little Ernest said,
As he sat beside his mother,
And raised his tiny head.
He was very busy, pricking
A flower his mother drew,
And she told him that the Saviour
Is called a "Lily" too;
And that Jesus has a garden,
With many lilies fair,
Some fully blown, and some in bud,
All sweetly growing there.
And He comes to see His lilies,
And watches them with love,
And sometimes gathers them to bloom
Up in His home above.
And then she kissed her little boy,
Before he went to bed,
And "Mayst thou be a lily fair,
My precious one," she said.

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WRITTEN AFTER SEEING A PICTURE OF UNA AND THE LION.

"Judah's Lion guards the way,
And guides the travellers home."

When I look upon a lion,
I remember he is brave;
And I think of Judah's Lion,
Who came my soul to save.

I love that pretty picture
Of the lady in her pride,
Wandering through dangers fearless,
With a lion by her side.

"Mother, when you see that picture,
Will you pray for little Fred;
That he may, by Judah's Lion,
Safely up to heaven be led?"

MARY.

DO YOUR CHILDREN ATTEND THE SABBATH SCHOOL?

We marvel that mothers in our beloved country think so little, and care less, about the advantages of the Sabbath school! Surely, they cannot have observed how happy it makes the little creatures, and how it causes them to love the Sabbath day. If the mother does not like to commit her youthful charge to the care of the Sabbath-school teacher, she can easily get over that difficulty by becoming a teacher herself, and taking her own little ones into her class, with a few others. We know many a little child who hails the return of the holy day with joy and singing, and we have often heard the wish expressed, that "Sunday lasted all the week;" but, in every case, these little ones attended the Sabbath school.

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In this respect, the American mothers are wiser than the English. There, children and teachers, from every class in society, are found teaching, or being taught, in the Sabbath school—they are not too proud or too wise to be engaged in this good and useful work. Read the memoirs of some of their wives and mothers, and see if they gained nothing by attending this happy meeting-place of teachers, mothers, and children.

We read, a short time since, of a good mother, who heard some young people inquiring where they could open a Sabbath school? She replied, "In my bed-room. I want my children to attend." They met in the bed-room, till the place became too strait. They then adjourned to the school-house, where fifty or sixty were engaged in studying the Bible. The next summer they numbered three hundred! The eight children of the mother, whose bed-room was their first school-room, all became truly pious. One has died a triumphant death, and the others are all actively engaged in doing good.

It is a remarkable fact, and should be an encouragement to Sabbath-school teachers, that the instructions received in this way are very often remembered, and made useful, when the days of youth and frivolity are past away; and after the Sunday-school teacher has laid aside his armour, and has had a sight of his reward, his voice is heard with power by the prodigal, over whose head the summer's sun and winter's snow of half a century have passed. Seed, thus sown, often springs up after many days, when the sower, who, it may be, wept as he scattered it, has gone to the better land, to gather the precious fruit.

A WORD MADE USEFUL.

An aged Jew was sitting one summer's evening beside a really Christian woman, before her cottage door, as is the custom in Germany. The Jew said to her, "If you would

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tell what you really think, you would say that Jesus is not the Son of God." She answered, very solemnly, "As sure as we are sitting here, and the sun shining from heaven, so surely is Jesus the Son of God, and very God himself; and unless you believe in Him, you must surely perish." He made no reply, but went home, and soon after took to his bed, and was evidently at the gates of death. The Jews, according to their custom, lighted candles, but he revived, and cried, "Lord Jesus, have mercy on me!" Upon this all the Jews left him, and he died alone, calling loudly on the name of the Lord Jesus.

JESUS—THE MOTHER'S FRIEND.

THERE is a Friend who reigns above,
His kingdom knows no end;
But though supreme o'er all he rules,
He is "The Mother's Friend!"

Oh, mother, list! 'twas He thy charge
Did for a season lend;
"Train them for me," to you He says,
"I am 'The Mother's Friend.'"

Fulfil to Him thy solemn trust,
And He will thee befriend;
Though all forsake,—He ever is
The faithful "Mother's Friend."

Should care and sorrow rend the heart,
Or threatening ills impend,
Wait, then, on Him who is the Lord,
And yet "The Mother's Friend."

And when in sore perplexity,
On Him alone depend;
Vain is man's help—rely on Him
Who is "The Mother's Friend."

Yes, when oppressed with grief and care,
He can from ill defend;
No evil e'er shall her befall
Who loves "The Mother's Friend."

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Afflictions, God's true messengers,
In mercy He may send,
To draw the soul from sense and sin,
To Him, "The Mother's Friend."

Come, then, to Him with all thy care,
Though trouble he should send,
It is to prove Himself the more
The mother's faithful Friend.

E———. T. H.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

"THE DEAD—THE DEAD ARE LIVING STILL."

When a friend is carried to the grave, we at once find excuses for every weakness and palliations of every fault; we recollect a thousand endearments, which before glided off our minds without impression—a thousand favours unrepaid—a thousand duties unperformed—and wish, vainly wish for his return, not so much that we may receive as that we may bestow happiness, and recompense that kindness which, before, we never understood.—Dr. Johnson.

[Think of these things *now*, that you may have no regrets when the loved one is hid from you in the silent tomb.—Ed.]

EVIL THOUGHTS.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers, for we can keep out of the way of wild beasts, but bad thoughts win their way everywhere. The cup that is full will hold no more; therefore keep your head and heart full of good thoughts, and bad thoughts will find no room to enter.

Be on your guard, and strive and pray
To drive all wicked thoughts away.

A USEFUL HINT.

Scratch the green rind of a sapling, wantonly twist it in the soil, and a scarred or crooked oak will tell the tale for centuries to come. Does not this figure teach the necessity of giving right tendencies to the minds and hearts of the young?

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THE TWO MOTHERS.—No. VI.

"Society is a chain of obligations, and its links must support each other."

"I AM obliged to come to you, Nancy, in my heart-trouble," said Amy, as she took a seat in Mrs. Notting's cottage. "My poor dear boy's trial is over, and he is to be sent over the seas for seven years. Oh, what a miserable woman I shall ever be, as long as I live; and I shall never expect to see him again, poor fellow! for they tell me that over in that country they are made to work like horses; so I don't think he will ever return. Ah! if I had taken to your ways before, all this would never have happened."

"You have reason to be thankful now, Amy," said Mrs. Notting, in a soothing voice, "that, bad as things are with you, there has such a change come over your husband. I always thought he was a very kind sort of a man, who would feel happy in a comfortable home. And what a blessing it is, that both your husband and mine have given up the 'Black Bear!' Our efforts should now be put forth to make them forget the once-loved company there, in the midst of the comforts of their own happy home. And as to your younger children, Amy, it is not too late to train them in the right way; but, you see, our own hearts must be set right first, before we begin our work; for if that is wrong *within*, all will be sure to go wrong *without*. And, then, our children are such observing little creatures, that they are sure to find out if we do not take the Bible for our guide in life." "Ah, that's true enough, Nancy; for, only yesterday, my little Sam said, 'Mother, you don't love the Bible like my Sunday-school teacher; for when Sally hit me, you told me to box her again; but my teacher read to me, "Little children, love one another;" so

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we must not fight?' Thinks I to myself, here's a little parson for you! and I ran up stairs to get a laugh."

"Yes, Amy, and then, you see, the solemn thought, that we are every hour training our dear children for heaven or hell, ought to make us very earnest to do our work aright; so that when we meet them on the judgment-day, they may have nothing to bring against us as parents." "Ah, then, Nancy, I am quite sure my big ones will have pretty many things to bring against me, and I find it is all in their memory now, for they often remind me of things I am ashamed of. I am downright sorry now that I did not go to the Mothers' Meeting with you, when you used to ask me so often. I guess you learned a good deal there about the way of training up your children." "Yes, I did, and do still; and I shall be happy to take you next week, if you will accompany me." "That I will, and gladly too," said Amy, earnestly; "my heart seems turning round like, and if I could only undo what I have done, and do better now, I should have some hope."

"Mother, mother!" called little Jack Allsop at the garden gate, "here's a letter for you!" Amy ran, and taking it, she placed it in Nancy's hand, saying, "No doubt 'tis from my poor boy. Oh, how my heart beats for fear of what he's going to tell me. Please to read it for me." Nancy opened the letter, and, in a faltering voice, read as follows:—

"DEAR MOTHER,—I am to go beyond seas very soon. I don't expect to see you any more. Oh, mother! you helped me to walk in this bad way; and you pushed out of my head all the Sunday-school teacher told me. But I forgive you; only, dear mother, don't bring up my poor little brothers and sisters like you did me.

"Your ruined Son,

"BOB ALLSOP.

"P.S.—I don't care now what becomes of me. Nobody will employ me again, if ever I do come home, for I have lost my character."

Poor Amy was overwhelmed, and Nancy could scarcely

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speak for weeping; but asking her to step up stairs with her, she commended her and her family to the care of Him who came to seek and to save those who are lost.

A SCOTCH MOTHER "GOING HOME."

A FEW months ago a Christian mother was called home to her rest. On the morning of the 5th of March she gave birth to a fine, healthy boy, and appeared for the first day to be as well as could be desired. During the night, however, she was taken ill, and the following day became insensible to what was going on around her. Next morning she had full possession of her reason, although it was evident to all around her that she was hourly becoming worse.

The doctors, by this time, entertained very little hope of her recovery; and her husband, who is a sincere Christian, mentioned to her, that in all probability she must cross the Jordan. She was fully aware of this, and at once entered into a conversation on the solemn subject, with as much composure as if she had been speaking of her household matters. He then asked if she was "willing to go, if the Lord were pleased to take her?" She looked astonished that *he*, who knew her so well, should ask such a question; and replied, "Yes, I am willing to go, to be with Jesus." He then said,—"But would you not be sorry to leave us all?" She paused for a few moments, and then said, "No. No doubt, my dear children will grieve, poor things! *but the Lord will take care of you all.*" He further said, "You are, surely, very happy in your mind?" She replied, "Oh, yes, PERFECTLY HAPPY, *for I* KNOW *in whom I have believed; He is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.*"

On a friend asking her if she felt perfectly safe in view

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of the Jordan?—in answer, she repeated these beautiful lines,—

"Jesus! my Lord, I know His name,
His name is all my boast;
Nor will He put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

"I know, that safe with Him remains,
Protected by His power,
What I've committed to His trust,
Till the decisive hour.

"Then will He own His servant's name,
Before His Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place."

A very short time before her death, she took her husband by the hand, and said,—"I will not be very long with you now, I will soon be home beside my Saviour. Do take care of the dear children — I know the Lord will take care of you all, for He hath said, 'I will never leave thee, *no*, I will never forsake thee.'"

Another relative, approaching her bed-side, said,—"Margaret, have you anything to say to me?" "Yes," she replied, "give yourself to the Saviour, for *without Him* there is no salvation;" and, taking him by the hand, she bade him an affectionate farewell. His wife next approached, and received much the same advice, while she expressed a hope that they would all meet in glory. She then called the dear children, one by one, to her bed-side, and entreated them to give their hearts to the Saviour, for by so doing, and trusting in Him, they would meet their mother in heaven. It was very affecting to see her taking a last earthly fond look, and a last earthly farewell of her dear and interesting family.

The servant asked, "Have you anything to say to me?" She replied, "Yes; do take care of the children, and keep them in mind that their mother's last advice to them was,

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that they should trust in the Saviour." She next called her sister, and desired her to "follow Jesus, the Saviour;" and "Oh, tell my mother," she continued, "to look to the Saviour, for in Him, and in Him alone, is there salvation. Tell her that I am going away before her, to be with Jesus!" The last words she was heard to utter, were,—"For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms shall destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."—Job xix. 25, 26. After repeating these lines she ceased to speak,—and after a few severe struggles, she lifted her hands, and looking steadfastly upon those gathered around her, waved a last adieu, and entered into her eternal rest.

Mothers! are you ready *thus* to meet God? Don't startle at the question. Let it come home to your inmost heart! Realise its mighty importance! Oh, if you are an unsaved, *because Christless*, mother, how fearfully *guilty* is your position. You must be on the way to everlasting woe—and whither are your children bound? Can you expect them to walk Zionward, while you are walking hellward? If you have hitherto neglected the great salvation, do so no longer. Do you wish to enter glory, as the saved spirit of this mother did? Then you must come to Jesus as she came. It was JESUS who made *her* a conqueror over death, and caused her to rejoice in the anticipation of crossing Jordan's dark and troubled waters! 'Twas *His* glorious and matchless excellence, so completely filling her soul, that made her more willing to die and go to Him, than to stay with her beloved husband and children. She knew that "GOD IS LOVE." She *saw that love* manifested in Jesus as the Lamb of God bearing the sin of the world. She had, long ere she became a "mother in Israel," yielded her entire heart to Him who loved her, and gave himself for her; consequently, she was ready, when the call came, to go to Him.

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Unsaved mothers! Jesus is love to you, as He was to her. By His death on the Cross He made atonement for your every transgression. He says to you, "Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."—Isa. i. 18. Oh, come, delay not, for your own sake, and that of your little ones. Take the blood and finished work of Jesus as your plea before a righteous God, and he will blot out and remember your sin no more for ever. He will justify and adopt you into His family. You will thus be saved, sanctified, and ready to die. You will sing,—

"Through Jordan's swell I will not fear,
My Jesus will be with me there,
My head above the waves to bear.
"God is love."

"THERE ARE ALWAYS SOME TO BE COMFORTED."

TO A CHRISTIAN MOTHER DEEPLY BEREAVED.

BY REV. I. WATTS, D.D.

I HAD a comely fruit-tree, with the branches of it promising plenteous fruit; the stock was surrounded with seven or eight little shoots of different sizes, that grew up from the root at a small distance, and seemed to compose a beautiful defence and ornament for the mother-tree; but the gardener, who espied their growth, knew the danger the tree was in, and he cut down those tender suckers, one after another, and laid them in the dust. I pitied them in my heart, and said—"How beautiful they were! how like the parent! how elegantly clothed with the raiment of summer! and each of them might have grown to a fruitful tree!" But they stood so near as to endanger the stock; they drew away the sap, the heart and strength of

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it, so far as to injure the fruit, and darken the prospect of autumn; the pruning knife appeared unkind indeed, but the gardener was wise, for the tree flourished more sensibly, the fruit quickly grew fine, and the ingathering at last was joyful.

Will you allow me, Christian mother, to persuade you into this parable? Shall I compare you to this tree in the Lord's garden? Your agreeable qualifications seem to promise various fruits of faith, of love, of universal holiness and service. You have had many of these young suckers springing up around you; they stood awhile your sweet ornaments and joy, and each of them might have grown up to a perfection of likeness, and each might have become a parent tree; but say, did they never draw your heart off from God? Did they never steal any of those seasons of devotion, or those warm affections, that were supremely due to Him you profess to serve? Did they not stand a little too near the soul? and, when they were laid one after another in the dust, did you not find your heart drawn out nearer to God? Are you not now devoting yourself more entirely to Him, since the last was taken away? Ah, then, repine not at the pruning knife, but adore the conduct of the heavenly Husbandman and say—"All His ways are wisdom and mercy." But I have not done with my parable.

When the fruit was gathered, and before winter came upon the tree, the gardener took it up by the roots, and it appeared as dead; but his design was not to destroy it utterly, for he removed it far away from the spot of earth where it had stood, and planted it in a hill of richer mould, which was sufficient to nourish it with all its attendants. The spring appeared, the tree budded into life again, and all those fair young standards that had been cut off, broke out of the ground afresh, and stood up round it, a sweet young grove, flourishing in beauty and immortal vigour.

You know where you are now, Christian mother, and

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that I have carried you to the hill of Paradise, to the blessed hour of the resurrection. What an unknown joy it will be to be transplanted to that heavenly mansion! What a divine rapture and surprise of blessedness to see all your little offspring around you that day, springing out of the dust at once, making a fairer and brighter appearance in that upper garden of God, and rejoicing together, all partakers with you of the same happy immortality, all fitted to bear heavenly fruit, without the need or danger of a pruning knife! Look forward to this glorious morning. Give cheerful honour to Him who by His unsearchable counsels, has fulfilled your best wishes, and secured your dear infants to you for ever, though not just in your own way. That blessed hand, which made the painful separation on earth, shall join you and your babes together in His own heavenly habitation, never to be divided again. Though the method may be painful, "They are the seed of the blessed of the Lord, and their offspring with them." (Isaiah, lxv. 23.) Then shall you say—"Lord, here am I, and the children that thou hast given me."

MOTHERS' RESPONSIBILITIES.—No. IV.

It was a beautiful spring morning when the stage-coach stopped at my gate to take me to town. The coach was one of those well known at that time as "the short stages." This had three horses, driven unicorn fashion, and singularly enough, the leader was blind! but so docile, and so handy, that the sweet creature seemed instinctively aware of the many and difficult turnings we had to make in taking up our passengers—for straight railroads and electric telegraphs were not then even thought of.

I was soon seated on the roof, and my mind was in unison with the scenery through which I was passing. Nature seemed in one of her happiest moods; the fields

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and hedges were green in virgin freshness, unsullied by the dusty roads; the little lambs were frisking and jumping in mid air, as they playfully chased each other up and down the sunny bank; the primrose, with its bright yellow, was seen nestling among the warm roots in the hedge-row; and the cows were feeding happily in the open meadow. As I looked on with delight, a thought, with electric speed, winged its way to heaven, and I breathed the sentiment, "All thy works praise thee," which echoed back the feeling, "Oh, that thy saints would bless thee." How delightful is that state of mind, in which the heart instinctively utters the exclamation, in a sort of holy transport, "Blessed Jesus! how I love thee!" Not a whisper is heard, not a muscle moves; and how unconscious is the man who sits next you, that in spirit you have winged your way to heaven, and are holding fellowship with the Father, and with the Son, and with the Holy Ghost.

About half-way to London, we took up a gentleman I well knew as the son of a minister. The father had been dead many years, but his name, I believe, even now, stands honourably side by side with great ones. After a few common-place observations, I touched upon religion, when he stopped me with the quick reply, "Ah, Sir, it's all very well, I dare say, but I had enough of it when I was a boy; my father sickened me of religion, Sir!" I pondered and was silent. How is this? thought I; Solomon says, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." Now, Solomon was a wise man, and inspired withal; yet here the word and experience seemed not to be in agreement! There is a discrepancy somewhere. One must be wrong; and although we have no knowledge of the facts which led to the result in question, we have no hesitation in saying the wrong was in the *training*. "Let God be true, though every man should prove a liar."

There are, alas! too many instances of injudicious train-

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ing, in our day, to allow us to doubt the fact. A man may have his head full of knowledge, yea, and his heart full of love, and yet know not how to convey that love and knowledge to others, especially to his own children. I have wondered, and been greatly grieved, at the awful mistakes pious parents often make. They are all anxiety for the salvation of their children; they are instant at a throne of grace on their behalf; they are anxious to secure the prayers of pious people; and for them their tears flow oft and plentiful; but in the every-day scenes of this life, when dealing with their children, there is no firmness, no decision; a loving frown is never seen upon the brow, even when there is a consciousness of wrong-doing. They cannot say "no," and abide by it; sympathy and tenderness rush to the rescue; they give no heed to the wise man, when he says,—"the rod and reproof give wisdom;" with them, a mother's foolish fondness must be the governing principle, and that fondness the exponent of all her love and tenderness. They have not yet attained to the power of meek decision, to a firmness of purpose, seen and read in the tenderest expression of the countenance, and which at once puts to silence every feeling of resistance.

It is truly painful to hear what is said on such occasions, and what vain attempts are made to daub with untempered mortar. They *know* their duty, but they do it not; and suffer themselves to be carried down the stream, crying all the while, "Pity me, O my friends!" No, you do not deserve pity; arise to the greatness of the occasion! This is your "right eye," which you must pluck out; this is your "right arm," which you must cut off; and assuredly you will find the figure to be no hyperbole; nay, you will be ready to say, "the half was not told me." This is a testing point in your profession. Henceforward, dwarfish piety—a family given to worldly pleasures, with wretchedness of heart; or a family enjoying holy confidence in God—walking in his fear, with the witness of his Spirit with yours

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that you are his children. Alas! alas! that the children of professing Christians, yea, of many who stand high in office in the church, should be permitted to have their own way! A little persuasion serves to reconcile to the private dance in the juvenile ball, and the "dear little creatures" are turned over to the world's fascinations, so agreeable to our fallen nature; and then we hear of their returning at two or three o'clock in the morning! Is this "coming out?" Is this being "separate?" The command is; "Touch not, taste not, handle not;" this is plain enough; but we are told, "Young people must have a little amusement. They must see a little of the world." Now, if these things are so, can we wonder that the bright spark of piety in the soul is almost extinguished, and that the state of religion is what it is in our families—in our churches! Mothers, awake! arise to your responsibilities, and may the God of love be your helper!

M. B.

"DO YOUR WORK IN THE LIGHT, MOTHER."

NO. II.

"How do you do, Mrs. Grant?" asked Mrs. Willey; "I have not seen you for a long time, and, therefore, I determined to make time to run down to-day for half an hour. Is Mary returned yet? How are you all?" "We are all quite well, thank you, except a little headache from sitting up later than usual last evening." "Ah, you do sit up late, I think." "No, not in a usual way, but Mr. Grant was helping Mr. Harris to take stock, and we waited up for him; for I always think, when a person is tired, a smiling fire and a smiling face are desirable." "Taking stock, eh! well, I am glad they are wise enough; I heard a hint that there is great need of drawing in, there—and I would just say to you, be on your guard; but, of course,

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you will not take any notice of what I say." "Oh dear, no, Mrs. Willey, I take very little notice of anything I hear in that way; but as to *need*, why these times cause us all to be careful, and it seems a duty where one has a family, and life so uncertain, to keep our houses and business in good order." "Ah, but such a family of proud young people, who are known to laugh at everybody, cannot expect to bring custom to their father's shop—and, no doubt, he will soon have to compound." "Well, what you say may be true; I know so little of my friend's business, that I might as well live ten miles off." "Well, Mrs. Grant, I do wonder that Mr. Harris could ask your husband to help him, for you are no favourite there; but, however, it is not for me to make remarks, I am quite afraid to say a word." "Well, Mrs. Willey, I do not wonder at that, for friends and foes are very much alike. Am I not a 'favourite?' Well, I cannot help it; I am not aware of doing or saying anything to cause the family to dislike me." "Oh, well, don't say I gave you the hint."

After a little more gossip, Mrs. Willey rose to depart, saying, "Will you come to take your tea with me, to-morrow?" "Thank you, I cannot, we are all going to spend the evening with Mrs. Harris." "Oh, indeed; pray take care of those mocking girls, but don't take any notice of anything I say; I would not have my name in the matter." A short walk brought Mrs. Willey round to Mr. Harris's shop—she entered, to do a little bit of work in the dark. "I should like to look at some gloves," she said, addressing Mr. Harris; "why you seem in some confusion here," she added, looking round. "Yes, a little," replied the man of business; "we have been stock-taking, and are not yet quite right." "Oh, indeed! how is Mrs. Harris?" "She is just inside, walk in and ask her."

Mrs. Willey was soon seated by Mrs. Harris, who was helping her husband to card some lace. "Dear me, are

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you obliged to do this, Mrs. Harris? Well, I hope things are going well. I regret to hear what I do; but these reports are not to be depended upon." "No, Mrs. Willey, they are not, indeed—but what is abroad now?" "Well, you see, I don't wish my name to be mentioned, but I have just left Mrs. Grant, and she hinted the importance of *your* being careful as to your house and business, and so on, in these times; and she told me all about Mr. Grant's being here taking stock; and we had a long chat—but, of course, you will not take any notice of what I say." Mrs. Harris opened her eyes, as if she wished to make sure she was not dreaming.

Mrs. Willey rose to depart, but the bit of work she had performed in the dark had left a thorn in poor Mrs. Harris's heart, and she asked herself the question,—"Is it possible that my dear friend Mrs. Grant could act thus? It is so unlike her—and unlike everything I ever knew about her; but, alas! the world is deceitful—and my Bible says, 'A whisperer separateth chief friends;' and we know that this world of ours has many such whisperers in it, who like to work in the dark." Now, play with your boy a little, young mother, and take up the *Friend* again.

SONG OF A CHILD ON HEARING THE WIND BLOW.

I LOVE to listen when winds blow high,
And hear the loud music of the sky,
Because I think 'tis the angel's song
That sounds when the fleet winds sweep along.
Swift as they ride on their cars of cloud,
Hark! how they sing to their fellows aloud!
We catch not the words, but the sweet notes swell
Down here—and the music I love so well
Sounds like the distant notes of the lay,
Borne by the gentle breeze away,
When the good on earth, from their humble abode,
Send up their evening praise to God.

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Now with awe their voices are still,
Now there's a sound so sweet and shrill,
It must be an infant, such as I,
But lately a tenant of the sky,
Trying the powers of his little voice,
While the rest listen. Now!—now!—they rejoice!
And join with him in the praise of God,
Who washed his young spirit in Jesus' blood,
And took him away from mortal sorrow,
Before his little heart was riven,
For a bright long day without a morrow,
To unite with them in the songs of heaven!

I wish that his mother, who weeps for him,
Could hear the sound of his joyful hymn,
And see how happy her child is there,
In those blue regions, soft and fair;
I'm sure she'd never weep again,
If she could hear that heavenly strain.

Mother! if I should ever go
Where the angels are singing so,
I'll sing so loud that the winds shall bear
My voice on their wings to my mother's ear.
And I'll tell you not to weep for me,
For Bessie's as happy as she can be;
And I'll pray the Highest to send for you;
And when you've done all He'd have you do,
Oh, then, my mother, you shall come,
Happy and glad, to your daughter's home!

A MOTHER'S EXAMPLE.

THE other morning I called upon one of our Sunday-school teachers, to inquire after an absentee. In the course of conversation she said, "I think D—— T—— would come again if asked." Just at that moment the girl, with her mother, passed on the other side of the street. I instantly followed them, when they turned up a court which leads to an adjoining street; but, when I reached it, I could not see them. I concluded they had

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entered the side-door of a gin palace which was at the corner, and, on opening the door a little way, saw them both at the tap. I then went round to the front door, and the mother had just received a cup from the person at the counter. I looked again, and they were apparently gone into the tap-room. I left the spot much grieved, thinking that, with such an example before the girl, it would be a hopeless case. This was before *eleven* o'clock in the morning. My mind was exercised about it during the day, and the next morning I called at their residence. I was the more anxious to do so, because I understood the mother was formerly in a Sunday school. I found them both at home, with one of her brothers, and a girl who lived in the same court. I said I had called to inquire why D—— had not been to school for so long a period. "Ah!" said the mother, "you must ask her, for *she has got above my hand, and her brothers as well! They do just as they please!*" The girl, who is about fifteen, evidently felt vexed, but she did not reply.

Without alluding to the circumstances of the preceding day, I pointed out to D—— the importance of the Sabbath school, and urged her to return, promising to call before the Sunday for her decision. On the Saturday I did so, and was glad to find the mother alone. I asked how they had decided, and she replied that D—— was willing to return, which would be on the Sunday week. I then entered into some serious conversation. I endeavoured to impress her mind with the necessity of a religious life, and showed how sad it is for mothers to lead their children into evil—to train them up for a miserable existence in this life, and a prospect of a more wretched existence in the life to come. I remarked, "If, unfortunately, you have allowed your children to disregard and even despise your authority, all you can now do will be to let them see that you VALUE religion; your EXAMPLE must speak, your prayers must make an impression. You must recall the

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instructions you received when in a Sabbath school, and by dependence upon Divine grace, combined with kind remonstrance, you may yet prove a great blessing to your children. Show that you are in earnest, and try to conduct your children in the paths of religion. She thanked me, and appeared to take an interest in all that was said.

Alas! how many parents may trace the wickedness of their children to their own neglect of religion! What! a mother lost all control over her children! Would this prove the case, if the mother had FAITHFULLY PERFORMED HER DUTY? If she had RESTRAINED the EARLY PROPENSITIES TO EVIL, CHECKED THE FIRST ACTS OF DISOBEDIENCE, AND, ABOVE ALL, PRESENTED AN EXAMPLE OF GODLINESS, would it not have caused her children to shrink from such a course of conduct? O! MOTHERS, NEVER FORGET THE TREMENDOUS WEIGHT OF RESPONSIBILITY WHICH ATTACHES TO YOUR EXAMPLE!

A THOUGHT FOR MOTHERS.

"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."—Prov. xxix. 26.

It is the command of God, "train up a child in the way he should go." He should go to heaven, for "Jesus died for all;" and God will have all to be saved, "and to come to the knowledge of the truth." To train up a child is to educate a child. There are many ways of doing this. Perhaps the most potent is by what you are—your thoughts and feelings, your sayings and doings, your life and character, insensibly educate your child. Mother! if you were certain that every thought, every feeling, every principle of yours, separated itself from you, and took root without you, in your child, how would you watch and pray that for you to live might be Christ, that you might be "changed into the same image from glory to glory, by the Spirit of the Lord." And are you certain it is not so? M. A. P.

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MATERNAL PRAYER ANSWERED.

The following extracts from the Memoir of the Rev. J. G. Breay, of Birmingham, are strikingly illustrative of the blessing and reward attendant on a pious mother's cares and prayers. They are offered as an encouragement to such parents to persevere, and as an inducement to lead others to begin to pray for their children. Writing to his mother, when under trials, he says:—

"But, my dear mother, though it may be an occasion of sorrow to our minds, depend upon it, it is a token for good. The father of the fatherless, the husband of the widow, has wise ends to answer in this, and in all his dispensations. . . . I have only to recur to my own childhood, and I see a striking illustration of our present situation. Unable to dive into your motives, or perceive the benefit and affection of your conduct, my little heart was ready to censure that plan of discipline, for which, now my faculties are somewhat enlarged, I shall love and thank you as long as I live. I feel a stronger reliance on your judgment than ever, and, I think, that had I my days of childhood to pass over again, I should cheerfully submit to every deprivation and punishment you might inflict on me, however painful for the time, knowing it proceeded from wisdom, was dictated by affection, and that future benefit and satisfaction would fully compensate for present afflictions and crosses. . . . . Be assured, my beloved mother, that if we would die the death, and share the triumphs of God's people, we must also live their life. It is in peculiar trials that we experience peculiar supports. Need I labour to prove this? I can prove it unanswerably. I can lead you to one who knows what it is to conflict with trials, and who is yet enabled to declare that she infinitely prefers suffering affliction, to the affluence and luxury of the ungodly. It is my near relation to this person that I esteem one of the highest honours and blessings of my life—a blessing for which I shall be thankful through time, and for which, I doubt not, I shall be thankful through eternity. . . . . If I am a child of God, I conceive the origin of the work of grace on my heart, or rather the *means* employed in bringing it to a love of Jesus, and a delight in his service, to have been *the effect of maternal instructions and*

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example. I cannot perceive it to have been produced by the preaching or reading of God's word; I cannot discover it to have been the result of study and meditation; neither can I find that the sudden convictions and changes that take place with many, were employed in bringing me to the knowledge of the truth. No, if I am drawn to God, which I venture to hope I am, though I hope with trembling, the *human* means which were used for this heavenly end was the pleasure which my *mother* felt at seeing me engaged in *serious things.* Impelled by this, and this alone, I have many times read a chapter and sung a hymn; I did it *because it pleased my mother.* Yes; my young heart was then unconscious of any other motive. This grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength. The pleasure of the mother became the pleasure of the son, until, gradually, I was induced by higher and other motives; and that which I first took delight in because it pleased my mother, I afterwards delighted in because it pleased my God. I would again repeat, that my relation to such a mother I esteem one of the highest honours and blessings of my life. You have not led me to the temple of fame, and bid me seek my happiness in the attainment of worldly honour and renown; you have not led me to the temple of pleasure, and bid me seek the possession of earth's sordid joys; but you *have* led me to the temple of Jehovah, and bid me seek, first, the kingdom of God and his righteousness. You have trained up a child in the way he should go. God has preserved his life, and given him grace and strength to perform his present resolutions and desires, and when he is old he will not depart from it. He would devote all his days to the service of Jesus, desiring no other recompence, seeking no other reward, than to be constantly employed in his service, and approved in his sight. In the meantime, my dear mother, if to convert a sinner from the error of his ways, and to save a soul from death, is any pleasure—if that pleasure is heightened by near relationship—that pleasure, in its greatest extent, you may consider as your own."

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR MADAM,—A woman, to whom I lent a number of your *Mothers' Friend,* said to me, last week, "That book is beautiful." A *young man,* a friend of my son, came to see him the other day, and took it up, and he never stopped till he had

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read it through, he thought it so good and so useful. Another, the mother of a large family, said, "Please, ma'am, to leave this with me for another week, there is so much good in it—it learns one so well how to manage children, and brings one's duties to mind—and we're too apt to forget them." Indeed, I receive, weekly, new testimonials to its value in my district. I heard also of a clergyman's wife, in the neighbouring large town, who regularly lends *The Mothers' Friend* to the parents of her Sunday scholars—a very good plan.

Yours very sincerely,

May 5th, 1852. L. S. T.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

"MAMMA DOES SO."

A sweet little girl was standing in an orchard one day, under a very hot summer's sun. A friend who was near said to her, "Run in, dearest, and get your garden bonnet, lest you get a headache."—"No, thank you," replied the tiny one, "my ma does so; she comes out without a bonnet, so I do like her. I should not do so, if ma did not; I only do like her!" Mother, let your dear little ones see you rejoicing in the light of the Sun of Righteousness, that they, by your example, may bask with pleasure beneath His rays. They will do "as mother does;" never forget this important truth.

HEAVEN.

It is the hope of Heaven which relieves despair. Short as are our conceptions, there are moments with, perhaps, every mind, when glimpses shoot in of a bright and joyous and happy existence. They may be instantaneous in their coming, and momentary in their stay; yet they leave a sense of happiness in store for the righteous.

BE TIDY.

Woman was made to give our eyes delight—
A female sloven is an odious sight.

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SONG OF A PASSING SPIRIT.

Far, far from my home, a pilgrim straying,
Oh, shelter me!
Foes on every side betraying,
Oh, shelter me!
Dark's the path through which I'm going,
Storms of strong temptation blowing,
Shake my hope, my peace o'erthrowing.
Oh, shelter me!

Rock for weary sinners founded,
Oh, shelter me!
Gilead's balm can heal the wounded,
Oh, shelter me!
Can hell and sin my soul e'er sever?
Shielded by thy blood, oh, never!
Once in Christ, I'm safe for ever!
Oh, shelter me!

When through death's dark vale I'm treading,
Oh, shelter me!
Hush each fear my mind o'erspreading,
Oh, shelter me!
Sweetly on thy bosom sleeping,
Bid adieu to sin and weeping;
Jesus, take my all in keeping.
Oh, shelter me!

H. G. G.

The young man who thus sang has passed over Jordan's river.

PUT ON SPECTACLES TO VIEW MERCIES.

A Spaniard, who was observed to put on his spectacles to eat cherries, was asked the reason. "I put them on," he replied, "that they may look the larger and more tempting." Is this the way you make the most of your enjoyments?

CAREFULNESS.

Our portion is not large, indeed;
But, then, how little do we need?
For nature's calls are few.
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

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THE TWO MOTHERS.—No. VII.

"Let her be a child of God, that she bring with her a blessing to thine house."

There were joyous hearts and smiling faces in the native village of George and Nancy Notting. Their cottage was adorned with Christmas berries and nursed flowers, and the inmates appeared in holiday garb. What can be going on? Now and then George took his best hat from the bright table, walked round the house, and looked over the hill; and Nancy had lost her quiet way—she could not sit still long together, but peeped out of the window, over the clean muslin curtain, as if expecting some visitors.

About eight o'clock little Charley came running in, crying, "Mother! mother! mother! there's somebody coming down the hill, for father says so." Nancy's face became flushed, and her heart, as she said, seemed half-inclined to come "up in her throat." Presently two very nice-looking young men entered the cottage neatly dressed, wearing white gloves. The tallest advanced to meet Nancy, holding out his hand, and saying, "This is the happiest day of my life, and I shall call you Mrs. Notting now for the last time." "May you, my dear Alfred," said Nancy, "never have cause to remember this day with regret, and may the smiles of Heaven be upon us all."

Just at this moment a chaise drew up at the garden gate, and two young ladies stepped out, and placing themselves on each side of the walk, led in the youthful Mary Notting, very neatly dressed, as the bride elect of James Snow, a young tradesman. "Here we are, Mrs. Notting," said Miss Sinclair; "look, here is our dear Mary; does she not appear nicely in her bridal attire? Oh, what fun we have had! See, Lucy and I are the two bridesmaids. Pa has so nicely settled all; he will be here with the four-wheel

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take us back, and you and Mr. Notting are to ride with the bride and bridegroom. Pa and dear brother, Lucy and I, are to ride together. Oh, is it not nicely arranged? And dear ma is making such nice things at home: we are all determined to have a gay wedding. But I fear poor Tiny will not laugh much, for he says all day long, 'No, no take my Mary 'way; don't let my Mary go 'way.' Indeed, if Mary's house would not be near at hand, we should all say the same; but we say now we must not cry to-day, because we do all think she will be so happy."

During this long speech Nancy had been looking with all a mother's love upon her eldest daughter, now about to become the wife of a worthy young man. The honour conferred upon her child, by the young family of Mary's master attending at the ceremony, caused her to feel deeply; and her heart went up in thanks to Him who had thus blessed her, and given her favour with those so much above her in station. Mary had proved herself a valuable servant, and the young people of the family were all exceedingly fond of her, and many useful presents had been made to her as tokens of their esteem, and testimonials of her worthy conduct.

At nine o'clock, the happy-looking party walked up the village to the old church: first Mary, leaning on her father's arm; then the young bridegroom and Miss Sinclair; then Mr. Hornsby Sinclair and his younger sister. Mary looked happy and confiding, but a tear would come now and then, and her father took her hand, speaking words of comfort as he felt her arm tremble on his. When the ceremony was over, the chaise and the four-wheel took them all to spend the day at Mr. Sinclair's, a solicitor in the next town, and a very happy party they made in the old-fashioned dining room on this joyous wedding-day.

When George and Nancy Notting returned to their cottage in the evening, they had to thank their heavenly Father that He had allowed them to behold their eldest

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child most comfortably settled in a home of her own, feeling the truth of that Scripture—"Godliness is profitable for all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

AN IMPORTANT NIGHT.

It was at a time when I was about eight or nine years of age—I was awoke in the night by a very unusual noise in the room in which I slept, and when I opened my eyes I saw, by the dim light of the candle, my mother moving about. My father, apparently in great suffering, was holding his hands on his sides, and, in an agony of distress, crying aloud for mercy. My poor dear mother was actively engaged, preparing something for his relief, while the big tears rolled down her affectionate cheeks, for she loved him dearly, and all her hopes and comforts depended upon his life. As to myself, my poor little heart beat quickly, and I was full of trouble; but I spoke not, nor moved. I watched and listened attentively till, I suppose, I fell asleep, as the remainder of that eventful night is lost to my recollection.

On the morrow I was told that my father was taken ill in the night, and thought he was going to die. The pain still continued, and the distress of his mind quite terrified me; he was calling aloud for mercy, and I shall never forget the agony of the cry—"Mercy, O Lord, have mercy on me!"

At this time, I believe, we were all strangers to the power of godliness; were living without Christ, and without God in the world; though strictly moral, we could join in the laugh against a very pious, poor woman who was a Wesleyan, and assisted occasionally on washing days. I well remember the quietness of her manner, and the earnestness of her

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zeal when she spoke of the love of the Saviour, and I believe it had its influence upon both my father and my mother, and certainly I LIKED her very much. I have no other term to express my meaning; for it would not be correct to say I *loved* her very much, or *respected* her very much, but I LIKED her very much.

This affliction was sanctified to my father, and from this period he became "a new creature in Christ Jesus"—"old things passed away, and all things became new." I both saw and felt the change, and was happy under it. The character of his reading became altered; he delighted now to read to us aloud some of the most stirring passages of the old divines. Christ was all in all to him—his blood—his righteousness—his atonement—his intercession, were the themes ever flowing from his lips.

As the pains still continued, though not so bad, it was thought best that he should see a physician, and I was to go with him: we had but a short way to go, and the path was through the churchyard. As we were passing through he said—"My boy, if I should die, be good to your poor mother; and if you grow up to be a man, never forsake her." And I remember how, in the sincerity of my heart, I promised I always would be good to her, and felt I was only saying what I meant. The very spot is vivid to my imagination. I see it now—nor will memory ever lose its hold; it will go with me to the grave.

My father recovered, and as a family we enjoyed many happy years together; but at length the time came that we were to part. Providence opened a door for me, some two hundred miles away. I had never been from home before, and was cast among perfect strangers; not a soul among them that I knew. The parting was sad and sorrowful, and the first month I spent in my new situation was the most bitter in my life. I happily kept my trouble to myself, and gradually recovered my spirits. Present
s and future prospects engaged my attention. Several

years passed away, and many changes took place; but an unbroken intercourse was maintained with the dear family at home, and many a one-pound-note found its way as a token I had not forgotten my churchyard promise. Once I visited them, and as I drew near the beloved scenes of my childhood, and first caught a glimpse of the church spire and town, with which all my happiest ideas were associated, I felt as I never felt before, and have never felt since.

After a few more years had passed, I one day received a letter from my father, saying that a misunderstanding had taken place between him and his employer, and that he was discharged. This was rather a serious affair at his time of life, but God had graciously blessed and prospered me. I, therefore, wrote home immediately to say that I would undertake their support. This was a comfort, great and unexpected, to both their aged hearts; but I had soon a request that they might be permitted to end their days in their own beloved city of Oxford. On their way thither they spent several weeks with me, and I afterwards gave them more than one running peep.

On the outside of the letter announcing my mother's death, was placed conspicuously the word "*prepare.*" She was buried in her favourite churchyard of Perry Hincksey, and never did one mourn more deeply and sincerely than did my father the loss of his wife. About four years afterwards I deposited him in the same grave, at the foot of the old stone cross; and no portion of my life has ever given me such real pleasure as being able to minister to the peace and comfort of the last years of my mother and my father. I meant what I said when I crossed the old churchyard with my father.

This paper will be read by thousands who are now largely sharing the bounties of fathers and mothers. Be assured you have no friends like-minded—none whose love you may so safely trust—none who will so sincerely rejoice in

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your prosperity. You owe them a long debt of gratitude —be, then, the comfort of their declining years—the stay of their old age; and when you follow them to the grave, let your conscience witness that you have done what you could.

M. B.

AUNT KITTY.

"So where the world rebuketh, there look thou for the excellent."

The Roman censors frequently imposed fines upon unmarried men; and the Spartan women, at some of their games, laid hold of old bachelors, dragged them around their altars, and inflicted on them various marks of infamy and disgrace. In 1785, a tax was laid on bachelors in England. The sum of two pounds ten shillings for a duke; and for a common person, one shilling. And for the servants of these individual self-loving lords of the creation, a double tax was imposed.

We are not quite sure it would not be a good thing to tax a few of these Cœlebs now, for we sometimes hear them talk very boastingly of being able to marry just anybody they may choose, while we know very well there are many of them languishing, in very lonely homes, for ladies who have really and truly said "No," more than once. Yes, it is even so! But it is not of these, our superiors, that we mean to write a short paper, but of a worthy class of useful bodies, to whom the world is very greatly indebted.

We have read with pleasure two or three articles lately written by those with whom we have deep sympathy, on the subject of "Old Maids!" There, we *have* said it; but we do not like the words. And we were reminded of a tale we read "a long while ago," called "Aunt Kitty." Did you ever see it? It was something like this:—Aunt Kitty was the only unmarried sister of a large family, and her services were in continual requisition, sometimes at

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half-a-dozen homes at the same time! Often a little nimble foot would be heard tripping into her neat bed-room, where she often sat making clothes for the poor, and a flute-like voice would exclaim, "Oh, Aunt Kitty, please, do come down to our house; baby is very ill, and ma wants you to put him into a warm bath!" Nobody *could* manage this matter so nicely as Aunt Kitty! And as to leeches and blisters, and all such matters, why Aunt Kitty seemed to have a charm for them all! Now the postman brings a letter:—

"DEAR KITTY,—Pray come to us by the next train. Polly, Sammy, Jack, and Tiny, are all down in the measles; Mary has the mumps; ma has a cold; and I am pretty nearly at my wit's end. Pray come.

"Yours in haste,
"TOM ——"

Before Aunt Kitty's mission of love is over, a niece writes to beg she will hasten to nurse "poor papa in fever!" Then she is called to take what she calls her "long journey," to keep house and keep peace while sister Matty is "up stairs," admiring some little Master Newcome! Then some broken limb, or bruised head, or bursting heart, calls for Aunt Kitty's sympathy and attention;—and all the poor and helpless around find in her a never-failing friend. Who will say that such women are not worthy of all honour? It must be a cold and hard heart that would think of her as an outcast because she has not had the good fortune, or, it may be, has not *chosen* to marry! Who would dare laugh, and point the finger at her as she walks by on her missions of love? Who would tauntingly say, "There goes the old maid?"

Ah, we know many an "Aunt Kitty" who is worth her weight in gold; some, too, whose warm affections were early blighted by treachery or death, and they have said "No," many a time since, because the heart's deep sorrow is still alive! Some of these Aunt Kitties are the very lif

and sunshine of homes where aged parents rest on their never-tiring arms, and listen to their musical voices, while they smooth the descent to the dark valley by the songs of Zion, and tales of the better land. There is many a fair maiden in the world to-day, whom we should feel very sorry to see married just yet; for instance, there are Alice and Hannah Lovewell, two sisters, either of whom would make a happy home for any one of the "lords of the creation;" but neither can be spared from the home of their childhood just yet,—there is their good and excellent but feeble mother to be attended to, day and night; and she is now receiving from their hands all the tenderness and attention she bestowed on them in their early days. "Well," you say, "but surely *one* of them can be spared!" No, not one; for there is the father also to be attended to,—he must be cared for in the *parlour*, while "dear mother" never leaves her bed-room. No, neither can be spared at present; they must act "Aunt Kitty's" part a wee bit longer, blessing the beloved and frail ones by kindness and love—receiving in return the smiles of Him who in His dying agony could not forget the mother who administered to the wants of His feeble infancy. We are glad the world is beginning to awake to the real worth of these valuable "Aunt Kitties." To be sure, everybody knows there are some cross, selfish, *unmarried* women, that people *will* call "Old Maids;" but are there no selfish, cross, disagreeable married women? Ah, tell us this! The history of many an "Aunt Kitty," if told, would cause the world to turn round and pronounce them little less than angels!

Mothers! train your daughters early in life to be useful, that they may live to some purpose, comforting the sick and infirm, and helping those who cannot help themselves, taking for their example Him who went about doing good; train them for heaven, and they will be useful on earth.

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"DO YOUR WORK IN THE LIGHT, MOTHER."

NO. III.

"How did you like our minister yesterday, Mrs. Clarke?" asked Miss Dare, a gaily-dressed young lady, with rather a scowling brow. "Don't you think," she added, "that he is getting rather dry and personal of late?" "I cannot say I think so, Miss Dare; I believe he tries to do good, and I did not observe anything strange about his sermons. He proved all he said from the Bible, and told us to search it for ourselves; so then, you see, he cannot be far out." "But, bless you, Mrs. Clarke, did not you hear him say that some parents do not care where their children went to live so as they could get money, that their eternal welfare was out of the question; and all about the young man, who, after he was ruined, said, 'My father put my head in the lion's mouth, and then prayed that the creature might not bite it off.' Thinks I to myself, as sure as fate he is meaning all this for Mrs. Clarke and her Lucy, who is going to live at Squire Maygame's, for I hear 'tis a sad place, though they give plenty of money. Of course, he must have meant *you*." "Oh, no," said the artless mother, "he could not have meant me, for nobody in the town knows of it but yourself." "Ah, well," she continued, "it don't signify, it's quite certain he does not preach as well as he used to do. Now, you watch him next Sunday, and see if you don't find what I say true." "If I do listen like that, Miss Dare, 'twill be your fault; and, begging your pardon, I don't see this plan just right, as our pastor often tells us 'tis God's truth, not man's." "Bless the woman, what a dupe you are!" exclaimed Miss Dare, and then walked away, to find some more congenial place for doing her work in the dark. What will she do when the light of eternity's day bursts upon her, and the Master shall vindicate the characters of His servants?

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"Where have you been, my boy?" asked Mrs. Lowel. Albert hung down his head, and turned away from the fixed gaze of his mother. "Look at me, my son, and tell me at once. You know I like you to be truthful and transparent as the light. You have not been trained in a home shaded by dark dealings. You never saw your mother or father working in the dark." "That's true, mother," said the lad, turning round, and looking confiding; "but 'tisn't every mother can appeal to her children as you and father can. I never knew either of you to deceive me. I will tell you all the truth. I was tempted to join Harry Andrews, and I felt all the time you would not like it. I am sorry, mother, but his language has sickened me now. I shall pass him by, next time—he is a wicked boy; but, you see, mother, there is some excuse for him, as his father and mother say such wicked things, and make-believe so often, he can't help learning evil." "Well, my boy, you bring all your sayings and doings to the light of God's Word, and try them there. The young Christian lad likes the light as much as our plants like it. Do you not see how they turn to the window, leaving the darkness of the room behind them? Just so we should turn towards the light that shines from heaven, and ask God, for the sake of His dear Son, to grant us His Holy Spirit, that we may have the light of life shining upon our path, leading us towards that happy home where there is no darkness at all."

Mother! take your work right out into the sunlight, and let your children see that you court the glorious rays of the orb of day to do it by. Yes, and let them see that you court the rays of the Sun of Righteousness to do the work of your life in—your heart work—your tongue work—your training work—your praying work—your work which is to last not only a day, a year, or a century, but for eternity.

We shall conclude our paper by some beautiful thoughts, ten by one who loved the light while on earth, but now

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lives in the light of eternity's day. He supposes professors of religion to be ranged in different concentric circles around Christ as their common centre. Some value the presence of their Saviour so highly, that they cannot bear to be at any remove from Him; even their work they will bring up, and do in the light of His countenance, and while engaged in it, will be seen constantly raising their eyes to Him, as if fearful of losing one beam of His light. Others, who, to be sure, would not be content to live out of his presence, are yet less wholly absorbed by it, and may be seen a little farther off, engaged here and there in their various callings, their eyes generally upon their work, but often looking up for the light which they love. A third class, beyond these, but yet within the life-giving rays, includes a doubtful multitude, many of whom are so much engaged in their worldly schemes, that they may be seen standing sideways to Christ, looking mostly the other way, and only now and then turning their faces towards the light. And farther out, among the last scattered rays, so distant that it is often doubtful whether they come at all within their influence, is a mixed assemblage of busy ones; some with their backs wholly turned upon the Sun, and most of them so "careful and troubled" about their "many things," as to spare but little time for their Saviour.

Mother! is your work done with your back to the Sun, so that you can can only see your own shadow, and, therefore, think only of yourself? Turn round—right round—without delay, lest the darkness of death fall upon you, and the darkness of despair overtake you, and you cry out in bitterness, "I knew my duty, but I did it not: my day of working is over, but my work is not commenced." "Let us work——while it is day."

RECEIPT FOR MAKING A PERSON USEFUL.—Do every thing in its proper time; keep every thing to its proper use; and put every thing in its proper place.

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THE BORDER LAND.

[These lines were sent by a lady to a friend who wrote frequently to know where she had been for several months, that she had not written to her. She had been to the gates of the grave, in a long and severe illness.]

I HAVE been to a land, a Border Land,
Where there was but a strange, dim light;
Where shadows and dreams, in a spectral band,
Seemed real to the aching sight.
I scarce bethought me how there I came,
Or if thence I should pass again;
Its morning and night were marked by the flight,
Or coming, of woe and pain.

But I saw from this land, this Border Land,
With its mountain-ridges hoar,
That they looked across to a wondrous strand,—
A bright and unearthly shore.
Then I turned me to Him, "*The Crucified*,"
In most humble faith and prayer,
Who had ransomed with blood my sinful soul,
For I thought He would call me there.

Yet nay: for awhile in the Border Land
He bade me in patience stay,
And gather rich fruits with a trembling hand,
While He chased its glooms away.
He had led me amid those shadows dim,
And shown that bright world so near,
To teach me that earnest trust in Him,
Is "the one thing needful" here.

And so from the land, the Border Land,
I have turned me to earth once more;
But earth and its works were such trifles, scanned
By the light of that radiant shore.
And, oh, should they ever possess me again
Too deeply, in heart and hand,
I must think how empty they seemed, and vain,
From the heights of the Border Land.

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But little I heard in the Border Land
Of all that passed below;
The once loud voices of human life
To the deafened ear were low.
I was deaf to the clang of its trumpet call,
And alike to its gibe or its sneer;
Its riches were dust, and the loss of all
Would then scarce have cost a tear.

I have been to a land, a Border Land!
May oblivion never roll
O'er the mighty lessons which there and then
Have been graven on my soul!
I have trodden a path I did not know,
Safe in my Saviour's hand:
I can trust Him for all the future, now
I have been to the Border Land.

L. N. R.

THE YOUNG TEACHER; OR, DANGEROUS COMPANIONS.—No. VII.

"Come unto me, my son, if sin shall have tempted thee astray;
I will not chide thee like the rest, but help thee to return.
Come unto me, my son, if men rebuke and mock thee;
There always shall be one to bless—for I am on thy side!
O, that refuge from the world, when a stricken son or daughter
May seek, with confidence of love, a father's hearth and heart;
Sure of a welcome, though others cast them out—of kindness, though men blame them,
And finding there the last to blame—the earliest to commend."

One morning Frank was dressed much earlier than usual, and expressed himself as able to take a long walk, if his father would accompany him; and, taking a camp stool in his hand, he said—"You see, I can take this old friend to rest upon if I feel very tired, and we can have a nice long chat." This was like a bright light in the cloud to the good father's heart, and the very thing he had long desired, but he wished that it should be a spontaneous of his son to seek the "long chat."

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Frank took his father's arm, and they walked down the lawn and into the carriage road in silence; when they were fairly out of sight of the house, he looked around hastily, and again taking his father's arm, he began his tale of sorrow. "I have long wished, my dear father," said he, "to tell you the sad burden of my mind. You must have observed that I am ill at ease, and altogether changed from the being I was, when I left my happy home to mix in the world's strife and dangers. When I went forth from our own dear circle I was a happy lad, and I vainly thought that I was proof against all the varied temptations which you and my dear mother often warned me would beset my path. For a time all went on smoothly enough in the society of Mr. and Mrs. Gleba, who are kind and excellent people, and with them I missed my home comforts as little, perhaps, as could be expected; but in the surgery, among the students, the scene was sadly different. There I saw practices, and heard doubts expressed, which made me tremble, and I tremble *now* while I recur to them. I stood on a fearful precipice.

"For a time I seemed proof against all their infidelity and wicked doings, and your letters, as well as those of my dear mother, helped me to keep my good resolutions; but I see now that a higher power was necessary to aid me in my dangerous position, and this I had never sought in the right way.

"There was a young man in the surgery of the name of Pecsarns, who to me seemed the most agreeable of the party, and he expressed a pleasure in explaining to me some of the difficulties of my profession, so that I soon felt a friendship for him. He was intimate with several families in the town, and he expressed a desire that I should be introduced to them—particularly one, where he told me he 'rubbed up his French and music.' I felt that this would be of importance to me also, and although I knew him to be a dangerous companion, I consented to be led

by him, and neglected to consult either you or my heavenly Father.

"One evening I accompanied him to what he called his 'friend's jolly home,' and when I look back upon this fearful step, I feel convinced that what appeared to me mere chance, was all an arranged plan to draw me into the vortex of the world's temptations. The family consisted of a widowed mother, three sons, and two daughters, and all devoted to what I had been taught to call the forbidden pleasures and follies of the world. We did, indeed, con over a little French at first, and we had a little music; but very soon four of the party were seated at the card-table, and the others were talking of a new novel which had just come out, and one commenced reading passages from it to awaken my interest in the work; in this they so far succeeded as to cause me to express a desire to read the whole, and I took it home with me in the evening, with a resolution to look at it again in the early hours of the morning.

"As Peccarns and I were walking home, I was surprised to find it was past midnight, and I expressed an anxiety at keeping the family up so late. My friend—for so I called him then—laughed at my fears, and, pulling a key from his pocket, said—'We will teach you how we manage our matters, my lad; we are not such fools here as you are in the country; we go in and out just as we please, by giving old Nancy a shilling now and then, to leave the inside door unlocked; and that little fool of a dog, which you saw Mrs. Gleba cry about, and which used to annoy us by giving tongue, we pretty soon settled by a dose rather stronger than suited the little beast!'

"I never felt before as I did then, when we entered the house that night like robbers! Peccarns brought me some brandy to 'quiet my nerves,' as he called it. My Bible and my devotions were then hurried over, as a burden that I would have pushed aside, if conscience and early recol-

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lections would have allowed me; but my heart was not so hard then as it has been since. The novels lay on the table, and feeling too much excited to sleep, I took up one of them, and became so fascinated by its false views of life and character, that the morning dawned ere I sought the rest of sleep."—"You are tired, Frank," said his father; "we had better return, my son, and after tea, in my study, we can perhaps resume the sad account."

Frank was indeed tired, but he felt as one having a heavy burden falling from his shoulders, as he disclosed to his father the progress of his past folly.

SUNDAY OCCUPATIONS.

Now, dear friends, a few words about Sunday occupations for older children. It is a great comfort to a mother when her little ones can either write or paint, because it is then so much easier to interest them, and to keep up their attention. I am now supposing a group of children, between the ages of six and twelve. I need not speak of the happiness of reading the Bible to them, nor of the pleasure with which they will listen to its sacred contents. Then, again, "The Pilgrim's Progress." What a favourite this is with children; how willingly they will spend their money to possess one of *their* "*very own*." Next to God's Word, I do not know any book more suitable for them. I have been much surprised to notice how much of its contents even very young children can understand. But to return to the Bible. There are many ways in which it may be rendered interesting to children, besides that of *reading it to them*.

Let us suppose it is a quiet Sunday evening. The *very little* children are asleep, and the others gather round you with their Bibles in their hands. You say to them, "Now, my dears, I will give you each a strip of common writing paper, and you must bring your pencils as well. When

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you are quite ready we will begin." "Here we are, mother, all quite 'settled,' and happy." "Very well; we will talk this evening about *Angels*. I want you to try and find out from the Bible as many errands as you can upon which they have been sent from heaven to this world. Print at the top of your list, '*Angels' Missions*.' You know we speak of *missionaries*—those who *are sent* to the poor heathen to teach them about Jesus."

Soon the little voices are heard:—"The angel who came into the den and shut the lions' mouths. May I write that in my list? Peter in prison; an angel brought him out. An angel came to Samson's mother. Oh! I shall have *so many*." Then a little one exclaims, "*I* have thought of one better than all the rest. The angel who came to strengthen Jesus at the Mount of Olives," &c. &c., until it is time to put all away, with a promise to finish another time.

Dear *Christian* mothers! for I am writing more especially to *you*, let it be your earnest endeavour to teach your children to love and reverence God's holy Word. Be very careful not to let them learn enough of it by heart to make it seem like a task-book, and let them see that you *love* it yourself, and that it is your comfort and your joy. As to *reverence*, my heart is very sorrowful, for I fear these are days of fearful tampering with God's holy Word. Let us strive to teach its sacred truths to our children, as coming *directly from God Himself*. Let us cleave very closely to God's Word, and try everything by it.

Should any mother read these pages who has no interest in that blessed book, no part nor lot in the glorious things of which it speaks, at least, mother, at least, let me entreat you, read for yourself; see *what* you are slighting, and *how* you may yet obtain it. Should this paper prove a help to any mother, I have more *subjects for Sunday evenings* on which to write, if the Lord permit.

Oxford. MARY.

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THE MOTHER AND CHILD AT THE LORD'S TABLE.

[Mothers! take your children there with you, as soon as they are able to understand the service.]

He was sitting by his mother,
(The little blue-eyed boy,)
He sat quite still and listened,
That he might give her joy.

But thoughts were in his mother's heart,
He could not understand;
He only saw the gathering tear,
And felt her press his hand.

He looked into his mother's eyes,
But could not read her prayer,
That at the happy marriage-feast
Her darling might be there.

Oxford. MARY.

DIFFICULTIES.

He who says "there is a lion in the way," will be sure to find difficulties grow by delay; but if you advance on them in the path of duty, they will vanish like shadows before you.

"DEAREST MADAM,—I felt the truth of the above not long since. I told you in a former letter that I had been able to establish two Maternal Meetings; but finding that there were many mothers, in another locality, who could not reach these meetings in town, I resolved, by the blessing of God, to try to form another. But, alas! there were none to help me, and many 'lions' appeared in the way. Asking for Divine aid to enable me to carry out my purpose, I called at about thirty houses where many sad characters lived. All promised to attend. A house was offered me to hold my meeting in. A goodly number attended, and I was requested by them to go 'again.' I distributed a great many *Mothers' Friends*, and now order THIRTY-SIX, expecting I shall have to order many more ere long. "M. L. E."

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Thus did this kind Christian mother find difficulties a mere "shadow," as she advanced in the path of duty; and doubtless she will rejoice, with many more, in eternity, that the "lion in the way" vanished as she approached. Have you a Maternal Meeting, mother, in your neighbourhood? Try to form one, following the example not only of our dear Christian friend, but of Him who went about doing good!

[Since the above was written, a letter tells us that this active mother has forty-six subscribers to *The Mothers' Friend*, and has established six Maternal Associations within a distance of four miles! A call loud enough to awake those who are sleeping!—Ed.]

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Madam,—In reading *The Mothers' Friend* for April last, I find, at the close of the Birmingham Maternal Association Report, you kindly invite your readers to tell you the result of their efforts in this good work.

When I first came here, Mrs. Sherman called and persuaded me to form a Maternal Meeting; but having three very young children, and feeling my own insufficiency, it was deferred for a season. Her visit, however, was not in vain. From that time I felt a strong desire to commence this fresh effort for the benefit of mothers.

About fifteen months since we met for the first time, having distributed your papers of invitation, and supplied ourselves with *The Mother's Monitor*. I am happy to say the attendance has steadily increased; eighteen have given their names for *The Mothers' Friend;* and what is better still, one woman has yielded her heart to God since our meetings were begun.

On the 23rd of February last, sixty-four mothers (and those who have the care of children) took tea together. I am sure you would have been pleased to have seen their smiling faces; they seemed to have left their cares at home, and afforded a pleasing illustration that

"Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less."

After tea, appropriate hymns were sung from your *Mothers'*

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Hymn Book, and suitable addresses were delivered by three ministers present, at our request.

You will not be surprised that on my return home I should feel encouraged to pray, as dear Mrs. Sherman's prayers and efforts ten years before had been so signally answered that evening. May I ask that you will remember our little band at a throne of grace. Be assured, my dear madam, we shall not cease to pray for one who has contributed so largely as yourself to our well-being, both temporal and spiritual. That your valuable life may be long spared for increased usefulness, is the sincere wish of Yours very respectfully,

A. O. S.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

CHILDHOOD.

Childhood is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images from all around it. Remember, that an impious or profane thought uttered by a father or mother may operate on the young heart like a careless spray of water thrown upon a polished steel, staining it with rust which no after-scouring can efface.

BEES WORTH HIVING.

B patient, B prayerful, B mild,
B wise as a Solon, B meek as a child;
B studious, B thoughtful, B loving, B kind,
B sure you make matter subservient to mind;
B cautious, B prudent, B truthful, B true,
B courteous to all men, trust only a few;
B temperate in argument, pleasure, and wine,
B careful of conduct, of money, of time;
B cheerful, B grateful, B hopeful, B firm,
B peaceful, benevolent, willing to learn;
B courageous, B gentle, B liberal, B just,
B aspiring, B humble *because* thou art dust;
B penitent, circumspect, sound in the faith,
B active, devoted, B faithful till death;
B honest, B holy, transparent and pure,
B dependent, B Christ-like, and you'll be secure.

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CLOUDS AND SUNSHINE.

CHEERFULNESS and gratitude walk hand-in-hand through life. One is the homage which the heart gives to God for his goodness—the other is the external manifestation of His praise.

A young man, who had a pious mother, one day witnessed the incessant murmurings and fault-finding she manifested, making his home perfectly miserable; turning away in disgust, he exclaimed, "If this is religion, the less I have of it the better!"

Is it not very probable, that many mothers, who have passed years of anxious prayer for the conversion of their children, have effectually prevented their conversion by the exhibition of an unamiable or melancholy spirit? When a friend calls in, or a stranger approaches, the mother will force a smile to greet him; but the smile is as transient as the visit, and her face is soon again shrouded in its accustomed gloom.

The husband comes home from his shop, or his labour, perplexed with care, and almost the first sounds which greet his ears are the words of complaint. Disgusted with his home, he is almost tempted to shut the door, and go back again to his business. He, however, takes his seat, and waits for tea, with feelings in that irritable state which the least vexation will inflame. Soon his wife comes in, harassed with domestic troubles. Now, here are the gunpowder and the spark brought near together; and, in all probability, before the supper is over, there is an explosion. After tea, the husband, disappointed in finding happiness at home, sallies out in pursuit of enjoyment to some club, or some tavern. He rapidly forms associates, and acquires a relish for dissipated pleasures; and in a few years fails in business, and totters along the drunkard's path to the grave. The world is full of such wrecks, and petulant wives are too often the cause of them.

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Sometimes it happens that the husband has too much self-control to surrender himself up to the drunkard's doom, and merely leaves his wife in solitude at home, while he goes elsewhere to find his joys. She feels all the pangs of a broken heart, in perceiving that she has lost her husband's affections. She knows that he once loved her, and she weeps most bitterly, as she feels assured that he loves her no more. Perhaps she does not even imagine the reason why. Unhappy wife! the fault is your own. When, wearied and excited by the harassments of the day, the husband has returned to his home, he has not been met with a smile of welcome and a placid heart—the room, as he enters, is in confusion—the children are neglected—the wife is fretful. Love, even the most pure, cannot survive such encounters. The tavern-keeper will bid him welcome; and the little parlour is snug, neat, and in order, where he can meet those who will be careful not to give offence. Is it strange, that a man who is not governed by Christian principles should, under such circumstances, fall in the snare laid for him far away from his wife and children? It is sad to think how many a wife, professing godliness, has thus been the most formidable obstacle in the way of her husband's conversion. But let us now get into the sunshine for a few minutes.

The pious and cheerful wife moves about the house serene and happy. She is faithful in the discharge of all her duties, nor does she allow her husband to be annoyed by her own little troubles. The smile is upon her countenance, to greet him on his return from toil, and good nature animates her heart. "My dear wife," he says, "is almost an angel! Oh, that I had such control over my feelings as she has over hers—with so many things to vex her, she is still calm, and mild, and happy. There must, indeed, be a reality in that religion which makes her so perfect."

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When he comes home to his cheerful fireside, his troubled spirit is soothed by the quiet influences which she throws around him. He feels that home is a blessed retreat from the turmoil of business or the weariness of labour, and he has no wish to leave it till duty compels him to go forth. Now and then, at a suitable season, she kindly urges the duties of religion. He feels the power of her persuasion, for her whole life is a most convincing comment upon the truth and the value of her principles. He hears the minister preach upon the loveliness of piety—"Ah," he says, "I have a still more eloquent and convincing sermon preached to me, every day and every hour, by the example of my beloved wife. Yes! if any one is inexcusable in not being a Christian, it is surely I. God has sent to me the combined influence of precept and example."

Pious wife! thus you may adorn the Gospel of your God and Saviour. Thus may you, with your husband and children, live in a home of sunshine here, and be daily meetening for dwelling together in that better home beyond the grave, where clouds can never obscure the atmosphere of the glorified inhabitants.

THE YOUNG TEACHER; OR, DANGEROUS COMPANIONS.—No. VIII.

"Sin is a loathsome leprosy fretting the white robe of innocence."

After tea, the father and son shut themselves up in the study, both feeling anxious to resume the morning's conversation. "I feel like another person, father," said Frank, when they were seated, "since I began to tell you my prodigal's tale. Shall I go on from the fatal evening, or, rather, my first novel-reading night? I am ashamed to go over the past, and I feel that I could hide my head in the dust for ever, but I know you will hear me with patience, and pray for me." "Yes, my son, go on, and

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remember what I have very often told you, that the first step towards the kingdom of heaven is repentance."

"I hope and believe, dear father, that I do repent," Frank replied, and a tear fell over his cheek; "but I wish to put you in possession of all the facts of the sad case. My first evening's dissipation cost me a bad headache as well as heartache, and at breakfast I felt I had fallen sadly since I parted with Mr. and Mrs. Gleba the previous night. They very kindly asked if I felt unwell, and expressed their anxiety, seeing I looked so pale and could take no food; but Peccarns turned the conversation, to save me from shame or pain, or from telling the whole truth, which, I think, he feared, for I had not then made up my mind what course to pursue.

"During the morning a polite note arrived from the family with whom we had spent the previous evening, requesting our presence, about eight o'clock, to accompany them to a scene of amusement; what the 'amusement' was, the note did not state. Again I was weak enough to be persuaded to join the party, and, I am sorry to add, I accompanied them to the theatre; and from that time I seemed to have been led captive by Satan at his will, doing all his bidding, and I have indeed felt that 'the way of transgressors is hard.' Oh, my father! I do believe, if you and my dear mother had not been earnest for me when pleading with God at a throne of mercy, I should never have returned to tell the tale of shame."

Mr. Lamure covered his face with his hands, and in a faltering voice requested his son to proceed.

"I will not pain you, my dear father, by entering into the particulars of my downward course; from this time until you received the first letter relating to my illness, my time was almost wholly taken up by novel reading, card playing, and the theatre. My mind revolted from the dull routine of study necessary to my chosen profession, and, reckless and heedless, I made rapid progress among my vile com-

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panions, and became a tempter to others, younger and better, who came in my way. The wonder is that I am still in the land of hope. I feel, if I had been sent to endless woe in the midst of my sins, I should have been compelled to acknowledge that God was just, though I should have been shut up in despair.

"During my illness, and before I would consent that you should be told of my state of health, Mrs. Gleba brought into my room two volumes, hoping, as she said, I might be able to read a little. I took up one of them, it was 'Theron and Aspasio;' I felt as though an old friend had looked at me, and I opened the page, when my eye rested on that part where the righteous are described as standing up without fear in the day of judgment. I knew this would not be my case, and I was sick at heart. My Bible seemed to me a book of terror, for I could only see written there God's displeasure against sin, and I longed for you or my dear mother to point me to some word of promise which I never seemed to find. I had put far away from me all thoughts of my early teaching, and I had been 'sitting in the seat of the scornful,' and now nothing seemed before me but a fearful looking for of fiery indignation from the presence of the Lord. After reading for half an hour in 'Theron and Aspasio,' I began to hope that there might be mercy even for me, and that evening I consented for Mr. Gleba to write to you to mention my dangerous position. Little did he imagine that my sin and folly had brought me to the gates of death; and, as I then expected, ETERNAL death was likely to be my portion.

"The rest is known to you, my father, and if you think I may hope to be restored to the favour of God, I would desire to consecrate my life, whether long or short, to his service and glory. My sins have brought me into deep sorrow, but that one text, 'The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin,' is my resting place. I think '*all*' may include even *mine*. I desire to live much in prayer to

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God, and if any have need to sing praise I am one, for I feel that but for His mercy, my sinful companions and my deceitful heart would have dragged me over the precipice of time into the awful gulf of never-ending woe."

Mr. Lamure took down his Bible, and after reading some words of encouragement to his repenting son, he prayed with him, and they returned to the family circle.

THE DEAD VILLAGE.

"AUNTIE," said my little niece, as we walked together one fine June morning to the church, which lay at the farther end of the village in which I had lately come to reside; "Auntie, what a strange place this is! No one is going to church; no one is walking about; no one is even standing at the cottage doors, and such a bright summer day, too; it might be *a dead village*."

The little girl had come from a town where, in numerous places of worship, the Gospel was faithfully preached, and where, at the different hours of Divine service, throngs of worshippers filled the courts of the Lord. No wonder the contrast struck her; it had done me most painfully, on my first coming to the village, and it was with a sad heart that I replied to the child's earnest question.

"But, dear auntie—*Why is it so?*" "I fear, my dear, that they do not value the Sabbath; that they forget it is not theirs, but the Lord's day." "But don't they read the Bible, and learn that God will notice it if they don't keep his Sabbath? Dear auntie," she added, more earnestly, "*you* used to go and teach the people at B.; why don't you go and tell them how wrong it is?"

My little monitor touched me to the quick; for, though I had mentioned their neglect of the Sabbath to one or two of my neighbours, I felt that, under the plea of being a stranger in the place, I had screened a degree of cowardice

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in speaking for God. Roused by this incident, I searched into the causes which made our places of worship, like our street, little less than deserted on the sacred day of rest.

The employment of the greater part of the men in the village was that of farm labourers, with a sprinkling of mechanics and silk weavers. These had, with a few exceptions, finished their labour early on Saturday evening, and might be seen digging or planting their allotment ground or their gardens. Where were their wives? Not busily cleaning and tidying their houses; not carefully cleansing their children, and preparing a supply of clean linen for Sunday's use; not making ready the dinner of the following day, that no unnecessary work might remain to be done then. No; being for the most part washerwomen, they were toiling through piles of clothes, to be given in that evening at the next town, or on their way to the Saturday night's market (a certain way of leading to a breach of the Sabbath), at which they mean to buy the provisions and articles of dress wanted by the family, taking with them not unfrequently one or two children, and not returning till nearly midnight, *some* (I blush to say it) in a state of intoxication. No wonder that the husband, instead of spending *his* evening by his lonely fireside, went where a warm welcome, a cup of good ale, and a circle of laughing companions awaited him—at the beer-shop, reeling home to join his partner in a sad degraded state.

The week thus ended, how could the Sabbath be well begun? Alas! the forenoon was often spent by one in bed, by the other in hurrying off the children to the Sunday school, cooking the dinner, or cleaning the house. So passed the morning. In the afternoon, the better gown was put on by some; others remained in dirty gowns and caps, gossipping by their own or a neighbour's fire, conscience being soothed by reading a tract or perhaps a chapter in the Bible; and so finished the blessed day of rest.

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That exceptions existed, I doubt not. That some attended the evening social meeting, held at a house in the village, after having wasted the rest of the day, I do know; but these were few in comparison with those who passed the Sabbath in sheer neglect of every holy duty. Wives and mothers, where lay the blame? Granting that linen must be washed and sent home, why not on Friday evening? Granting that convenience and cheapness recommend the late market to the poor—that wages are not paid until Saturday afternoon (some masters now pay on a Thursday)—cast these and more into the scale, they are nothing compared with that one plain command—"*Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.*"

But let me examine the three points in your favour. Could you not begin your washing earlier in the week than you do? Is time made the most of on the *Monday?* Are not the cheap meat, the stale fish and vegetables, the low-priced drapery goods, when seen in the light of day, no bargains at all? Besides, does not the sin of your husband's being at the public-house lie partly at your door? Depend upon it, few men will leave a clean house, a tidy wife, ready-prepared linen, a supply of water to wash in, for the beer-shop, after his week of toil. I fear that ours is not the only "Dead Village" in England, and I desire to deal plainly with those who shall read these pages.

My dear friends, one broken Sabbath is an awful sin—how much heavier the guilt of months and years spent as I have described. A little management, and the pence spent at the gin-shop and the ale-house, would enable you to have a little sum in advance, with which you could purchase fresh and wholesome food, and good useful clothing. The balance lies between your convenience and your God. The former is not sure; the vengeance of the latter for his broken law is *sure and certain.* Be persuaded, dear countrywomen, to try a different way of *closing* the week. It may be done easily. Set your duty to God in the first

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place, and that to your husband and family next. Be early to bed on the Saturday night, if possible. Prepare your Sunday's dinner beforehand. Rise early on the Sabbath morning. Go as regularly as you can to the house of God, and persuade your husband to go also. I know of instances where the husband would go, if the wife set the example. The Sunday and Infant schools, in most places, relieve you from the care of your children. Let not your seat in the courts of God's house be empty.

I have written what my dear little girl desired I should say to my neighbours, believing it possible that it may be of use to others. I pray God to bless this effort for your good, and to make you wives and mothers in Israel, so that your children shall rise up and call you blessed—the heart of your husband shall safely trust in you—and the village where you live be dead unto sin, but alive to God, through Jesus Christ our Lord. L. S. T.

PAGE FROM A HUSBAND.

"A wise man in a crowded street winneth his way with gentleness."

"To the Editor of the Mothers' Friend.

"MADAM,—We are constant readers of the *Mothers' Friend*, and have learned many important lessons from that valuable work. If you deem what I am about to tell you worthy a corner in your excellent magazine, I shall feel it a favour.

"Yours respectfully,

"J. H. P."

I have enjoyed the comforts of a married life for six or seven years. I have had my trials, with the rest of married people; but a more comfortable home man could never have, with the same means of obtaining it. I have often observed the kindness of my wife displayed in many little things which she, perhaps, may have thought I did not

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notice. One night I was invited to a large supper, after which all kinds of intoxicating drinks could be obtained without expense; but, while many took them, I used ginger beer only, sometimes putting the empty glass to my mouth when various toasts were called for. I walked to my home at a late hour, which was an unusual thing for me. As it was something new to my wife, the thought came into my mind, before I reached my home, that I would try her kindness in a new scene.

I had heard some person say that I could very well mimic a drunkard; I therefore thought I would assume this character. I did so in every way, so far as not to make a breach into my character as a Christian man. My state, though distressing, of course, to her, only drew forth kindliness from her affectionate heart. Oh, I shall never forget her kind manner and her sorrowful countenance as long as memory holds her seat. I was so concerned and affected, that I ran into another apartment and gave vent to my feelings in a flood of tears. I thought, if this had been all real, I should have been the veriest wretch under the sun. She told me afterwards that she thought I had been overcome by temptation and was dreadfully intoxicated.

In my humble opinion there is nothing like kindness and sensible argument for bringing a married man to think rightly. He is not like a child, nor a servant, who can be brought into subjection by threats. He considers himself the head of the family; and there is something in man which makes him dislike to be dictated to by those who are under him. Treat him with kindness—it is a sure weapon, when all other means fail; and the wife who acts thus, will have the satisfaction of feeling she has done what she could to make her husband's home happy.

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BREAK UP YOUR FALLOW GROUND.—No. II.

In a past paper we gave a few reasons why it may be said the former times were better than these, and, as the subject is of vast importance, we are desirous to pursue it a little further. It must be acknowledged that the state of religion—and by that we mean vital godliness, or personal religion before God—is far from being what it ought to be, and there is great necessity for serious and solemn self-examination. Men are looking everywhere rather than to themselves. Excitement, public engagements, committees, make a large item in the religion of many; exhausted and worn out by these, they have little time and less inclination to enter into their closet, shut their door about them, and there, in secret and in silence, pour out their whole soul before God. Oh, what a work there is to undo before this can be done; and, yet, unless it be done, and done heartily, as in the sight of God, there can be no growth in grace, no deep humility, no loathing of sin; in vain we rush into the sanctuary, to seek those comforts there which are only to be found when the soul is brought face to face with God. This is a point in religion where many halt, stumble, and fall; yet there is no avoiding the cross; it must be taken up; it lies right across the path.

You are unhappy—you know what you ought to do, but you do it not—darkness comes over your mind, and leanness into your soul—you are dissatisfied with yourself and with all around you—the minister, in your estimation, no longer preaches as he once did; there lacks a spirituality and an unction—but the fact is, that if an angel from heaven came to preach to you, with all his persuasive eloquence, he would do you no good, while your heart is in this hardened state. "Break up your fallow ground." This is the reason why there are so many useless, fruitless professors in the church, and so little spirituality in its

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members; they are only half-way converted, and if they are saved at all, it will be so as by fire.

Now, if we believe this in a great measure to be true, we must arise and cultivate a spirit of grace and supplication. Previous to the opening of the windows of heaven, in the days of Malachi, we are told, that those who feared the Lord spoke often to one another. When our Lord was taken up into heaven, the disciples returned to Jerusalem, and CONTINUED, with one accord, in prayer and supplication. This is the way to wait for the promise; unity of *feelings*, ends, and objects must characterise the people whom God will bless. The strength of the first Christians was in their piety; they were filled with the Holy Ghost and faith, and therefore much people were added to the Lord. He only is to be regarded as a Gospel Christian who holds forth the words of life, walking in accordance with the commands of the Saviour

Mothers! Parents! is it not time to break up your fallow ground? Will you not seek Him who alone can shower blessings upon you, and upon your families? God is indeed waiting to be gracious—waiting to hear and answer your prayers—waiting to teach, to help, to bless. Are there not some indications of good? Is there not evidence that Jesus is willing to pass that way? Let us arise and build; the God of heaven will prosper us; let us be upon our watch-tower, and ready whensoever the Lord shall come. M. B.

FIRST SWARM FROM OUR "B. HIVE."

SATURDAY evening, July 31st, Peter Penn as usual came home early, for, as the phrase is, the shops close earlier on Saturdays. His good wife had his tea ready for him, "all comfortable," by the time he had changed his working dress and was ready for it. The season of the year forced

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upon this thinking pair a subject of grateful conversation; they talked of the luxuriant summer, the beautiful weather, the ripening corn, the glorious appearance of the fields, ripe unto the harvest, with the mower filling his hand and the binder of sheaves his bosom.

Their homely meal over, all was cleared away, and Patty went up stairs to attend to some Saturday evening's preparations for the quiet comfort of the next day—"the blessed Sabbath,"—as they called the Lord's day. Just then a knock at the door was answered by Peter, who called to his little girl, the little dear who prized the "old Bible," "Here, Susan, is *Mother's Friend* come." "What, father, come so soon?" "Yes, my dear, you see the book people like a Sabbath as well as we; so when the first of the month falls on a Sunday, they send out their magazines on the Saturday." "Oh, how glad I am; let us see what is in it, father; for it is our friend, you know, as well as mother's."

Peter happened to look at the last page first, and was struck with the lines which all began with the same letter, and, having skimmed the piece, said, "Come hither, Susan and George, here is a nice bit for you,—'Bees worth hiving;'" and so he read the lines to them, all wondering what it could mean. Peter explained to their wondering little minds what the piece meant, and Susan, after a while, caught the idea, and looked and looked again at the page and up into her father's face, as if afraid to say what she thought; then suddenly darted away up stairs.—"Mother! do come and see what father has got!" "What is it, my child?" "Why, mother, he has got a hive of bees in his hands!" "A what?" "A hive of bees, I say; do come and see,—come, will you? Oh, there are so many, and they are worth hiving; they are so beautiful, and they don't sting us; and there is such sweet honey in the hive!" "What can you mean, child?" "Do, mother, come and see." And so she persuaded her mother to leave her upstairs

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duty for a little, and to come down;—and, seeing only her own little book in her husband's hands, she asked, "Where is the hive of bees?—I see no hive of bees." "Oh, yes, mother, look here."

Her husband then looked up and smiled, and patting his little girl on the head, said, "Come, show your mother the hive of bees." Susan turned over the book, and read the page with eagerness. "There, mother, did you ever see such a hive of bees before?" "No, my dear, never; as you said, they are very beautiful,—and there is some very sweet honey. But you said they don't sting. Now, one or two of them sting me just now." "What, *sting* you? How, mother?" "Oh, my child, I feel them sting me now." "Stinging? Why, mother, it is reading, not real bees that fly about and make honey!" "Yes, my child, I understand; but they *do* sting, I assure you,—and take care, or they will sting you. I am afraid that even your father will get stung by them, though no man less likely. But these bees do not sting your brother George, and I hope they never will."

Susan stood silent, wondering what her mother could mean; and, looking up to her father inquiringly, he met her anxious gaze by saying, "I will show you, dear, what mother means. Look here, these bees are so many lessons about *patience, prayer,* and many other things. Now begin with the first,—'B patient.' Does that bee sting? I suppose mother saw that bee light on my head, or felt it on her own, and then learnt the lesson by its being so applicable to one or both of us." "But you are always patient, father; I am sure that bee would not sting you, nor mother either. I am not always patient, and this bee shall sting me, for I ought to be. Is that the meaning, father?" "Yes, my child, that is the way to read these lines; let us go to the next. 'B prayerful.' Ah, this is a very stinging bee! But there is so much honey with it that the sting won't hurt; it will only make us feel, and,

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by its gentle touch, beckon us to the throne of grace. Ah, I wish this bee would light upon some heads that I know. But let us not lose the honey. This honey will cure the sting and take away the smart. I hope you are a praying child, my Susan. God is the hearer and answerer of prayer. Do you recollect anything in the Bible about this?" "Oh, yes, I remember the prayer of Jabez, and Jacob wrestling with the angel. Oh, and Peter got out of prison by prayer." "Ah, my child, that's right,—now you see what the sting is that these bees use, and if you taste the honey too, it will be a nice hive of bees for us. We will turn to this page again, another time." GAIUS.

[We shall hope for another swarm while the beautiful flowers are blooming, and the glorious sun is shining. We should like to see all our bees hived before the autumnal blasts whistle around.]

THE TWO MOTHERS.—No. VIII.

"Behold, for heaven—or for hell—thou canst not escape from immortality."

"How are you to-day, Mrs. Allsop?" asked Nancy Notting, as she entered the sick room of Amy, with a jug of broth in her hand. "I hope you are more composed, and in less pain than yesternight." "Thank you, my dear friend," replied the sick woman, who was pillowed up in bed; "I am a little more quiet, thanks to you and your prayers; but I must go down to the grave, fretting over the state of my dear children. You see, the recollection of letting them all run wild in their early days, and putting no good example before them, troubles my mind, and I cannot sleep o' nights; and if I do doze, I dream of meeting them at the left hand, or some such dreadful thing, that my poor heart must wear out with its beatings before long. I see it all now; but 'tis too late for me to do any-

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thing for them—they are all trained; but 'tis in the wrong road, and they won't turn now at my bidding—the bit o' twig will bend, but not the tree. I am afraid how I shall meet them at the judgment-day; and I feel I am going to the grave, and shall soon be there."

"I wish I had more consolation to offer you on this point, Amy; but, you see, we are sure to reap what we have sown: still, prayer does mighty things sometimes, and may avail for yours as well as you."

"Yes—yes," earnestly replied the dying woman, "yes, don't I know the truth of that? Why, the prayers at that Mother's Meeting broke my hard heart, to be sure they did, and brought the Spirit down to convince me of my evil way. Thanks to you for ever taking me there; and to the ladies for ever taking notice of poor, wandering, ignorant mothers; but, you see, there's my poor Sam and Sally, they only laugh when I tell them about the Bible—and they say, 'If all you say is true, mother, why did not you tell us about it long ago, and let us stay at the Sunday school, when we asked you?' This goes to my heart, and brings all my sins to my remembrance; and I feel I must go mourning to the grave, for now, while we are in this life, one can hardly think of being happy in heaven, if we should get there, without a hope that our dear ones will be there too. I believe poor William is beginning to think about it too, for he said to me last night—'What a thing it will be, Amy, if we should find at last that we have been leading our dear children in the broad road all the time, and may be, they will never turn round now!'"

"Now do rest a little, Amy, you will be so very tired, if you talk any more."

"Oh, let me speak just a very little more, Nancy, my tongue will soon be silent in the grave. How I do wish my children had all the recollection of the Sunday school in their memory to abide by them, when I am gone, as yours have; then I should have a hope that, when I am cold in

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my grave, they would be led to the Saviour. Oh, what a fool I was to keep them at home so often, after you had persuaded them to go; and how wicked I was to speak so slightingly of the teacher's work there. I see it all now. Many a time has my Sally begged to go with your Mary; but I made her stay at home to help me do my Saturday's work on the Sabbath. Oh, what a burden this is on my heart now—nothing but the blood of Jesus can wash my guilty soul clean."

"Yes, you must remember that glorious truth, 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin'—and '*all*' must include *yours*, however deep the stain. It is never too late, this side the grave, to get pardon from Him who came to seek and to save those who were lost."

"Ah, thank ye again, Nancy, for that sweet word of comfort—you are like a good angel to me. I do hope sometimes that I shall praise God in heaven, for putting it into your heart to care for me and mine; and I hope, when I am gone, you will still be the friend of the motherless, and warn them to flee from the wrath to come! Oh, that wrath *to come!*—always coming worse; after it has come, still *to come!* Oh, may they all seek and find refuge in the blessed Saviour! Oh, if I could speak to the mothers now at our Meeting, how I would warn them to begin early to train their children in the right way!" A few days after this conversation, poor Amy Allsop was laid in her coffin, lamenting, to the last moment of her existence, the neglect of her family in their young days.

Nancy lived on in peace and happiness for many a year, and then departed to be "with Christ," which, she said, she felt would be "far better." And now her children arise and call her blessed; and generations to come will echo—"blessed." Mother, how are you doing your early work? will it look well in the light of eternity?

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MOTHER, KEEP HOLD OF YOUR SON.—No. IV.

The mother who would keep hold of her son, must be on his right hand and on his left—stand before him when he sleeps—know his whole history. She must ascertain where he spends his mornings, noons, and evenings—who are his associates—what the character of the families he visits—of their young men,—of THEIR YOUNG WOMEN—the history of their Sabbath-day and their week-day amusements. But then, too, she must make a happy home for him; his father's house must be made the sweetest place in the creation to him; she must accumulate the books he should read, and the minds he should yoke with his own, and display in herself the spirit he should wear, and the temper he should exhibit; and still she must look abroad, clinging to the threshold of her home with the grasp of death, and must ascertain what kind of influences sway her son as soon as he quits her presence; she can use other eyes than her own.

One young man tells us that he learned, after his mother's death, that she knew every step he took, every track he trod. "If I presumed," said he, "to approach any place where I could not ask God to accompany me, some pious friend kept her advised in time, and she prohibited me—then the temptation was over, for I would rather die than disobey her. I used to think sometimes, that heaven told her all my history, so well did she meet my every difficulty; but all this was done and arranged with so much gentleness and love, that heaven never sent any kindlier and holier influence."

Now, the mother must never let go her hold, come life, come death. How John Newton's mother kept her hold of her son, long after she had been laid in her grave! If a mother saw her son perishing in the river, would she not keep hold of him till life went out, and then die with him?

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Oh, try to save him by pulling him out of the fire!—If you cannot lift him by one hold, take another, and another, and another, till his death has broken your hold, or the recording angel has whispered in your dying ear that your son is safe.

Your son may be hardened by your lack of good early training; still, hold him by prayer and watchfulness, and care and kindness, and love. Have you tried the power of prayer? Try it again; it may prove a golden chain, fastening him to the throne of your God, and in heaven you may learn its strength. Let us listen to the way in which one mother kept hold of her son—one who has but lately gone up to join her in the heavenly home. One day, he tells us, he went home from the house of God with his mind uneasy as to his prospects for eternity; his watchful mother observed the cloud—but we will give his own words—"My mother looked me steadily in the face for a moment—I had often met that soft, anxious gaze, it always gave me peculiar feelings—'William,' said she, 'do you ever think seriously of religion?' 'I do sometimes,' was my reply. She looked a moment longer, and with a voice that went to my heart calmly replied, 'William, the Spirit of God is striving with you—do not grieve Him—He may never come again!" Instantly I was determined to seek God—I arose, went out of the room, retired to my bed-chamber, knelt down, and for the first time in my life began to pray for mercy—my whole soul was absorbed in an intense desire to be a true Christian." This young man soon gave up all for Christ, and became a missionary of the cross. Thus did the mother keep hold of her son in life—in death—in eternity. More next month.

RELIGION.—The profession of some persons may be compared to the ice that covers a lake; it conceals the natural feelings of the heart, and has a smooth appearance;—but do not venture on it till you are well assured of its strength.

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FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

TWO WAYS OF DOING A THING.

A LITTLE boy, in the company of his parents, intruded himself upon his father a little more than was agreeable; with a severe rebuke, accompanied with a violent push amounting to a blow, the father laid him prostrate on the ground. The little boy gave vent to his feelings by saying, "I don't like you at all, papa." "Why not?" asked the father. "Because you hurt me," replied the little fellow. "So does your mamma, when you are not good," rejoined the father. "*You* punish me to *hurt* me, but when mamma punishes me it is to do me good!" The father was silent.

ARAB PROVERB.

By six qualities may a fool be known:—Anger without cause; speech without profit; change without motive; inquiry without an object; putting trust in a stranger; and wanting capacity to discriminate between a friend and a foe.

FALSEHOODS.

Can the wife ever ask counsel of the husband she has detected in falsehood? Can the husband look with satisfaction on the countenance of the wife where falsehood has polluted the lips? Can the child revere the parent who tells lies, or deceives by *acting* lies?

REWARD.

Lead your child to the cross; teach him to love the Saviour, and keep His commandments; and he will lend you a sinewy arm to lean on, as you descend towards the shadowy vale, and whisper, in loving accents, of "the land afar off," where "the king in his beauty" waits to crown the victors.

Train your child to serve the Lord,
He will give thee thy reward.

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THE MOTHER AND DR. WATTS.

"I am surprised at nothing which Dr. Watts did, but his hymns for children. Other men could have written as well as he, in his other works; but how he wrote those hymns I know not."—Rd. Cecil.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

My dear Madam,—You are quite right in saying mothers do not sufficiently think of their responsibilities. Alas! they forget that their words and actions—aye, and even their very looks—will be remembered by their children when years have flown by, and those children enter homes of their own.

I was one of a numerous and happy family, and it was our blessing to have a pious mother. Well is the time remembered when, kneeling by her side, we were taught to lisp the name of Jesus. Oh, how happy we felt, when her kind words taught us to feel that God loved children, and that He could take care of them by night as well as by day. Then we were comfortably laid to rest, repeating Dr. Watts's little hymn—

"With cheerful heart I close mine eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove;
And in the morning let me rise,
Rejoicing in thy love."

Would it not be well to recommend mothers to purchase those sweet little "Hymns for Children," by Dr. Watts? They may be had for a very small sum. This was a favourite book of my dear mother's, and often were we reproved by it, and from it, and sometimes comforted. When *pride* was manifested by any of us, we were reminded that

"The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer clothes than I;
Let me be dressed fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flowers exceed me still."

If there was any complaining for the lack of imagined wants, we read—

"How many children in the street
Half naked I behold,
While I am clothed from head to feet,
And covered from the cold."

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And never can I forget one Sunday evening, after returning from the House of God, feeling the full force of that verse—

"I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little heaven below;
Not all my pleasure, all my play,
Shall tempt me to forget this day."

Our dear mother often allowed us to accompany her in visits to the sick, and help her in exchanging tracts, and thus were we prepared for being useful as we grew up into life. The youngest of our large family is now grown to womanhood, and I can say they all delight in following the footsteps of our good mother.

[Read this again, young mother, and take the good hints given. You may get Dr. Watts's "Divine Songs" for a penny—can't you spare it?—*Try*.—Ed.]

HOW TO BE A GOOD LITTLE SERVANT.

"Oh, mother!" said Carrie Thrifty, "when shall I go out to service? I want to support myself, and not take away from you and father what you may, perhaps, need some day, if father should be out of work or ill at home."

"Your feeling is very good, my child," replied Mrs. Thrifty; "but I should be sorry to send you forth into the world until you are prepared to be a useful and good little servant. Some mothers push their children from home, just like the little bird pushes its young from its nest, careless as to where they may go, or how they may fare; careless, too, as to the trouble they may cost strangers in teaching them what is right, or breaking them of bad habits formed at home; careless, too, of all the suffering daughters may have to endure, while they are learning what mothers should have taught them at home."

"Well, mother, then, will you tell me what I shall have to do, and let me go as soon as you can? My aunt told me she would get me a place,"—"The first question

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is, Carrie, what kind of situation you would like, and what do you think you are fitted for?"

"Well, mother, ever since I read that pretty piece in *The Mothers' Friend* about the little nurse, in the March number—don't you mind, mother?—I have thought I should like to be a little nurse. I love little babies so—and I am sure I would never do as I saw Olive Lackgrace do yesterday; she put the poor little thing she has to nurse to sit upon the damp grass, while she had a game with Polly Wildfire. And you see, mother, you have taught me to nurse my little brother, and he is a very healthy, clean little fellow, and I don't think I ever spoiled his nice clean clothes with dirty hands—did I, mother?"

"No, my dear, I do not know that you ever did; and this, perhaps, would help you to get a place—the fact that you are a tidy little girl; but this is not all—we will talk of this matter again. I will read to you a pretty tale from Mr. Sabine's book, and then we will get father's tea."

"THE LITTLE HOUSEMAID.

"Mary, go and bring your stool;
Now, say what you'd like to be,
When you go away from school,
When you bid adieu to me.

"Will you be a little maid,
With your apron and your broom—
Tidy, clean, and neatly clad,
Dusting out a lady's room?

"If you would, then seek a place
In a house where God is known—
Seek it at His throne of grace;
He will guard the seed that's sown.

"Do not e'er, my child, forget
Lessons which you've here been taught;
Gracious truths, in memory set,
Let them be to memory brought.

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"Never, then, forget to read,
Daily, God's most holy page;
This will guide you in your need—
Let it oft your heart engage.

"Never, dear, neglect to pray
For the aid of grace Divine;
Grace will keep you always gay;
Grace will make your face to shine.

"Be industrious—truthful—kind;
Never speak an angry word;
Seek to have the Saviour's mind;
Seek to be just like the Lord."

"Oh, mother, I do like that pretty piece."—"Yes, dear, was it not kind of the good gentleman to write for poor children? But here comes father."

SECOND SWARMING OF THE B'S.

"Now, Susan and George, let us go to the B-hive again." "Oh, yes, father, that is nice." Susan looked very grave, and asked her father who gave these bees names? "I never before heard of bees having names." "No, my child, these are not names but descriptions. I thought you understood that the letter B is used in this page of *The Mothers' Friend*, recommending certain dispositions and duties; and we have seen that it begins by teaching us to B '*patient*' and '*prayerful*.' Now, the next B teaches us to be 'mild.'" "Oh, yes, father, now I understand; please, go on and explain them all to me, and I will try to remember what you say. But mother should be here, shouldn't she? for you know she understands these things. She often tells us to be gentle; is that what 'B mild' means?" "Yes, that is part of it; but it means be kind and tender, not rough and boisterous." "Here's mother; now let us all learn this lesson. What many lessons we shall have, mother." "Yes, my dear,

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more than forty; and if we take only two at a time we shall make the matter too long. The editor of *The Mothers' Friend* says she wishes all the swarms to be over before winter, and so we must class the lessons, for there are several that express much the same thing. Suppose we begin now to find out those that are somewhat like others."

"'B mild' is the next," said father; "who can find out any B in the list that would be like this? Let us all look over the page together, and you may call out which you think is like. "'B mild'—'B wise;' I am sure," said mother, "it is wise to be mild, for mildness and gentleness would save from many a rough and rugged danger. I suppose Solomon meant be mild when he said, '*A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.*'"

"Oh, mother," said little Susan, "how you always find a passage of Scripture for everything you teach us. Do you know the Bible all through?" "No, my dear, I wish I did. I knew a little boy once (who is gone to heaven now) who learnt the whole book of Proverbs." "He was wise, indeed, then," said the little girl. "Yes, my child," said the father, "he was wise enough to learn a *few* verses every day, and no doubt it made him wise. If every young person would be guided by Solomon's Proverbs it would be a blessing indeed to them." "I should like to learn them, mother," said Susan. "Well, you may try; but remember the first B—'B patient,'—and take only two or three verses to learn at a time. But we must go on."

"'B meek as a child,' that is like mild," said father; "who has a text for this?" Mother was ready with one. "'Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven;' 'the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit is in the sight of God of great price.' 'B kind' is another of the same class; so are 'B courteous, B temperate, B peaceful, B benevolent, B willing to learn, B

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gentle, B humble, B Christ-like.' All these may be considered together, and what lessons they give. Dr. Watts says—

> 'Kindness, temperance, truth, and grace,
> These are the robes of richest dress.'

Peacefulness, not storming, but calm, gentle, quiet behaviour, always wears longest and does most good." "'Christ-like,' ah," said Susan, "one of my hymns says—

> 'Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,
> Look upon a little child.'

Oh, how many of the B's are like him, father!" "Yes, my child, and to *be like Him* ourselves is the greatest object at which we can aim. Well, we must let this swarm do for this time; we have got on nicely. Ten B's to-night; we ought to be very thankful for such a Saturday evening's treat for us. What say you, mother?" "Why, I say it is a true saying, in this case, that the honey of the B cures its own sting, and I hope it will cure us of many things. Come, children, it is time now to go up stairs, and let us not forget what we have learnt this evening."

GAIUS.

DEATH ALTERS THE VISION.

> "Fame to our ashes comes, alas! too late,
> And praise smells rank upon the coffin-plate."

MY friend Hanbury was an excellent man, a man of great experience and large intercourse with the world; few had his abilities and tact for general purposes, and there was a decision about his character which carried him over every obstacle; indeed, some people did not scruple to say his decision was direct obstinacy; whether this was ill-natured or not, I cannot determine—but certain it is, that in the straightforwardness and vigour of his movements he shook and jostled many who were quiet, and

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moving on, but slower than himself, and sadly disturbed their equanimity, and called forth not the most friendly feelings. Yet, amidst all this, there was a general homage paid to the ability and judgment of my friend; many sought unto him for counsel and advice—and it must be admitted, few could counsel with equal wisdom, if you laid hold of the right handle. But, unhappily, my friend was not always free from bias; and those who knew the man sometimes fancied they saw the workings of a great mind, which brought to their recollection the saying of certain men who reasoned and exclaimed,—"If we shall say from heaven, he will say unto us, Why, then, did ye not believe in him?"

But there was one great peculiarity in the mind of the man, and which, I have reason to think, is by no means confined to himself,—he never could rightly appreciate and value the character of his friends while *living*. Though they were the living type of all that was good and excellent, and Hanbury might have seen it, yet it did not move his soul as he walked by their side. But only let one of these be removed by death, and at once the misty vision was cleared; he awoke as if from a trance, and kindly proclaimed the great points and excellences of their character. I remember once to have seen his tears flow freely and plentifully at the funeral of a mutual friend, whom I happened to know; he ofttimes made me sad and sorrowful, and I was strongly reminded of the lines standing at the head of our paper. There is reason to believe my friend was but a type—that is to say, there are many like him.

Now the drift of this paper is, to awaken a perception to *living merit*; there is much excellence around and about us—many an excellent soul, perhaps, at our very door, or within our home circle, not valued as they deserve. Who is there amongst us who has not been grieved and troubled, after reading the memoir of some pious, humble

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neighbour, to think we so lightly esteemed him, and most heartily have we wished we had known of his excellences before. Now there is a sympathy to which our hearts must readily yield, but to which we have, hitherto, been entire strangers; hence, we are deprived of much present enjoyment, and lose some of the brightest and sunniest spots in life. Do we feel quite guiltless? Are there no hideous monsters rising up to accuse us? We fear the evil is too near to strike—there is no room for the back step, and the arm is powerless. Alas! it is SELF that blinds the eye, that obscures the vision; we cannot get out of ourselves—our own cares, our own troubles, our own hopes and fears, take up all our thoughts and time. Oh, how difficult it is to hush all these, and go out, with the tender sensibilities of an affectionate heart, to sympathise with another; nothing but Divine grace can work this marvel; and in proportion to our conformity to the heavenly original, will be our aptitude in the delightful work.

M. B.

[When you were children, have you never marvelled in silence to hear of the excellence of *dead* friends, whom you were never taught to love and revere when living? Are *your* children wondering over the same inexplicable matter? —ED.]

IS YOUR SON IN PRISON?

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

DEAR MADAM,—If the following fragment of a sermon of my dear departed husband's be found suitable for the pages of *The Mothers' Friend*, you are exceedingly welcome to it. I have been a reader of your valuable little Magazine for two years, and have found much pleasure, and, I trust, profit by its perusal. I have also induced several others to take a copy of it, and my own I circulate among many mothers, whose limited means prevent them from having one of their own.

I am, yours truly,

E——, N. B. J. M'K.

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"The importance of training up our children in the way they should go, is a duty which commends itself to our judgment and affections. If any of you, by some unfortunate act of any of your children, were subjected to the pain of seeing him torn from the family and clapped up in chains in the prison-house, how would your sense of duty in this matter be exhibited? Why, by immediate and unremitting exertions for the liberty of your child. You would first make inquiry into the case, and learn the character of the offence. You would next make your way to the highest authority in your neighbourhood, and there make use of all the influence you possessed for the liberation of your child. This is a course of conduct which would be prompted by your common sense of duty and parental affection.

"Now, when you are made aware that your children are, every one of them, in chains and in prison, in a spiritual point of view—when you are aware of the fact, that Satan hath possession of their hearts and affections—that they are by nature his slaves and willing captives—and that this is a bondage that may continue, not for a month, or six months, or twelve months only, but which may and shall exist, if unremoved by Divine grace, throughout eternity: —when parents are made aware of this lamentable condition of their children by nature, what is the duty, we ask, that commends itself both to their judgment and affection? Why, that of acting and living for the restoration of the lost liberty of their children. But oh! how lamentably backward are parents to the duty, when it embraces spiritual and eternal interests! Besides, when it embraces only bodily and temporal interests, with a strange inconsistency the latter are preferred to the former. The interests of the body enlist the exertions of the mind and heart, while the interests of the soul produce but very little apparent concern.

"Let us watch the parent whose child lies in chains in the prison. Let us see the anxiety manifested by him;

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let us follow him, and hear him plead the cause of his child before those in authority. Let us witness the travail and sorrow of soul he endures until his son has been restored to liberty. Let us go to that same parent, after his son has, through his influence and exertion, been restored to liberty, and ask, in the presence of God, if ever he has once approached a throne of grace for the liberation of the immortal spirit of that same son; perhaps he will have to answer, if he tells the truth, No! Oh, what inconsistency! what strange infatuation! If the judgment confesses that the interests of the soul are incomparably more momentous than those of the body, then surely parents cannot love their children truly, if, while exhibiting deep interest in what concerns their temporal liberty and life, they almost entirely neglect what concerns their imperishable and eternal being. The interests of the soul not only commend themselves to the judgment, but to the best feelings of the heart. It is he, and he only, who loves his child, whose love embraces his future destiny, and whose love leads him to train his child up in the way everlasting."

PAGE FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.—No. IV.

"The kite feedeth with the starling under the law of kindness."

Now, young mother, you will soon observe the first effort of your babe's intellect, and the little hands will soon crumple your neat collar, and pull your curls, if they hang in his way. At the tea-table, too, he will try his skill at pulling the cup of hot tea over him, or grasping the pretty bright knife! We will tell you a nice little plan. Get him a baby's high chair, put little cushions all round, to keep him firm in his seat (made of cheap print and wadding), and only put within his reach such things as cannot injure him, and he cannot injure. You have no idea what

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a comfort this plan will be to you, if you have no one to nurse him while you are taking your food.

Some parents sit and laugh while their baby-boy tries his strength by pulling from the table valuable and breakable things; and after a little time the poor child is punished for doing the very things he is now encouraged to perform. This is real cruelty to the poor little helpless one. How can he understand the conduct of his parents? Do all you can to teach your little charge, but let it be such teachings as you will have no cause to regret in after-years.

Try to make him associate the names of objects with the sight of them, by speaking the name of the object slowly and distinctly, as he is looking at it, and turning it over. When you draw your child's attention to a living thing, accompany it with some endearment to the animal, that in his earliest days he may be taught *kindness*. Talk to him about it in low, mild tones. If he attempts to catch a fly, pull the kitten's hair, or strike the dog, draw back the little hand gently, look very grave, and say, "No, baby, no," in a firm voice. As soon as he is able to understand, teach him that the gift of life is from the great God, who lives in heaven, and must not be driven out by cruelty.

Mrs. Sigourney tells us that a little boy, who was inclined to be very cruel in his early days, was so thoroughly cured of it by his mother, that when attending to infantine lessons in natural history, long before he was able to read, and hearing of a bird that was fond of catching flies, he lisped, with a kind of horror upon his baby-face, "Oh! kill flies! Will God forgive it?"

Mother! let the lesson of love and kindness be very early impressed upon the mind and heart of your young immortal charge. We have more thoughts in store for you.

How much does your Religion cost?—"Religion will cost us something, but the want of it infinitely more."—*Cecil.*

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THE YOUNG TEACHER; OR, DANGEROUS COMPANIONS.—No. IX.

"There remaineth a rest for the spirit on the shadowy side of life."

Frank became once more the cheerful companion of young Annie, and her pocket-book was soon produced, where the numerous questions were arranged which she expected his superior mind would enter into and answer; nor was she disappointed. The great buried cities, too, were the subject of conversation, and various new books, which had been presented to her during her brother's absence from home, were introduced; and among them was a sweet little work, called "The Anxious Inquirer," which Frank requested he might be allowed to take to his room.

"Oh, yes, you shall have it, dear brother," said Annie; but suddenly recollecting the locking of the door, the difficulty of gaining admittance, and some other mysteries relating to Frank's room, she whispered in his ear, "You won't lock it always up and for ever, will you? I shall see it sometimes, shall I not?"

Frank smiled, and promised to restore it safe and sound before a week had passed; and he kept his word. But when he gave it back to her, he took her upon his knee, and talked to her a long time about the kindness of Jesus, and His love to little children; and then he requested her to repeat to him that beautiful hymn in which these two verses occur:—

"Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

"Oh, to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be;
Let that grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee."

And then he requested her to take care of this one little book, above all the others; and he desired that when he

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was again far away, and she was yet a little older, that she would read it in her own room, and think about it, and try to remember that it had been a very great comfort to her brother once, when he was in deep sorrow, and felt afraid that he should have been driven away from happiness and God for ever. Annie looked very sorrowful, and when she could get a chat with her mamma, quite alone, she had many questions to ask about her brother. The favourite book was placed in a snug little corner, and, when she now and then looked at it, she remembered all Frank had said, and often pondered why he could have been in "deep sorrow."

From this time Frank became a faithful disciple of Jesus, and, after a year or two, he gave up his medical studies, and entered on those which prepared him for becoming an ambassador of the cross; and he was often heard, in after-life, warning the young people of his charge against the very first downward step in forbidden paths, and against making friends with those who belong to Satan's kingdom.

Frank is gone to heaven now. He was never strong again after his severe illness as he was before, and one day, when he was preaching from the text, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin," a vessel burst on his lungs, and he never entered his pulpit again. He died very happily, and his last words were, "Looking unto Jesus."

And now, dear young friends, we would fain hope that the account of "The Young Teacher" may be a warning to you. Never allow yourself to be drawn into evil company; and ever remember, that if you are invited to join in any kind of pleasure in which you cannot ask the blessing of God and Jesus Christ to accompany you, it is *sure to be wrong*. The path to the "pit" is all downward; take care of the first step towards it. Satan will tell you there is no danger, and your own wicked heart will tell you there is no danger; but the Bible says, unless you are a real Christian, and show that you are one by keeping

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the commands of Jesus, you will never—never reach heaven. "Ye must be born again," the Bible says, and if you are not born again, your place must be with the "wicked," and they are to be "turned *into* hell, with all the nations that forget God;" and remember that every year you live will make it the more difficult for you to break off your sins, and Satan will bind his chains stronger and stronger around you. He will tell you *now* that it is time enough yet to think about heaven and hell, and your never-dying soul; but, if you listen to him, he will tell you by-and-by that it is "TOO LATE," and then, perhaps, you will die in despair, having no kind Jesus to walk with you through the dark valley of the shadow of death—no kind angels to bear you away in triumph to the skies, to join in the songs of the redeemed in heaven, but your portion will be in that place of misery prepared for the devil and his angels.

Are you scorning truth divine?
Then no glorious hope is thine.
Is this world enough for thee?
Then prepare for misery!
Horror soon shall seize thine heart,
When the Judge shall say—'Depart!'
List! we warn thee of thy dream;
Warn thee of thy fearful scheme.
List! the friendly warning take;
On the morrow thou mayst wake,
Where all hope will ever fly,
Where the worm shall never die.
Come to Him who died to save,
Rouse thee from thy moral grave;
Come and tread the path to heaven;
Seek—and find thy sins forgiven!

THE LITTLE COMFORTER.

WHEN the lone spirit is crushed beneath an accumulated weight of sorrow, and the soul shrouded in darkness and gloom, what is more soothing than the sweet caressings of a

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dear child? I have a little son who, for more than seven years, has cheered my pathway. Not long since we stood together by the open grave of our dearest earthly friend; in early manhood he had passed away, leaving us to mourn the loss of such a husband and father as few have to lose.

We left the dear spot, and sought the home where for years we had enjoyed uninterrupted happiness. I threw myself on a chair, and was giving full vent to my agonised spirit, when a pair of little arms were thrown around my neck, and a sweet voice whispered,—"Don't cry, mother, father is better off than we are—we will be good, and very soon we will go too." Oh! I thought, what a precious treasure is left me even now, and I thanked my heavenly Father that he had not left me comfortless. I not only had a child, but he was affectionate, and manifested a disposition to assuage my grief. True, as days passed, he said many things that thrilled my inmost soul, and gave freshness to the wound he vainly endeavoured to heal, making his very sympathy painful. But they were prompted by a spirit of affection, which made them a source of comfort to my desolate heart. I knew they were kindly said.

I shall not soon forget his words, as one day he imprinted a score of kisses on my tearful face, saying,—"We are altogether now, mother; I'll take care of you, and love you just as well as father did!" I have always felt the importance of cultivating the kindly feelings of children, but never before realised the vast responsibility resting upon mothers, to cherish every generous emotion, every feeling of sympathy and tenderness. What a happy world would ours be, were love, kindness, benevolence, and pure philanthropy in full operation! And where can these Divine principles be more successfully disseminated than in the youthful mind? And who better adapted to foster and cherish such heavenly virtues than the mother? What would be the glorious results, if every child should be

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taught to "do unto others as they would have others do unto them?" I would teach them "the art of thinking," and inspire in their young hearts the love of the beautiful. I would teach them to think how many tears they might dry — how many hearts they might make happy — how many little acts of kindness they might perform among their brothers and sisters, or towards their school-fellows and playmates. I would show them beauty in soothing and lessening the cares of a father and mother; or, if one had been left alone in this vale of tears, the magnanimity of cheering the lonely hours of the stricken one. I would show them beauty in kindly words and tones of love; in participating in the joys and sorrows of their little associates; in doing good to all, in loving all, and trying to throw sunshine on the pathway of all with whom they come in contact.

If children from their infancy are educated to feel, to love, to rightly appreciate earthly blessings, will they not be more inclined to love and seek after Him who is goodness itself, when they shall arrive at the years of accountability,—and will not the world be made better through their influence?—*Mother's Journal.*

EDUCATION.

There is probably little at the present moment that awakens greater gratitude in the hearts of pious persons, than the increasing interest felt for the instruction of the young. The term Education, in its widest sense, embraces all those influences that call forth character, whether at home or abroad, in the domestic circle, the school, or amid nature's lovely works. These influences may come from life, with its varied discipline; from books, or from the world. The infant comes to us without any positive character. Its mind is filled with the seeds of things. We

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are its guardians. God has given us a double duty; a duty which, if looked upon wisely, is a pleasure and a privilege. The young mind is placed under our care. As it grows into childhood its young powers put forth; every shower, every cloudless day, bring some change to a field of grain; so with the child, every word, every look, every passing occurrence, may produce some effect on the mind, however imperceptible to the eye; but while all things bring their effect, there is none so great as that of mind upon mind. Thought can elicit thought; love awaken love. Doubtless, the greatest responsibility rests upon the parents, but they are not alone responsible for the child's character. We are all more or less interested; the brother, the sister, the teacher, the friend, is in some measure accountable, and might, with a little effort, do much good.

The true education is, doubtless, the religious one; with it all other education is good, without it all is empty. The religious principle should be the first developed; it should be the important object, for it will quicken the mental powers, check the passions, and keep that proper balance of character, without which a mind is ever liable to be misled. It may be asked, what is a religious education? It is giving a just sense of duty; a clear idea of the great purpose of life.

The Spartan mother with enthusiasm buckled the sword to the side of her son, and told him to come home with honour or be borne home dead. We want a like enthusiasm in the spiritual warfare. We wish to see a joy, a deep soul-felt delight, in the parent's heart, while with earnest prayer he directs and encourages his child, by God's blessing, to gird on the armour of salvation. And will not parents feel this? I am persuaded they will, and then will they be to their children a burning and a shining light, and when they close their earthly existence, they will leave the memory of faithful parents as their richest legacy.

Let us, as guardians of these precious loans, be more

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watchful, more diligent, more earnest for the welfare of their immortal souls, their moral conduct in life; not forgetting our Father in heaven, who will hear our prayers, and guide our little ones through the world. Let us not forget that they are children, nor chill them by expecting them to depart from the beautiful characteristics of their age. Love to see them happy, and teach them to love virtue and fear God, taking the example of Jesus, that their happiness may be complete.

"And as the bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies;
So try each art, reprove each dull delay,
Allure to brighter worlds, and lead the way."

HARRIET B.

MOTHER, CAN YOU ANSWER YOUR CHILD'S QUESTIONS?

A MOTHER was one day sitting by the window, busy with her needle, when the following incident occurred. Her little girl had for some time been reading her New Testament, when she came to a passage which appeared to engage her attention more than usually. After she had remained in deep thought for some minutes, she went to her mother with a countenance betraying great earnestness, and said, "Mother, the Bible says, 'the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.' Did those wicked men, who hung Jesus on the cross, catch his blood in a basin to wash themselves in, so that their great sin might be washed away?"

The mother could not answer her little girl's question. She did not know herself that grand yet simple scheme of man's salvation, whereby even those who crucified the Lord of Glory might have been pardoned and justified before a holy God. Mother! do your little ones ever put such questions to you? If so, are you obliged to say, "I cannot

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plain it?" How is this? Is it because you do not low anything of religious matters? Have you ever ought that to you are committed the souls of your chil-ren? Remember, that on the instruction and moral aining you give depend, in a great degree, their happi-ss or misery in another world. E. B. V.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

EXAMPLE.

One watch set right will do to set many by; but, on the ther hand, one that goes wrong may be the means of isleading a whole neighbourhood; and the same may be aid of the example we individually set to those around us.

WHICH IS BEST?

Which is best?—To build a light-house that shall save any vessels from being wrecked, or a life-boat that shall escue a few wretches from the wrecks that occur for want f a light-house?

Which is best?—To prevent crime, or to punish it?

Which is best?—To train up a boy in the fear of God, r punish the man for breaking human laws?

BOOKS.

In the best books great men talk to us, with us, and ve us their most precious thoughts. Books are the voices f the distant and the dead.

THE RAILWAY PARTING.

"Farewell"—a word spoken only on *earth*.

That word of earth—"Farewell,"
The saddest and the last,
Heard in the funeral knell,
Imagined in the blast;
The heart is throbbing loud,
The tears, unbidden, flow,
The eye, through all the crowd,
Must watch the dear one go.

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'Tis but a word of earth!
Oh, thought divinely given,
Here it must hush all mirth,
'Tis not heard in heaven!
Here dearest ones must part,
There they shall sever never—
Heaven has no sad heart,
Bright spirits love for ever.

MISERY.

The greatest of human misery may be reduced to two words—BROKEN PROMISES.

HABIT IN CHILDHOOD.

A pebble on the streamlet scant
Has turned the course of many a river;
A dew-drop on the baby plant
Has warped the giant oak for ever.

DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

"Six things," says Hamilton, "are requisite to create a 'happy home.' Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholsterer; it must be warmed by affection, lighted up with cheerfulness, and industry must be the ventilator, renewing the atmosphere and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day; while, over all, as a protecting canopy and glory, nothing will suffice except the blessing of God."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Scripture Narratives in Verse. By S. CARPENTER. Ward & Co., Paternoster Row.

Just the book to please young minds and to impress Scripture narratives on the heart.

Scripture Teacher's Assistant. By HENRY ALTHANS. Butt, 60, Paternoster Row.

A very valuable help for Sabbath-school teachers and mothers of families.

Infanthood and Childhood. By J. DIXON. Houlston and Stoneman.

A cheap guide for young mothers, by a medical man.

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HOW TO BE A GOOD LITTLE SERVANT.—No. II.

"Now, dear mother, as we are so quiet here, all by ourselves, do tell me some of the things I must do, when I go away from home to be a little servant."

"Well, dear, as you have been an obedient child to your parents, I have reason to hope you have one quality which will make you liked and useful as a little servant. You must be obedient to your master and mistress, as you have been at home. Let me read to you a little bit from the Book which must ever be your guide, if you would be happy in life and in death. Look over here, and read with me, in Titus ii. 9, 10. '*Exhort servants to be obedient unto their own masters, and to please them well in all things; not answering again; not purloining, but shewing all good fidelity; that they may adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.*'" "Why, mother, the Bible teaches everything." "Let us look again, Carrie, at Colossians iii., beginning at the 22nd verse. '*Servants, obey in all things your masters according to the flesh; not with eye-service, as men-pleasers; but in singleness of heart, fearing God;*' and, again, in Ephesians vi. 5, 6. '*Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in singleness of your heart, as unto Christ; not with eye-service, as men-pleasers, but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart.*'"

"What is eye-service, mother?" "Why, dear, not doing anything out of the sight of your mistress which you would not do if she were always close to you and looking upon you. Now, suppose you were a very good little daughter in my sight,—very clean, very industrious, very kind, and very particular. But suppose I went out to work for a day, and left you in charge of the house and the children; then you did not care to neglect your duties, speak unkindly to your brothers and sisters, and careless about the house, neglect-

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ing to be neat and clean, and meddling with things that you ought not to touch, forgetting that the Great God is always near to see you and to hear you. This would be eye-service." "Oh, mother, I am sure I could never do so at home." "No, my child; but I trust you would never be an eye-servant in the home of strangers, for such characters are very hateful to God and to all good people."

"But, mother, how nice the Bible tells us about things; I hope I shall have time to read it, when I am in service." "Yes, dear, and if you are very busy, I hope you will get up half an hour earlier than you are required, that you may find time to read it, and pray for strength to fulfil all your duties. Everybody can find time, if they choose, to read a portion of the Bible every day. Now listen, I will read to you a pretty tale again, from Mr. Sabine:—

"THE SHOP BOY.

"Our Willie's such a dapper lad,
He makes so nice a bow;
It would, indeed, be quite too bad,
To send him to the plough.

"A message if he has to take,
He's off with skip and hop;
A handy boy I'm sure he'd make,
In warehouse, store, or shop.

"And when he takes a parcel out,
Think you he stops to chat,
Or loiter, play, or stand about,
With Johnny this or that?

"No; if I ken the boy aright,
He's not the one to tarry,
Because he thinks he's out of sight,
When sent to bring or carry.

"At morn, he'd have the shutters down,
The floor and counter swept;
No window panes, in all the town,
Would be more brightly kept.

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"At eve, he'd have the shutters up,
And see all safe and right,
Then with a lightsome heart he'd sup,
Sleep soundly through the night.

"I hope he'll get a master kind,
Good lads are such a treasure!
Then, Willie, I am sure you'll find,
If he but knows his master's mind,
None do it with more pleasure."

PAGE FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.—No. V.

"His eye is quick to observe—his memory storeth in secret."

Some mothers may say, "I cannot train my children like those who are educated." Now, if you mean by this what you call "book-learning," the excuse is a poor one. A kind heart, tender feelings, good judgment and piety, are all necessary to the mother who would train her child aright, but "learning is not necessary." Only think, young mother, how much more you know of the human frame—of the ways of men—of the will of God—of this beautiful world you inhabit, than your tiny boy, who has only looked upon the world some three or four years. Try to make him understand something about everything he handles. For instance, when he is looking at his ball, make him see it is all round—round, all alike—no corners. Then point out the slate on which he makes marks—tell him Willie's slate is not round—it has one, two, three, four corners—it is square and flat. Then show him a penny—tell him it is round, but *flat*; therefore unlike the ball.

These little things, which you seem always to have known, are all new to him. Why, only think, he came to you the other day as ignorant as the little lamb in the field yonder. Can you not talk to him about his nice bread and butter—"Who made the bread, Willie?" "What did mother make it of?" "Where did the grain come from, little boy?" "Who made it grow in the

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field?" "Where do we get butter, dear?" "Who made the fine great red cow, Willie?" "The same Glorious Being who made my little Willie's wonderful body. Yes, and He made a body for Himself once, and was put to sleep in a manger; and He loved little children, and He loves them now when they obey His commands. I hope my little boy will love 'Gentle Jesus;'—try to be like Him on earth, and then go up to live with Him in heaven." Teach him this pretty hymn, mother:—

"I think, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold—
I should like to have been with him then.
I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me,
And I might have seen his kind look when he said,
'Let the little ones come unto me.'

"Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below,
I shall see him and hear him above—
In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
'For of such is the kingdom of Heaven.'"

ENCOURAGEMENT TO SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHERS; OR, THE MOTHER'S LAST EFFORT.

A BOY belonging to a Sunday school in a country village was so vicious and unteachable, that it was thought necessary to expel him from the school. As he grew in years, his evil propensities strengthened, and he became exceedingly dissipated. At length he enlisted for a soldier, and went with his regiment into a foreign land, leaving a widowed mother to bewail the state of her only son.

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After some time, a pious man, who had resided in the same village, and who was a sergeant in the same regiment, returned to pay his friends a visit; and, knowing both the mother and son, called on the widow to ask if he should convey any message to her soldier boy. He found her in deep affliction, and confined to her bed. On learning the object of the sergeant's visit, she told him she had only one boon to bestow, which she begged he would deliver to her son; and giving him a Bible, she requested that he would ask her wanderer, for the sake of his dying mother, "to read at least one verse a day."

As soon as the sergeant reached his destination, he sought the young soldier, and said to him, "I am the bearer of the last gift and the last wish of your mother." "What!" cried he, "is she dead?" "She was not, when I left England," replied the sergeant; "but I think she cannot have survived till now. Here," he continued, "is a Bible which your mother has sent you; and she had only one request to make of you,—that for her sake you would read at least one verse a day." "Oh, if it is only one verse," replied the hardened youth, "here goes." He opened the Bible—he looked—he paused—"Well," said he, "this is a remarkable circumstance—the first verse that caught my eye was the *only* one I ever learned while I was in the Sunday school. It is, '*Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*'" He began to ask the sergeant who "ME" was? The good man, like Philip of old, spoke to him of Jesus. From this period his conduct changed.

Some time after, the regiment was engaged in a fearful battle. When the conflict was over, the sergeant, walking over the field of blood, discovered his late pupil lying dead under a tree—his Bible was open at the passage he mentioned as having learned at school, and his head reposed upon its sacred pages, which were soaked through with his blood.

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Mother! store your child's mind with the truth of God's book. Oh, let not your family live in ignorance of the Bible. Do you read it yourself? Is it your guide in every-day life? Are you training your dear ones in the nurture and admonition of the Lord; and are you saying—is your husband saying, "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord?" Ah, then, there is hope that you may all meet in heaven.

Sabbath-school teacher! take encouragement. "*In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand.*" You may imagine that it is lost—that it is gone for ever—but it may be transplanted into some foreign country, and vegetate and grow and bring forth fruit there, but you may never see it till you reach the celestial plains. Then you may rejoice with some poor young soldier, taken to that blissful region from the battle-field; and the head, that died resting on the sacred pages of the Book of God, you may behold crowned with immortality. Cheer up—work on—it is our *sowing* time now. Our reaping time is not far distant.

THIRD SWARMING OF THE B'S.

"How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour;
And gather honey, all the day,
From every opening flower."

SATURDAY afternoon, ——, as Susan and her mother were sitting at needlework together, Susan said, "Oh! mother, how I long for Monday to come." "Why, my child?" "Why, because we shall then have another swarm of 'B's.' I have been counting so on it that I wish they would swarm this evening, and I half thought they might; for you know to-morrow is the Lord's day, and the last day of the month, so *The Mothers' Friend* ought

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to be here this evening, I think. I hope the booksellers do not work on the Lord's day." "I am very glad, my child, that you so esteem the Lord's day; and, welcome as *The Mothers' Friend* is, as a monthly visitor, I hope we can wait a little, and enjoy and improve the Lord's day, and be the more ready to see our friend on the next day." "Yes, but I so want the B's to swarm again." "What! have you so imperfectly learnt the lesson '*B patient?*'" "Oh! dear mother, how sad to be so impatient; but I *do* long for the next swarm, because I learnt so much from these B's, and I hope I shan't forget to be patient. Mayn't I be patient, mother, and yet wish for more?" "Hear what the Apostle James says, my dear, '*Let patience have her perfect work.*' It is difficult for little girls to learn this lesson, and a few years of experience are, perhaps, necessary to make us really patient. We must learn this lesson by slow degrees; only mind, every day, to learn *a little* of it. When father comes home, by-and-by, we can, perhaps, ask him about the printers working on the Lord's day. I do not know much about that, *but* I think it is very likely that the printers of such books as *The Mothers' Friend* do not work *their* men on the Lord's day."

"Mother, here is father come home already. Father, how came you home so soon?" "Why, my dear, it is Saturday, and I always try to get my work done as soon as I can, that I may have a quiet Saturday evening, and to-day I was able to break off earlier than usual." "Oh! come," said Susan, "we shall have you with us then a long while now. I wish the B's would swarm now you are come home." "Well, to tell you all, that is one reason why I came home sooner, for I saw the lady, about an hour ago, who sends us *The Mothers' Friend*, and as the first of the month falls on a Monday, she had got her parcel to-day, and was making haste to send out the little visitor before the Lord's day; for she said she thought some people

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might find a little more time on that day to read it.' "What, have you really got it, then, in your pocket?" "Yes, I have." "Let me see—let me see. Is there a swarm of B's this time?" "Yes, there is; and I have just read that page, which so went to my heart that I thought I would make it the matter of my meditation in preparation for to-morrow. Now, B patient, my child, and you shall hear all about it presently. Let me have tea first." The frugal meal was soon ready, and soon over, and down they sat, father, and mother, and Susan, to witness the third swarming of the B's.

"The B's that swarm this time are numerous, more than we had last time, and the class is what we may call *heart* B's." "Heart B's, father, what do you mean?" "I mean, my child, that they relate to the heart—to our feelings and affections mostly." "Which are they?" said the little inquiring girl, whose mind seemed to open to the beams of light. "Well, they are the following—B loving, B truthful, B true, B grateful, B hopeful, B liberal, B just, B penitent, B devoted, B faithful, B honest, B holy, B transparent, B pure, B dependent." "Oh! what a many. I know what some of them mean, but I don't know them all." Mother said, "I am afraid we have too long a lesson for a little girl this evening, and I think it would be well if father were to make a selection." "No," said the father, "I think we can manage it all, for some of them are very like to others, and I am sure they are all so easy that we shall not find them to be too many; and besides, if we don't make some speed, we shall not finish them all next month.

"Now, then, what is the first? 'B loving.' Ah! that will be, I think, the 'queen B.'" "What is that, father?" "Why, dear, bees are not only industrious, but they are very orderly and loyal. They acknowledge one to be superior; it is called the *queen* bee. Some are called drones; and the rest, working bees. The queen is treated

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as a queen, and her laws and orders are attended to." "What, whether they be right or wrong?" "They are always right; for the irrational creation have what is called instinct, and mankind have reason. Reason is sometimes wrong, because man is a depraved creature; but instinct is certain: but this is a subject you will have more of, by-and-by. Let us keep to the B's. The queen bee is so important to the hive, that it is said, if she were to die, all the others would die. Well, we call love the queen B, because love is the spring and power which have most influence over us,—nothing moves us like love.

'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devil knows and trembles too,
But Satan cannot love.'

We shall do nothing effectually and happily, if we do not love it. Love is the first lesson which children should learn. It has been said that, during the first seven years of life, this should be mainly the daily lesson; and that if children are taught thus early to love their parents, to *love* the Bible, to *love* God, they will never depart from it. God will bless the heart that loves Him. Character is everything. Let character be based on love, and all the rest will follow. Obedience is very easy where love directs it, and success is sure.

"The next B's are several of them very much of the same character; as, B watchful, and B true. These are excellent B's. If a person does not speak the truth, no dependence can be placed upon him. Lying and falsehood are of the devil; but truth is of God. This great lesson I hope you will never forget. I have read a little story which will explain the value of truth to you. It is this:—A gentleman in America had a present made him of a valuable young tree. He had it planted in his garden; and one day, to his deep regret, he saw this stripling of a tree cut down. Inquiry was made as to who had done it; and little George, who

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had been just before presented with a small hatchet, stepped forward and said, 'Pa, I can't tell a lie; pa, I did it with my new hatchet.' 'You did it, my child?' said the astonished parent, 'and you tell me you *can't tell a lie?* Run into my arms, my boy, that fact is worth all the trees in my garden.'

"'B grateful.' Ah, how much reason we have to be grateful; and to be grateful is to be happy. You can repeat these verses—

'Not more than others I deserve.'"

Susan instantly took up the theme, and repeated—

"'Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God has given me more;
For I have food while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.'"

"I wonder," said the mother, "that this hive of B's had not B happy,—for I am sure very much depends upon ourselves in that respect; I think it is a duty to try to be happy."

"'B hopeful.' What should we do without hope?" said the father; and the mother instantly drew from her store of sacred Scriptures. "What a blessing," said she, "is the 'good hope through grace;' that is the hope that is the 'anchor both sure and steadfast.'"

"'B liberal;' 'B just.' These are well put together. It is not being liberal to give away what is not your own; but I like that B liberal should precede B just; for it shows the right state of the heart; and, if *right*, it *will* be *just*. To be just, we must also B faithful to ourselves, and to others, and to *God*. John Wesley's three maxims are very striking and appropriate. '*Get* all you can; *save* all you can; *give* all you can.' That's true liberality." "'B honest,' may come in here," said the mother, "for the Scriptures say, 'Owe no man anything, but to love one another.'"

"'B penitent.' If we knew ourselves, this would mark

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every day; for 'in many things we all offend.' Penitence will relieve the heart, and put us in the right position for pardon.

"'B devoted'—to God,—and to your objects in life; that is, be in earnest, do not trifle with your time or your privileges.

"'B holy,' and 'B pure.' We can aim to be so, but God the Holy Spirit *alone* can *make* us so; but if we *desire* it, He will do it.

"'B transparent;' open, candid, generous; that is, let there be no duplicity, no deception; *deserve* the confidence of others, and you will have it.

"'B dependent;' that is, feel that you are; for we are all dependent on God, 'for life, and breath, and all things.'

"Now we must have done for this time. Good night."

GAIUS.

A LETTER FOR THE TIMES.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

MY DEAR MADAM,—I have thought that, in the present state of the public mind, the following solemn letter, written by a nobleman on his death-bed to an intimate friend, might be useful. If you are of the same opinion, and will give it a place in the next number of *The Mothers' Friend*, you will oblige M. B.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Before you receive this, my final state will be determined by the Judge of the whole earth. In a few days at most, perhaps in a few hours, the unchangeable sentence will be passed, that shall raise me to the heights of happiness, or sink me to the depths of misery. While you read these lines, I shall be groaning under the agonies of absolute despair, or triumphing in the fulness of joy.

"It is impossible for me to express the present disposition of my soul—the vast uncertainty I am struggling with; no

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words can paint the force and vivacity of my apprehensions; every doubt wears the face of horror, and would perfectly overwhelm me, but for the faint gleams of hope which dart across the tremendous gloom. What tongue can utter the anguish of a soul suspended over the extremes of infinite joy and eternal misery? I am throwing my last stake for eternity, and tremble and shudder for the important result. Good God! how have I employed myself! What enchantment has held me! In what delirium has my life been past! What have I been doing? While the sun in his race, and the stars in their courses have lent their beams, perhaps only to light me to perdition. I never awakened till now. I have but just commenced the dignity of a rational being! Till this instant I had a wrong apprehension of everything in nature. I have pursued shadows, and entertained myself with dreams—I have been treasuring up dust, and sporting myself with the wind! I look back on my past life, and, but for the memorials of infamy and guilt, it is all a blank! a perfect vacancy! I might have grazed with the beasts of the field, or sung with the winged inhabitant of the woods to much better purpose than any for which I have lived; and, oh! but for the faint hope, a thousand times more blessed had I been to have slept with the clods of the valley, and never heard the Almighty fiat, nor waked into life at His command! I never had a just apprehension of the solemnity of the part I had to act till now! I have often met death insultingly on the hostile plain, and, with a stupid boast, defied his terrors, with a courage as brutal as that of the horse on which I rode. I have rushed into the battle, laughed at the glittering spear, and rejoiced at the sound of the trumpet, nor had a thought of any state beyond the grave, nor of the great tribunal to which I must have been summoned—

> 'Where all my secret guilt had been revealed,
> Nor the minutest circumstance concealed.'

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"It is this which arms death with all its terror, else I could still mock at fear, and smile in the face of the gloomy monarch. It is not giving up my breath—it is not the thought of being for ever insensible at which I shrink—it is the terrible hereafter—the something beyond the grave, at which I recoil; those great realities which, in the hours of mirth and vanity, I have treated as phantoms and idle dreams of superstitious beings—these start forth and stare at me in their most terrible demonstration; my awakened conscience feels something of the eternal vengeance I have often defied. To what heights of folly it is possible for human nature to reach! What extravagance it is to jest with death; to laugh at damnation; to sport with eternal chains, and recreate a jovial fancy with the scenes of eternal misery; were there no impiety in this kind of mirth, it would be as ill-bred as to entertain a dying friend with the sight of a harlequin, or the rehearsal of a farce! Everything in nature seems to reprove the levity in human creatures; the whole creation, man excepted, is serious; man, who has the highest reason to be so, while he has affairs of infinite importance depending on this short, uncertain duration. A condemned wretch may, with as good a grace, go dancing to his execution, as the greatest part of mankind go, with such a thoughtless gaiety, to their graves!

"Oh, my friend, with what horror do I recollect those hours of vanity we have wasted together; return, ye lost, neglected moments; how would I prize you above eastern treasures! Let me dwell with hermits, let me rest on the cold earth, may I but once more stand a candidate for an immortal crown, and have my probation for celestial happiness. Ye vain grandeurs of a court, ye sounding titles and perishing riches, what do ye now signify? What consolation, what relief, can ye now give me? I have a splendid passage to the grave! I lie in state, and languish under a gilded canopy! I am expiring

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on a soft and downy pillow, and am respectfully attended by my servants and physicians. My dependents sigh; my sisters weep; my father bends under a load of years and grief; my lovely wife, pale and silent, conceals her inward anguish; my friend, who was as my own soul, suppresses his sighs, and leaves me to hide his secret grief; but oh! which of these will answer my summons at the high tribunal? Which of these will bail me from the arrest of death? Who will descend into the dark prison of the grave for me? Here they all leave me, after paying a few idle ceremonials to the breathless clay, which, perhaps, may be laid in state, while my soul, my only conscious part, stands trembling before my Judge. My afflicted friends will, probably, with great solemnity, lay the senseless corpse in a stately monument, inscribed with

'Here lies the great.'

But could the pale corpse speak, it would soon reply,—

'False marble, where?'

Nothing but poor and sordid dust lies here. While some flattering panegyric is pronounced at my interment, I may, perhaps, be hearing my just condemnation at a superior tribunal, where an unerring verdict may sentence me to everlasting infamy.* But I cast myself on His absolute mercy, through the infinite merits of the Redeemer of lost mankind. Adieu, my dear friend, till we meet in the world of spirits."

AN EARLY BLOSSOM.

A TRUE CIRCUMSTANCE.

QUICK, to his well-loved Sunday School,
Each Sabbath morn he passed;
A child of almost infant form,
Amid the youngest classed.

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* The spirit—the immortal spirit—will be in heaven or hell before body is in the grave.—ED.

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No sign of listless weariness
That baby-visage showed;
But earnest thoughts of things unseen,
'Mid happy radiance glowed.

The story of a Saviour's love,
In gentle tones rehearsed,
Had power to win that infant heart,
In meaner lore unversed.

The spring came on—the gardens full
Of buds, for summer bloom;
But that fair season gathered him,
Soon ripened!—to the tomb.

One precious book, a Bible new,
His tiny fingers guard;
The fruit of early industry,
A Sabbath-school reward.

His last bright Sabbath-day appeared,
Less brightly gleamed his eye;
"Oh, mother dear," he whispered soft,
"I feel that I shall die."

"I'll pray to Jesus—ah!—I can't,
But will you pray for me?"
She knelt—and while the incense rose,
His spirit was set free. F. G.

FAMILY WORSHIP; OR, THE EARLY CALL.

Not long ago I had occasion to call on a friend—my business was of such a nature and of such importance that it had given an impetus to family affairs, so that I had unconsciously gained an hour. I rose from the family altar, put on my bonnet and cloak, and set out in haste in pursuit of my object. I felt that it was early, but I knew that I should not be met with the cold and repulsive indifference of "*Not at home,*" or the mistress of the house "*engaged.*" The spirit of my friend was more in unison with the gentleman's who was heard to say, that he

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"always considered a rap at his door as a call from Providence."

As I approached the threshold of my friend's mansion, I thought I heard music, like the strains of hearts and voices commingling under the elevating influences of a present Deity. I gave a gentle tap at the door. It was opened by a young woman, whose solemn countenance so impressed my own feelings that I walked silently into an apartment, the door of which she cautiously opened for my entrance, without either of us having spoken. The master of the house, as I entered, politely welcomed me by a silent bow, at the same time motioning with his hand that I should take an unoccupied seat. On observing a numerous family seated around, I suspected at once that they had just entered upon their family devotions, and that the music I had heard was the commencement of a morning song of praise. I cannot do justice to the scene, or convey my own impressions, without transcribing the song itself which this family choir continued to chant forth:—

"Time is winging us away
To an eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb.
Youth and vigour soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms,
All that's mortal soon will be
Enclosed in death's cold arms.

"Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb—
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above,
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Secure in Jesus' love."

The sentiments expressed in this sacred song reminded me that this was probably my farewell call to my friends,

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as they were just about to remove far away. My heart was sad, in view of our anticipated parting—the silent tear stole down my cheek; but it was not till all were prostrated in the act of solemn worship, that my feelings were relieved by a flood of tears. As we rose, I unconsciously exclaimed, "If the communion of saints on earth is so sweet, what will it be above!" One such example as this has, in some cases, produced a greater effect than a hundred sermons. I well remember some instances of this kind.

Some years since, an old officer, tottering under the accumulated hardships of eighty years, had settled down in a state of confirmed infidelity. His wife, the partner of his early days, had made him the subject of her *special* prayers for forty years. He had regularly attended church, till at length he heard something in a sermon from his minister which he thought personal, and from that time he deserted the house of God. This was exceedingly distressing to his good wife. One morning she was taken suddenly ill—the old man went in haste to ask the minister's wife to make her a visit, for he was truly an affectionate husband. The good divine was just commencing family prayer—the scene so impressed this old veteran that it was the means of his becoming a humble believer in Jesus; and thus, too, the wife's prayers were answered.

There is not a scene on earth more interesting than a family bending before the God of Heaven—a collection of dependent beings, with tender feelings, with lively sympathies, with common hopes, fears, and joys, blending their bliss and their woes together, and presenting them all to the King of kings, and the Father of all the families of mankind. How venerated is that father who thus ministers at the family altar! The earth, amidst its desolateness, contains no spot on which angels gaze with more delight, than on the collected group where the eye and the

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heart of the father is raised to heaven, and the voice of praise and prayer commends the household worshippers to the protecting care of Him who never slumbers nor sleeps; and not till eternity dawns upon us, shall we know the rich blessings which have descended from heaven in answer to the prayers offered in faith at family worship.

A PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

"Trust not thy soul upon a fancy;—who would freight a bubble with a diamond,
And launch that priceless gem on the boiling rapids of a cataract?"

JOSEPHINE was a branch of a pious family. Some of her ancestors had suffered martyrdom for the sake of a good conscience. She had been religiously educated by her excellent parents, who, with several of their daughters and two valued servants, were all professing Christians. Her education afforded many advantages; almost every branch of knowledge was made to enter her mind in some way or other associated with religion. She had studied the history of her own country, and glanced at that of the world, regarding the state of religion under every new event, and watching its consequences in that respect, as forming the chief interest in the history. Religious topics became her element, and her remarks evinced the correctness of her judgment and the vigour of her understanding. She was frequently the life of the social circle around her parents' fire-side, which was often entertained and edified by her novel, yet appropriate and striking application of religious subjects to the current subject of conversation. Connected with all this, her habits were those of the rest of this happy household, as to the retirement of the closet, family devotion, and the public exercises of religion. Her friends wondered at one only exception;—she did not attend with them at the Lord's table. Every one regarded her as an

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ornament to religion, and many ineffectual endeavours had been made to induce her to join them at this sacred place.

In one year, Josephine lost both her parents! They died in the enjoyment of a hope full of immortality, leaving a solemn charge to each of their children to follow them as far as they had followed Christ. The removal of such parents must have been severely felt by such a family. They had put off their mourning, and Josephine had nearly regained her accustomed vivacity, when she was taken ill. A neighbouring minister was sent for; and, at the time of his visit, she was thought past recovery. He had been very intimate with the family, and now came at her own request; he therefore with mingled emotions pursued the path that led to the dying Josephine. He went prepared to see a Christian die! He anticipated the awful solemnity of a momentary station on the privileged spot just on the verge of heaven.

With those feelings he was conducted to the sick chamber, and approached the bed in expectation of beholding a countenance smiling in death—of hearing a voice which would bespeak the exercises of a strong mind encountering the last enemy under a well-grounded confidence of victory through the blood of the Lamb. What was his astonishment, on drawing aside the curtain, to behold those features, accustomed to speak in every lineament, clothed in all the horrors of mental agony! Bidding him sit down, and ascertaining there were no witnesses, she addressed him in nearly the following words:—"I am glad you are come; I cannot bear to go out of the world a deceiver, but I am unable to tell the sad secret of my heart to those around me. It would be too much for them to hear or me to bear. Ah! what have I to undergo! I must be short, and therefore will be plain. I am not the character my friends have supposed me! I am not religious!—Do not interrupt me. I have *talked* about religion; my passions have often felt the powers of the world to come, and my imagination roved at large among things unseen; but, amidst all, my heart

has never loved religion as a personal thing! I have never concerned myself about it for myself; and now I must die, and die without any of its prospects, and be for ever shut out from any of its enjoyments!"

She paused a moment. The minister began to observe that life is the season of hope; and, admitting all she had said to be true, still the Saviour is saying, "*Whosoever cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out;*" and He is entitled to credit. But Josephine cut him short by observing, "The vigour of my youth and the strength of my intellect I have wasted in living to myself. I never cared for the Divine approbation, and God is justly my adversary. Cast down as I am, I cannot go to petition for mercy, for which I can plead no services, nor live to show any gratitude. I know already what you would say to these sentiments. You would hold out mercy as yet attainable. But my heart revolts at it. Heaven would be no heaven to me, upon the terms on which I only can enter it. I have been a worthless idler, and cannot endure to accept the reward of a faithful servant!"

Surprised as the man of God was, he endeavoured to enforce the necessity of renouncing such sentiments, and was urging that, though late, she might find acceptance, when Josephine interrupted him with energy, saying,—"No, Sir—spare me—spare yourself;—my character is finished! What I am, that I shall be for ever!!! The tree is even now falling—it is too late to direct the point towards which it shall be extended!" The medical man then came in. The minister soon after took his leave, intending to renew his visit; but in the morning he heard that the unhappy Josephine had expired in the night.

Dear young friends, would *you* die thus? Would you share in the horror of the dying agony of the clever, careless, and unhappy Josephine? Remember who has said, "*Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he reap.*" "*Be not deceived.*" Be in earnest. Be wise. Be true. "*God is not mocked.*"

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TO-MORROW.

"To-morrow is that lamp upon the marsh which a traveller never reacheth!"

Ensconced in the comfortable chair of a railway carriage, we were startled from our reverie by a dark form covering the window, and the loud shrill voice of a newspaper-boy most pressingly entreating us to make a purchase. A gentleman from France, who sat opposite, with all the politeness of his countrymen, said, "No, no!" taking the trouble of settling the matter on himself. The boy, however, was not so soon silenced, and after trying the gentleman's patience yet a little longer, he was roused to speak more decidedly, and, suiting the action to the word, said, "To-morrow!" or rather, in his broken English, "Two-moo-roo, boy—two-moo-roo!" The boy looked amazed and incredulous, feeling, doubtless, that the traveller's "to-morrow" would not yield the price of a paper to him; so he left us to our musings. Having just heard of three accidents, we naturally enough asked the question, "Will the 'to-morrow' ever come to us? Shall we see 'to-morrow's' light on earth?"

Mother! have you never had a misgiving as to the "to-morrow" of your life?—the to-morrow of your dear children? As you stood by the dying bed of your prodigal boy, did you not with anguish ask, "If he dies to-night, where will be *his* to-morrow?" As you closed the loving eyes of your expiring babe, did you wish him joy of *his* to-morrow? "Ah," you exclaimed, "my darling is gone to live in a bright world where time is unmeasured!"

As we journeyed on, our minds were led to a sad tale of "to-morrow," told by Mrs. Sigourney, when in England.

"Once as the swift coach
Stopped at its destined goal, an ancient dame
Came from a neighbouring cottage with such speed
As hoary years could make, and earnestly

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Scanning each passenger with hurried tone,
Demanded—'Is he come?'
'No; not to-day;
To-MORROW,'—was the answer.
So back she turned,
Lifting her shrivelled finger with a look
Half-credulous—half-sorrowing, and still
Repeating, '*Aye, to-morrow,*' homeward went.—
'Tis a sad tale. She and her husband led
A life of humble and of honest toil,
Content though poor. One only son they had,
Healthful and bright; and to their eyes he seemed
Exceeding fair. The father was a man
Austere and passionate, and loved his boy,
As fathers often do, with such a pride,
That could not bear the humbling of his faults,
Nor the slow toil to mend them. When he grew
To a tall lad, the mother's readier tact
Discerned that change of character which meets
With chafing thought the yoke of discipline,
And humoured it—but to the sire he seemed
Still as a child, and so he treated him.

"When eighteen summers threw a ripening tinge
O'er his bold brow, the father, at some fault,
Born more of carelessness than turpitude,
In anger struck him—bidding him go forth
From his own door. The youth, who shared too well
The fiery temper of his father's blood,
Vowed to return no more.

"The mother wept,
And wildly prayed her husband to forgive,
And call him back. But he, with aspect stern,
Bade her be still, and harshly said the boy
Was by her folly and indulgence spoiled
Beyond redemption. So she meekly took
The tear and prayer into her silent soul,
And waited till the passion-storm should slack,
And die away. It was a night of woe;
But midst its agony she blest her God,
That, after hours of tossing, quiet sleep
Stole o'er the wrathful man. With the fresh morn
Relentings came, and that ill-smothered pang

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With which an unruled spirit bears its shame.
And then he bade the woman seek her son—
And forth she went. Alas! it was too late.
He was a listed soldier, for a land
Beyond the seas—nor would their little all
Suffice to buy him back.

"'Twere long to tell
How loneliness, remorse, and sorrow took
Their Shylock payment for that passion-gust;
And how the father, when his hour was come,
Said, with his pale-pale lips and hollow voice,
'Would that our boy was here!'—and how the wife,
In her kind ministrations round his bed,
And in her widowed mourning, murmured still
His dying words, 'Would that our boy was here!'

"Years sped, and oft her soldier's letters came,
Replete with filial love and penitence,
For his rash words. But then the mother's ear
Was tortured by the tidings that he lay
Wounded and sick in foreign hospitals.
A line traced faintly by his own dear hand
Relieved her anguish. He was ordered home
Among the invalids. Joy long unknown
Sat on her brow. Again to hear his voice—
To gaze into his eyes—to part the hair
O'er his clear forehead—to prepare his food,
And nurse his feebleness—she asked no more.
And to his childhood's long-forsaken bed
Put forth its snowy pillow; and with care,
She hung a curtain of flowered muslin o'er
The little casement where he used to love
To sit and read. The cushioned chair that cheered
The father's days of sickness should be his;
And on the favourite table by its side,
The hour-glass with its ever-changing sands,
Which pleased him when a boy.

"The morning came,—
Slow sped the hours. She heaped the cheerful fire
In the small grate, and ere the coach arrived,
Stood with a throbbing heart expectant there.
'Is Willy come?' Each traveller, intent

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On his own business, made her no reply.
'Coachman! is Willy here?'
'No—no, he's dead!
Good woman! dead and buried near the coast,
Three days ago!'
But when a stranger marked
How the strong lines of speechless misery
Changed every feature, he in pity said,
'Perhaps he'll come *to-morrow!*'

"Home she turned,
Struck to the heart, and wept the livelong night,
Insensible to comfort; and to those
Who came in kind compassion to her side
Answering nothing.
But when day restored
The hour of expectation, with strange zeal
She rose and dressed, and cast her mantle on;
And as the coachman checked his foaming steeds,
Stood closely by his side. 'Is Willy here?'
'Has Willy come?' While he, by pity schooled,
Answered—'To-morrow!'

"And thus years have fled,
And though her step grows weaker, and the locks
Thinner and whiter on her furrowed brow,
Yet duly, when the shrill horn o'er the hills
Announceth the approaching passenger,
She hurries forth with wild and wasted eye,
To speak her only question, and receive
The same reply—'To-morrow!'

"And on that
Poor single fragment doth her yearning heart
Feed and survive. When tottering reason sank
Beneath the shock of grief, *maternal love*
Caught the one word of hope, and held it high;
And grappling to it like a broken raft,
Still breasts the shoreless ocean of despair."

Alas! how many a stricken heart will sigh over the wrecks made *this year!* Many a tale of sorrow and bereavement are our hearts pondering. Not many weeks since, a lovely family were presented to the fond gaze of a

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missionary brother, and one among the interesting group stood forth more bright and fair than the rest. A few days passed, and that little loved one had glided into the spirit-land, and the tenement of clay was pale and motionless, arrayed in the garniture of the grave. A sad "to-morrow" came to that home of love! Such is life! Mother! are you thinking anxiously of the New Year's "to-morrow?" What shall it be? Ah, try not to lift the veil—to turn over the hidden page. Live to-day, instruct and guide your household to-day, commending yourself and your dear ones to Him who can make you happy in time or eternity—TO-MORROW.

DEATH IN EARLY MORNING.

FEW things appear so very beautiful as an infant child in its shroud — the little innocent face looks so sublimely simple and confiding among the cold terrors of death. Crimeless and fearless, that little mortal has passed alone under the shadow, and explored the mystery of dissolution. There is death in its sublimest and purest image; no hatred—no hypocrisy—no suspicion—no care for the morrow—ever darkened that little face; death has come lovingly upon it. The yearnings of love, indeed, may not be stifled, for the prattle and smiles, and the little world of thoughts that delighted the parents' hearts are gone for ever. Awe, too, will overcast us in its presence, for we are looking on death; but we do not fear for the little voyager. It has gone, simple and trusting, into the presence of Him who said—"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

A mother, one night, was watching her dying babe, when these words were deeply impressed on her heart—"Let me go, for the day breaketh." At early dawn her little one died.

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Silent and sad the mother stood,
Watching her infant's sleep,
Fearing his eyelids soon would close
In slumbers yet more deep.
She turned her from his couch awhile,
To watch the moon's pale ray—
"My babe," she said, "will hence depart
Just at the break of day!"

A voice had spoken to her heart,
In angel-whispers low,
Saying, "Behold! the morning breaks,
Dear mother, let me go!
My night of sorrow hath been short,
But though thine own may be
A longer one—yet, wait awhile,
And *morn will break for thee!*"

The mother watched the first bright ray
That broke the darksome night;
She watched *alone*—her darling dwelt
In everlasting light!

ENCOURAGEMENT TO THOSE WHO HELP US.

THE MOTHERLESS COMFORTED.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

DEAR EDITOR,—It was shortly after the angel of death had closed the eyes of my beloved mother, that I first saw your valuable Magazine. When the words "*Mothers' Friend*" met my eye, the word *mother* never seemed so lovely. It was like magic to my sad heart; and I thought, if it is the *mother's* friend it is the *child's* friend, and I will buy it. I told my resolution to a number of my companions, and we ordered several. For three years we have continued to take them, and often when my spirit has been bowed down, and my heart sad, and when, if I had had a dear mother living, I should have poured my grief into her ear, "*The Mothers' Friend*" has been a balm to my heart. In reading its pages I have found some kind mother's pen willing to fill up the place of my lost mother, and willing to sympathise with me and give me advice. I may never know any of these kind friends on earth, but I think you

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will be reminded of it when the "book of remembrance" is opened, and you have been found giving more than a cup of cold water or a morsel of food to some lambs of the flock. What joy will it afford you, dear mothers, to find the seed you have sown on the streams of time growing up into fruit in eternity, where all you now do will be registered. Be encouraged to go on, and may the Lord bless you and your work.

C. O. P. L.

HOW TO BE A GOOD LITTLE SERVANT.—No. III.

"Well, mother, I was thinking about all you read and told me, after I went to bed last night; I never thought the Bible told us everything like it does; it tells us all about this life, as well as about heaven and hell." "Yes, Carrie, you may always find a guide in that precious book, to help you in your every-day duties, as well as to teach you the path to heaven. There is no book like it in the world; and no wonder, for the words are the words of God to His sinful creatures, and blessed are those who know and believe its glorious truths and live by them."

"You were telling me about obedience, mother—what comes next?" "Well, dear, then, in order to be obedient, you must try to remember what you are told to do. It will not do to neglect your duties, and then say you forgot them; your mistress will be afraid to confide in you another time." "Ah, I do mind, mother, now, how sorry I was about Mrs. More, when I forgot to tell her the lady wanted to see her, and she lost the washing; I see I must try to get a good memory."

"Yes, my Carrie, and again, you must always tell the truth, as I have reason to believe you do now; but when you are away from your mother, and forget anything you ought to have remembered, or if you do anything wrong, fear may tempt you to equivocate, if not really to tell a lie. This would be a sore grief to me and to your father, and in order to impress this on your mind, my child, I will

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read, in Deuteronomy xxxii. 4, what God is—'A God of truth, without iniquity, just and right is He.' Now, of course, it must follow that our heavenly Father must hate lying lips, since He is a God of *truth;* and if you turn to Proverbs xii. and 22, you will read, 'Lying lips are abomination to the Lord;' and in chap. xix. and verse 5, you read that 'He that speaketh lies shall not escape;' and in verse 9, 'He that speaketh lies shall perish;' and if you turn to Revelation xxi. 8, God says—'All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death;' and in the 27th verse you will see that whoever maketh a lie shall have no place in the glorious city where the God of truth and truth-loving people shall dwell together for ever." "Why, mother, it quite frightens me; I do wonder people are not afraid to tell lies with all that in the Bible!" "Ah, 'tis a wonder, as you say, Carrie; but then, you see, our hearts are so deceitful and wicked, and Satan, who was called by the Saviour the 'father of lies,' helps us on to do things contrary to God's Word; but one thing I want you to bear in mind, that whatever you *say* or *do, intending to deceive,* is a lie in the sight of heaven." "Oh, thank you, mother; now I will just run up for Ben's petticoat, to sew a button on, and then you will read the poetry you promised." "Yes; here it is."

"THE LITTLE MAID OF ALL WORK.

"I should like to be useful wherever I go;
I'm so glad I have learned both to knit and to sew;
I can read and can write, and if I have strength,
I feel sure I shall make a good servant at length.

"I am willing to work, and I love to be taught,
How to do all my duties and tasks as I ought.
How thankful, how grateful, I am for my school!
I might have been left without teaching or rule.

"But God, who has been my Protector and Guide,
Who has hitherto kept me, I know will provide

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A place for his child, who is willing to learn,
And anxious her food and her clothing to earn.

"I am sure I should serve, with the readiest mind,
A master and mistress, if patient and kind;
But still, if austere, I would strive to obey,
And the meekness of Jesus, my pattern, display.

"When I rise in the morning I'll ask for His aid—
When I lie down at night, what shall make me afraid?
There's an eye will watch over me all the year through,
'Tis the eye of my Saviour—'the faithful and true!'"

"NOT QUITE ALONE, PAPA."

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

DEAR MADAM,—I very much value your excellent periodical, and have endeavoured to recommend it *everywhere*, for I consider it not only the Mother's but also the *Father's* friend. I cannot refrain from relating a circumstance, which, if you think it worth insertion in your next number, will, I trust, encourage many parents who are interested in the spiritual welfare of their offspring.

My dear wife and children were recently going out to spend the evening with a friend; when leaving the room, I observed,—"Well, so you are *all* going off, and poor Papa will be left quite alone." My youngest child (an interesting girl of four years) immediately came running up to me, and, with her eyes beaming brightly, exclaimed—"Not *quite alone*, Papa—remember that God will be with you." I felt the consoling rebuke, and also felt it a beautiful illustration of the sentiment I have endeavoured to impress on their minds, that God is *everywhere* present, and sees and knows all that they do. Surely, "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings He hath ordained praise."

Trusting that He who was pleased to look on children with holy affection, and publicly *bless* them, will bless your efforts for the spiritual improvement of both parents and their offspring,

I remain, dear Madam,
Yours, in Christian esteem,
A FATHER.

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FINAL SWARM OF B's.

DECEMBER 1st.—"These long evenings suit us nicely," said Susan's father; "they give us opportunity to study the B's, and a very instructive lesson it is to study. Here, Susan, I have brought home a piece of honeycomb, to show you what these industrious little creatures do. Look at these little holes—how exactly they are made; what saving of space—there is no waste—this shape will, undoubtedly, give more useful room than any other shape would. The square, or the triangle, or the round, would not be so economical." "Why, father," exclaimed Susan, "do we not have our houses and rooms built so, if this be the best form?" "Building houses," replied her father, "is a matter of taste, more than of economy of space; but if the rooms of a house were the shape of these cells, they would not be so convenient for us as these cells are for bees. But we must not talk about house-building now. Observe what wonderful perseverance these little creatures must have—how regular every part—how exact the partitions—how complete!

'How skilfully she builds her cell,
How neat she spreads her wax;
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.'

The swarm to-day we shall call the intellectual B's. 'B wise—B studious—B thoughtful.' These three may help one another. Thought and study will tend to make a man wise. But, oh! how few people really think, or think deeply or seriously about anything! Thought brings thought, and thinking closely will fetch new ideas, and extend our capacity for knowledge. Wisdom, however, is more than knowledge; wisdom is the right use of knowledge. Every learned man is not a wise man." "Let me put in my word, father," said the listening mother. "The Bible says, '*The fear of the Lord, that is*

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wisdom; and to depart from evil, that is understanding.'" "I wish I may be wise, father," said little Susan. "Well, my dear, your mother's text tells the true way to be wise. Follow that out, and you will be wise and happy."

Susan's gravity and seriousness almost made her father think that she was being discouraged; but, presently, her cheerful smile indicated that she was only thoughtful, and she knew not how to express what she felt, or she would have said, "How wise the Scriptures are! Mother always finds all she wants there." Her heart was full, and she could only say, "I wish I knew the Bible as well as mother does."

"Let us have three more B's. 'B cautious—B prudent—B careful who you trust.' It is a sad thing," said Susan's father, "that we must be cautious of one another, and sometimes almost suspicious. It is a painful lesson to learn, but we must learn it, or, perhaps, be ruined. Caution is necessary, too, against our own thoughts, for they are often evil. 'The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked—who can know it?' To be prudent is to be wise, and to have your materials ready before you begin any undertaking. Have money in hand before you spend it. Those who spend it before they have it, have often double work to do to make it up afterwards." "There is a text on this subject, Susan," observed the mother, "which you can read by-and-by—you will find it in Luke xiv. 28—30."

"Now we have next three carefuls—'Be careful of conduct, of money, and of time.' The Scripture precept as to our conduct is, '*Be circumspect:*' that is, look before you—ponder the path of your feet. Careful of money—your own and other people's; do not squander it or waste it, or use it for improper purposes. Careful of time—time is a precious treasure, often wasted. There is an old saying which applies to time and money too:—'Take care of the moments, hours will take care of themselves;' so, 'Take

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care of the pence, the pounds will take care of themselves.'

"The last two B's are, 'B sound in the faith, and B firm.' This means, make the Bible your guide, and be fixed to your purpose. Do not make up your mind hastily, but when you have decided, then act. The thing next to decision, with a decided character, is action. I think, Susan, we have looked at all the B's of this hive, and they are worth hiving."

"But, father," said Susan, "what does that Scripture mean which I thought of as you looked at the B careful? It says, '*Be careful for nothing.*' And another, '*Take no thought of what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, or put on.*'" "These Scriptures, my dear, mean, that while we do everything that duty requires of us, we are not to be anxious about any of these things—not to take upon ourselves the *care* of them. God, in His providence, will give us what we ask and seek for in the way of duty. We must trust Him for success when we have done what we could, and He will care for us.

"Now, having finished the swarming of the B's, let us be thankful for the instruction we have had, and hope for more next year." GAIUS.

THE TEACHER AND HER LITTLE PUPIL.

"But, oh! will my mother be there?"

HAVING been employed for many years in the instruction of the infant mind, I have found it a pleasing duty to lead these dear little ones to think of God in all they see and do; and I have often found, as age advances, that they have been influenced by the great truth, "Thou, God, seest me." I have very often been encouraged by their remarks and their interest in spiritual things, and I have seen some of my charge called away from earth, trusting in Jesus, at a very early age.

Not long ago, I was prevented by illness from seeing

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them, and when I did return to them my weakness attracted their attention, but particularly that of a dear boy, about four years of age, a little motherless fellow. One day we had the following conversation :—"I am sorry, teacher, to see you so ill, but I can tell you how to get well soon. Pray to God, teacher, and I will pray, too, for you!" "But how do you know, my little boy, that I shall get better then?" "Why, teacher, you have often told us that praying is asking God for what we want. You said, God would hear us if we really wanted what we asked Him for, and meant what we said. Now, I found this out to be true when I was in London, at my grandmother's." "How so, my little man?" "Why, you see, she was very ill, and I told her all about it; she said, 'My dear, I know how good God is. I often pray to Him, and if it is good for me, I know He can make me well again.' Well, so aunt, and I, and grandmother used to pray to God; and, do you know, she is quite well now! Well, teacher, I often wondered my mother did not get better; and when I thought, I remembered she never prayed to God, or taught me to pray. Oh, if she had, perhaps I might have had a mother now! I will always ask God for what I want; and when I grow up, like you, I will tell everybody to do so too. I hope you will pray, and I know you will soon get well, and be able to tell us more about God and heaven. Do you think, teacher, when I die, if I love God, I shall go to that happy place and see you and grandmother there? O yes, I know I shall, for all who love Him will be there. You both love God; but, oh! WILL MY MOTHER BE THERE? Grandmother told me that when my poor mother was a little girl she had no kind friend to teach her how Jesus loves little children. All her friends thought more of her dress and dancing, and making her look pretty, but not one told her to pray. Oh! how I wish she would live again! I would ask her to come to school with me."

M. M.

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[Teachers! be encouraged to lead your young charge to the cross! Mothers! will your little boy have to "remember that you never prayed?" Better begin at once.—Ed.]

THE YOUNG MAN AT HIS MOTHER'S GRAVE.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

My dear Madam,—As a constant reader of your valuable Magazine, I introduce to your notice a circumstance that lately happened. Yours truly,

J. W.

One Sabbath morning I accompanied a young friend to his accustomed place of worship, some distance from my home. Arriving some time before the service, we walked round the churchyard, and among a number of graves my young friend pointed out several of his own relatives. At length, he stood and gazed earnestly on one, saying—"This is my dear mother's grave! I have had a stone placed over it, and I have given the sexton a solemn charge to take care of it!"

The mother of this young man died when he was only a few days old, and he is now twenty-six years of age; yet he talks of his mother as though she had died a week ago. How is this? Ah, the secret is, that he had a praying mother, and as soon as he could walk he was taken to her grave by his grandmother and aunt, and there was told of her character and love, and of the home above to which she was gone! Would that young men valued, more than they do, a mother's love and prayers!

[Mothers! be encouraged. Your son may stand some day on your grave, and recount to others, with a feeling heart and weeping eyes, your love and tenderness and prayers for him. Thus may you allure him to the home of the blessed, and rejoice with him in the golden streets of the celestial city.—Ed.]

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SUNDAY OCCUPATIONS.—No. III.

Dear friends, I have this month two exercises to propose, very similar to each other. The first is, for the dear children to find out all the names and figures by which God is spoken of in Scripture. This will be very easy; a young child will soon remember a great many, and older ones will find sixty or a hundred without any difficulty. For the little ones a simple list, without any order or reference to chapter and verse, will be quite sufficient; thus — *Rock—Shepherd—King—High Priest*, &c. The elder children may like to put the chapter and verse, or sketch on the slate a rock, a shepherd, &c. Another of our lists was divided very neatly into three compartments, and the different passages relating to the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, placed separately. Two or three other exercises naturally follow this one; as, for example, find out *all* the passages in which God is spoken of as a Rock, Shepherd, &c. Do teach your little ones Watts's beautiful hymn, which begins—

> "Join all the names of love and power
> That ever men or angels bore,
> All are too mean to speak His worth,
> Or set Immanuel's glory forth."

We now come to our second subject,—the names and figures used in the Bible for the *people of God*—Sheep—Wise Virgins—Jewels, &c., &c.

And now, Christian mothers! I have a few words for you. Your children will not be the only gainers by these exercises, if you forget not to pray over them. Surely, you cannot dwell on all the names by which God—even your Father God—has revealed Himself, without your love to Him being increased, and your weakness (in some degree at least) turned into strength. Surely, you cannot ponder all the blessed titles He has given you, and sink

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disheartened under the pressure of duty or trial. May you thus be led to pray and strive to be more and more worthy of the names God has given you. May you trust in your Father like a confiding child—abide in the true Vine like a living branch; and since He has chosen you for His jewels—His peculiar treasure—may you be separated from the world, and be holy, even as He is holy.

To those mothers who profess to believe that it matters not how much they may neglect the religious training of their children, because God will save them or not, as He may choose—for such, I have but a very few words. Your children will not have to thank you—should they reach the world of glory—for any help on their way thither. *Perhaps* God may bring them there without your instrumentality—*perhaps* he may *not!* But there is, to my mind, another and a fearful "*perhaps*" in the question—*perhaps*, after all, if they reach the heavenly world, they may look in vain for YOU! If you are so careless about the salvation of your children, it is not likely that you should be in earnest about your own. Unconverted mother!—my heart thrills with sorrow as I write the words — Unconverted mother! do not turn away from these exercises and say—"They are not for me." Do go through them with your little ones, and see whether, when you think of all the glorious privileges which belong to the children of God, you do not earnestly desire to be among them. I do hope it will be so—that you will feel how lost and undone you must be without an interest in Jesus, the Lamb of God, "who taketh away the sins of the world;" then shall your feet stand within the gates of the new Jerusalem, and there, also, may the child and the mother meet, and the voice of your babe be heard in the strains that thrill through the golden streets.

MARY.

Oxford.

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PRAY ON, MOTHER; YOUR SON MAY YET BE SAVED.

This monument of Divine grace was the son of truly pious parents. The husband was eminent in his profession, and honoured with the friendship of the great, as well as of the "excellent of the earth." His *mother* was emphatically a woman of faith and prayer; but, notwithstanding such examples and the counsel of godly tutors, the youth fell into the very *depths* of sin, and, consequently, of degradation. Every means used for his recovery seemed in vain; and the poor father, no longer able to endure the anxiety and disgrace his presence occasioned, procured employment for him in a distant land. This opportunity also of recovery he threw up, and gave himself up to his old habits, till he reduced himself to the level of a *common beggar*.

Had his mother cast him off? No; her ceaseless prayers and watchful energies attended all his wanderings; and, wherever he went, she contrived to follow him with her *influence*,—sometimes by letters, sometimes by enlisting the sympathies of some of the Lord's people to go and seek him out, and administer for her to his bare necessities, accompanying the relief with their kind counsel. His *name* was proscribed at home, so she *could* only take it to the "Friend of Sinners;" and this she did ceaselessly.

Many a long and anxious year passed, till, at length, letters came breathing somewhat of the spirit of the prodigal; but they were scarcely believed by the other members of the family. The *mother* gathered hope, and renewed her exertions on his behalf with Christians in this foreign land. The prodigal *had* come to himself; his heavenly Father had welcomed him; and the talents he had gifted him with, which had been so prostituted or neglected, are now gratefully consecrated to his Saviour. He asked to be one of His hired servants, and he *is* sent

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into the vineyard, and is *now* the honoured pastor of a large and attached flock; and when the recorder of these facts last heard of him, was also superintendent of a large and important establishment for the education of youth.

His *mother* rests from her labours; but she was permitted to *see* and *embrace* her long-lost one, not long before her death, and to rejoice over him as the honoured messenger of that Gospel which was the health of *her* soul, and which gave her songs in the night of her sorrow.

MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS MAKING HOMES MORE COMFORTABLE.

"Is it not your Maternal Meeting this evening, Mrs. Jukes?" "Yes, it is," replied Mrs. J.; "but why do you ask? I hope you have made up your mind to accompany me, at last." "Why, to say truth, I half promised my husband I would go with you, and he offered to be home in time to take care of the children if I would." "Well, to be sure, that is strange! I thought you told me he objected to your going." "Ah, so he did once; and as I thought the ladies only wanted to get us together to tell us of our faults, I have not cared to ask him again; but John is mightily changed, and teases me now to go with you." "Dear me, how very strange! What has altered his mind so much?"

"Well, I will tell you in as few words as I can, for I am in haste to get my work done up. You must know, a week or two since, John went with a load of corn to Ingleton, and, while there, he thought he might as well call and see Edward Sunmers, who used to be our neighbour, you remember. Mary Sunmers, as you will recollect, I dare say, used to be a dirty, untidy creature, and their children always were in rags. Well, when John went in, he could scarcely believe his eyes! He began to think he had gone

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to the wrong house, for when the door opened he saw a home the picture of neatness. The white cloth on the table for dinner, and Mary and the children (who had just returned from school) looking as nice as new pins! They made John stay to dinner, and then he asked them what had happened to them, for he thought somebody must have left them some money! But Edward told him his wages were no better than when they lived here; 'But I tell you what, John,' says he, 'if you want to be happy, get your wife to go to the Maternal Meeting. For some time after we came here, things went on just as they did at Bilden, but some one persuaded my Mary to go to one of the Mothers' Meetings, and she liked it so much that she has gone ever since. Well, that was the beginning of our happiness! Soon after this, Mary began to put things in better trim, and when I found I had a smiling wife and a tidy home with a clean hearth to come to when I left work, I very soon gave up going to the "Lion." Depend upon it, John,' says he, 'it is very often the women's fault, if they have drinking husbands!'"

"Why, how well you remember it all, Mrs. Smith!" "Ah, you would remember it, too, if you had heard John tell it as often as I have. He cannot forget it. And so now you know the reason why he wishes me to go this evening. Will you be so good as call for me, as I should feel strange going among so many?" "Yes, I will be sure to call, and glad to add another to our number; and quite sure I am, neither you nor John will ever repent your going to a Maternal Meeting." C. R.

TRY WHAT KINDNESS WILL DO.

A poor man, who was eminent for his pious zeal and consistency, was very much tried by the conduct of an ungodly neighbour, who was in the habit of cutting his

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wood for the week on the Sabbath-day, and the sound of whose axe continually disturbed the old Christian's meditations. He often earnestly but kindly remonstrated with his neighbour, but without any effect. At length he adopted a different course. One Saturday afternoon the old man was found by his neighbour very busy at his wood-pile, and inquired with astonishment what he was doing. "Why," replied the good old man, "you will persist in cutting your wood on God's holy day, and it grieves me so much that I mean to do it for you this afternoon, so that you will have no temptation to do it to-morrow." The neighbour was at once overcome, and exclaimed, "No, you shall not—I will do it myself; nor shall you ever after this have reason to complain of me for chopping on the Lord's day;" and he was as good as his word. Mother, do you attend to Saturday's work on the Lord's day? We have heard of some mothers who were in the habit of heating a large oven, and making bread and pies, and keeping the poor dear little children from the Sunday school to help them, often against their will; but one day a good old man walked into the midst of them, with the Bible open in his hand, reading the text in the fourth chapter of Malachi—"For, behold, the day cometh that shall burn as an oven; and all the proud, yea, and all that do wickedly, shall be stubble: and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of Hosts, that it shall leave them neither root nor branch." The women refused to look at the book, but the good old man placed it open before them, saying, "There it is, in God's Word; you may look at it or not, as you please; but there it will stand against you, and at the last day you will all be judged by it." This appeal had the effect of putting an end to the Sunday baking, at least in this place. Ah, see to it, mothers, that you are not preparing yourselves and your families to be fuel for that fire which is never to be quenched.

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A HINT TO IDLE LADS.

Walter Scott, in a narrative of his personal history, gives the following caution to youth:—"It is my deepest regret that I recollect in my manhood the opportunities of learning which I neglected in my youth; and, through every part of my literary career, I have felt pinched and hampered by my own ignorance, and I would this moment give half the reputation I have had the good fortune to acquire, if by so doing I could rest the remaining part upon a sound foundation of learning and science."

THE LIFE OF A POET.

"I am not a little diverted," said Bernard Barton, "by thy taking on somewhat about the irksome monotony and confinement of a fortnight's spell at the desk and figure-work, and seeming to thyself like a piece of machinery in consequence. I have really been so unfeeling as to have a hearty laugh at the whole affair. Why, man, I took my seat on the identical stool I now occupy at the desk, to the wood of which I have now well-nigh grown, in the third month of the year 1810, and there I have sat on, for three-and-thirty blessed years, besides the odd eight months, without one month's respite in all that time. I believe I once had a fortnight, and once in about two years or better I had a week; but all my absences put together would not make up the odd eight months. I often wonder that my health has stood this sedentary probation as it has, and that my mental faculties have survived three-and-thirty years of putting down figures in three rows, casting them up, and carrying them forward *ad infinitum*. Nor is this all; for, during that time, I think I have put forward some half-dozen volumes of verse, to say nothing of scores and scores of odd bits of verse contributed to annuals, periodicals, albums, and what not, and a correspondence, implying a

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hundred times the *writing* of all these put together. Where is the wonder, that, on the verge of sixty, I am somewhat of a premature old man, with odds and ends of infirmities and ailments about me, which at times are a trial to the spirits, and a weariness to the flesh? But all the grumbling in the world would not mend the matter or help me, so I rub and drive on as well as I can." Bernard Barton did not believe in idleness, did he?

WORTHY WOMEN.

BY HANNAH MORE.

THERE is a large class of excellent female characters who, on account of that very excellence, are little known, because to be known is not their object. Their ambition has a better taste. They pass through life honoured and respected in their own small, but not unimportant, sphere, and approved by Him, "whose they are, and whom they serve," though their faces are hardly known in promiscuous society; if they occasion little sensation abroad, they produce much happiness at home. And when once a woman, who has "all appliances and means to get it," *can* withstand the intoxication of the flatterer, and the adoration of the fashionable—*can* conquer the fondness for public distinction—*can* resist the temptations of that magic circle to which she is courted, and in which she is qualified to shine—this is, indeed, a trial of firmness; a trial which those who have never been called to resist themselves, can hardly judge of the merit of resistance in others. These are the women who bless, dignify, and truly adorn society. The painter, indeed, does not make his fortune by their sitting to him; the jeweller is neither brought into notice by furnishing their diamonds, nor undone by not being paid for them; the prosperity of the milliner does not depend on affixing their name to a cap or a colour; the poet does not celebrate them; the novelist does not dedicate to

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them; but they possess the affection of their husbands, the attachment of their children, the esteem of the wise and good, and, above all, they possess *His* favour, whom to know is life eternal.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

WOULD YOU CHOOSE?

He is a presumptuous child that will choose his own rod —and an unreasonable Christian that will choose his own cross.

A GENTLE HINT.

Aristotle observing a proud, self-conceited, but empty youth, strutting along with an affected gait and lofty looks, stepped up to him and whispered these words into his ear— "Friend, such as thou thinkest thyself to be, I wish I were!—but to be as thou art, I wish only to mine enemies!"

WE HAVE ONLY ONE TONGUE!

Zeno, hearing a young man speak too freely, told him— "For this reason we have only one tongue but two *ears*, that we should hear much and speak little!"

THREE THINGS A WIFE SHOULD BE, AND THREE THINGS A WIFE SHOULD NOT BE.

A wife, domestic, good, and pure,
Like snail should keep within her door;
But not like snail, in silver track,
Place all her wealth upon her back!
Like a town-clock a wife should be,
Keep time and regularity;
But not like clock harangue so clear
That all the town her voice may hear.
A wife should be like echo true,
And speak but when she's spoken to;
But not like echo, still be heard
Contending for the final word.

Young man! your bride should be like and unlike an echo—a clock—and a snail.

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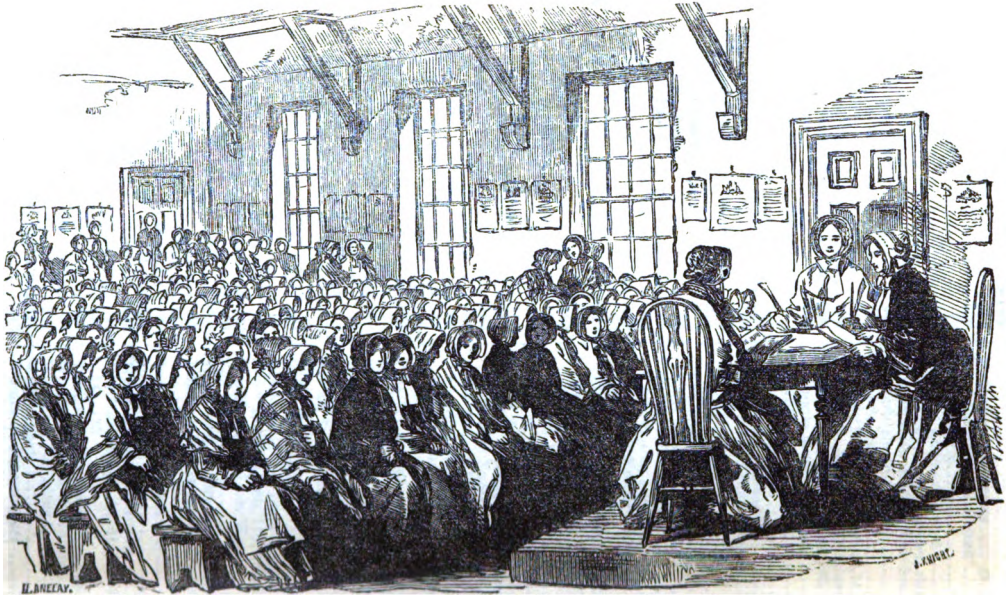

A MATERNAL MEETING.

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THE MOTHERS' FRIEND:

A Monthly Magazine,

TO AID AND ENCOURAGE THOSE MOTHERS WHO HAVE LITTLE TIME TO READ, AND LITTLE MONEY TO SPEND ON BOOKS.

EDITED BY ANN JANE.

"Her children arise up and call her blessed."—PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

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PREFACE

TO THE SIXTH VOLUME.

Revolving months once more require the publication of our annual volume, and demand from us a grateful acknowledgment to those extending circles who feel an interest in our labours.

Could we reveal to our friends but a slight glimpse of results at home and abroad, as conveyed to us by our corresponding friends—of homes made happy—of individual transformation in drunkards reclaimed, in outcasts restored, in mothers quickened to activity and cleanliness—of children returned to duty and affection—of new Maternal Societies formed, and of old Societies aroused and blest! Could they listen to the affectionately grateful missive from mothers in the South Seas, and from Societies in India, where, in their own tongues, our simple papers are read. Could they but know a part only of all this, they would believe us when we say our sense of gratitude is indeed oppressive—first, to our gracious Lord, whose glory we desire supremely to promote, and then to all our valued friends, contributors, and readers, who have, through sunshine and storm, so nobly and affectionately sustained us.

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Again, then, we send forth "THE MOTHERS' FRIEND," and earnestly solicit a continued interest in the prayers and efforts of all who know the deeply important position *they* occupy, for whom it is especially designed. For our own part, we "bate not one jot of heart or hope," but purpose steadily, by God's blessing, to render our monthly visit to thousands of families increasingly attractive, impressive, and useful.

Some copies may be had of the early numbers to complete sets; and Vols. I. (price 1s.), II., III., IV., V., and VI. (1s. 6d. each), bound in cloth, may be obtained. Many a missionary and many an emigrant have expressed thankfulness for presents of volumes of "THE MOTHERS' FRIEND."

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THE

MOTHERS' FRIEND.

"SHALL I DIE THIS YEAR, MAMMA?"

> "Whatever passes as a cloud between
> The mental eye of faith and things unseen,
> Causing that brighter world to disappear,
> Or seem less lovely and its hope less dear:
> This is our world—an idol, though it bear
> Affection's impress or devotion's air!"

"A HAPPY new year to you, mamma," said little Charley Trueman, as he came bounding into the parlour, on the first of January. The mother looked up from her Bible smilingly upon her boy, and replied, "Many happy new years to you, my darling—to poor mamma this day comes clouded by sorrow." "Ah! yes, ma, I know why the tear comes down your face. You are thinking of poor pa and Etty; they were both here with us, last new year's day; but you know, ma, they are in heaven now; and pa told us to think of him as always near us, like the angels, and that he will come to meet us when we die! But, ma, is God angry with us, when he sends death here to take away our papas and sisters?" "No, dear; it is not because God is angry that he takes away our dear ones, but generally to make us more holy, and to love to think about Him and heaven more. Sometimes, my boy, we make idols of those dear friends that God has, in mercy, given us, and then He sees it necessary to take them away." "Oh! indeed, ma; then did pa mean that, when he said you had loved him too well? But, ma, he said.

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too, that Jesus would live with us, and take care of us—so don't cry. I think He will, too—for grandpa asked Him to bless us this new year. I don't like that odd cap you wear, ma; I want to see the nice curls that Etty used to pull, and pa called her 'shining playthings.'"

Mrs. Trueman's tears fell fast as the prattle of her boy recalled the deep sorrow of the past year. A beloved and affectionate husband and an infant daughter were laid in the tomb together, and the little chatting, bright-eyed boy was now her only earthly treasure.

"But, mamma," continued the sweet child, "you must not love me too well, I suppose. Shall I die too, ma, this year? Shall I go down to see the star-worlds when I die, and live in heaven? You told me about that great telescope; what is it called, ma?" "The Craig telescope, dear." "Ah! yes, that is it; but I suppose we shall not want telescopes when we die. Shall we see the people walking about the star-worlds like they do here? Oh! ma, won't it be nice to die and go up to pa and Etty, and see all the beautiful things? Shall I die this year, mamma? Ah! I forgot, but then you would be down here all alone —I mean without any of us, pa, and Etty, and me; but you would have Jesus, ma, all the same, would you not? Please, ma, will you read that pretty story again about the little girl and her dead mamma?" The mother read the following interesting fact:—

"A little girl—a lively and gentle child—lost her mother at an age too early to fix the loved features in her remembrance. She was as frail as beautiful—and as the bud of her heart unfolded, it seemed as if won by the mother's prayers to turn instinctively heavenwards. The sweet, conscientious, and prayer-loving child was the cherished one of the bereaved family, but she faded away early. She would lie upon the lap of the friend who took a mother's care of her, and winding one wasted arm about her neck would say, 'Now, tell me about my mamma;' and when

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the oft-told tale had been repeated, she would ask softly, 'Take me into the parlour—I want to see my mamma.' The request was never refused, and the affectionate child would lie for hours contentedly gazing on her mother's portrait, but—

> 'Pale and wan she grew, and weakly,
> Bearing all her pains so meekly,
> That to friends she still grew dearer,
> As the trial-hour drew nearer.'

That hour came at last, and weeping friends assembled to see the little child die. The dew of death was already on the flower as its life's sun was going down; the little chest heaved faintly—spasmodically. 'Do you know me, darling?' sobbed the voice that was dearest, but it awoke no answer. All at once a brightness, as if from the upper world, burst over the child's colourless countenance—the eyelids flashed open—the lips parted—the wan cuddling hands flew up in the little one's last impulsive effort as she looked piercingly into the far above—'Mother! Mother!' she cried, with surprise and transport in her tone, and passed with that last breath into her mother's bosom. A divine, who stood by, remarked, 'If I never believed in the ministration of departed ones before, I could not doubt it now.'"

"Oh! mamma," said Charley, "why that was exactly as it will be with pa and me! He said he would welcome us, you know, when we die. Shall I die this year, mamma?" "I hope not, dear," replied his mother, while the tears rolled fast over her pale cheek; "I hope you may be spared to comfort me when I am sick and old." "Well, ma, I should like that, too; but pa and Etty up there! and you down here! I like to go, and I like to stay! but I think I shall die this year, mamma." Let us pause and reflect.

Mother! do you think it is written against the name

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of any of your dear ones, "This year thou shalt die!" Ah! it may be written against your own name! and what then? are you ready? How important to be ready—always ready! but how difficult to hold the beloved and cherished things of earth with a loose hand—not to have them dragged and torn from our grasp. The Lord loveth a cheerful giver! Did you ever carefully observe how the sorrows of life are suited to our varied characters? If *riches* are a snare, they are given wings to fly away; or, sometimes, they seem to be put into a bag with holes at the bottom—they slide away, we know not how. If we idolize *mind* or *person*, some disease or accident destroys one or both. If we make *household gods* they are commanded to depart, and we are left to feel, too late, that the creature was stealing the heart from the Creator; but, bereaved mother, better this than that your heavenly Father should say, "She is joined to idols—let her alone." What are your resolves for this new year?

TALK WITH TIME AT THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

"Time, old Time, with the forelock gray,
While the year in its dotage doth pass away,
Come, sit by my hearth ere the embers fail,
And hang thy scythe on yon empty nail,
And tell me a tale, 'neath this wintry sky,
Of the deeds thou hast done as the months swept by."

"I have cradled the babe in the churchyard wide;
From the husband's arms I have taken the bride;
I have cloven a path through the ocean's floor,
Where many have sunk to return no more;
I have humbled the strong, with their dauntless breast,
And laid the old, with his staff, to rest;
I have loosened the stone on the ruin's height,
Where the curtaining ivy grew rank and bright;
I have startled the maid, on her couch of down,
With a sprinkle of white 'mid her tresses brown;

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I have rent from his idols the proud man's hold,
And scattered the hoard of the miser's gold."
"Is this all? Are thy chronicles traced alone
On the riven heart and the burial-stone?"
"No; Love's young chain I have trimmed with flowers;
Have awakened a song in the rose-crowned bowers;
Proud trophies have reared to the sons of fame,
And paved the road for the cars of flame!
Look to yon child, it hath learned of me
The word that it lisps at his mother's knee;
Look to the sage, who from me hath caught
Intenser fire for his heavenward thought;
Look to the saint, who hath nearer trod
Toward the angel-hosts, near the throne of God.
I have planted seeds in the soul, that bear
The fruits of heaven in a world of care;
I have breathed on the tear till its orb grew bright,
As the diamond-drop in the realms of light.
Question thy heart, hath it e'er confest
A germ so pure, or a tear so blest?"
But the clock struck twelve from the steeple gray,
And he seized his hour-glass and strode away;
Yet his hand at parting I feared to clasp,
For I saw the scythe in its earnest grasp,
And read in the glance of his upward eye
His secret league with Eternity.

L. H. S.

THE LAST BLOW.

"I DON'T like Janet Brown at all," said Margery Carr to her husband, as he sat finishing his supper. "Sure, thin, what has she been doing to ye now? It's yourself and Janet that's always looking the wrong way at one another. Och! and its a rale pity that yer lot should be so near thegither; I think we had better look out for another cottage, though, for my part, I never see anything the matter with the nate body; she's always mighty civil to me, and nobody, barring yerself, seems to have an evil

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word to say of her." "Ah, there you are again, always taking her part; you think her perfect, no doubt, but she is preciously deceitful." "Is it I that think her perfect, then, honey! Sure, any perfect woman-kind would be a rare wonder, under the blessed sun, too! I used to think thee had less spots than the sun himself entirely, but I've blinked at that now, and am come to surety, that no mortal woman, even in old Ireland, is perfect! But what has she done to thee, avourneen?" "Done! why she insulted me by giving Johnny a great piece of cake, as if he hadn't enough to eat at home. I watched for her when she came out to gather herbs in the garden; and told her never to give my children meat again, and, in her way, she said, 'He's right welcome, pretty boy.'" "She told me she would give me some, mammy, when I saw her make it," interrupted Johnny, who had been listening. "There now, honey, would ye have her break her word with the childer?" "Ah, then, I don't want any of *her* favours for me or mine—let her keep her cake; I should like to know how she can be always making cakes these times; but there, those who don't care much about honesty, can get many things that others cannot." "Och, woman, and ye don't mean to make the tidy body out a thief! Aisy, aisy, Mrs. Carr, honey, think of what ye're saying." "Ah, yes, you don't know—but *seeing* is believing." "Is it I don't know, thin, avourneen, what you see; no, indeed, thy eyes are bright enough to look through a stone wall, maybe; and they look now as if a man could light a pipe at them; 'twas the bright eyes that I couldn't forget, do ye mind, Margery, honey, after I got a glint at them at poor Patty's wake." "Aye, aye, I can't see through a wall, but I *can* see through a *fence*, and I'm pretty sharp at watching." "Take care, avourneen, ye don't get knocked down, when I'm not there with my shillelah to make them listen to reason; but I guess Janet will knock ye down, some day, herself." "Knock me down, indeed! I should

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like to see her at it, the sly, deceitful old cat." "Aisy, aisy, don't whirl a storm about my head; aisy, Margery dear, ye'll be setting fire to the curtains with yer eyes, and knock me down entirely with your tongue. I don't mane that way, woman darlint, at all; but like my father knocked down Billy Shaw, by serving him a right good turn, for ill will." "Ah, there you are again, always taking that woman's part; I don't see but your home is as good as hers, anyhow." "Is it a good home, avourneen, ye think of? Ah, thin, if I could pop ye down by some of the homes by the bog, in old Ireland—thin, darlint, ye would hug yerself up here, in a house with a chimney and a window, all entirely so comfortable. Why, the likes o' this is only seen there for well-to-do folks, o' the likes o' Farmer Lance, up yonder." "Aye, aye, that's all very well, Larry." "Don't be vexed with trifles, woman; as the Priest used to say, we make trouble for ourselves—where God makes sunshine, we *will* have a cloud to see it through. Come, there's the little darlints all asleep, barring Lizzie, and her eyes are as dazzling bright as her mother's; sure one needs less candle to live in the light o' them!" "Hark! hark!" exclaimed Margery, "I hear their garden gate again; no doubt there is more game coming home there." "Game! game! woman—sure, Brown's no poacher, or else bad luck to them all." "No, no, Larry, I don't mean *that kind* of game, but just something to feed the pig, maybe, or a little matter of something else." "Do ye see any thing, thin, darlint?" asked Carr, as his wife continued to gaze out of the corner of the window. "No, but I hear the door." "Is it the door ye hear? well, thin, sure the spalpeen may ope and shut the door without any harm going on; I thought the doors were made to ope and shut, in England; maybe the other-side neighbour is wanting a helping hand, for I hear Janet is always doing a good turn to that poor sick body. Come, avourneen, let us mind ourselves, and let others do as they like; sure we ben't

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made to rule their ways, and I don't think they'll be meddling with ours, anyhow; come, my good colleen, be aisy—sure ye may be as happy here, as a cow in clover."

CARE FOR THE OUTCASTS.

"Grievous indeed must be the burden that shall outweigh innocence and health!"

MOTHER, we have a word for your ear! We have long wished to write on the subject of the "outcasts," but the ground is so tender we have feared to tread on it, lest we should not step delicately enough to reach you in safety. The eye has now deepened the impressions of the heart, and out of its fulness we must speak.

Did you ever think with compassion of that class of voyagers on life's ocean who are without guide or compass, tossed about hither and thither on a rocky shore, with a storm ahead? They are sure to be wrecked *very soon*, unless a pilot arrives. Are you willing to lend a helping hand—to throw out a rope—to lend a light? If so, you must begin *at once*, or you may be too late! Does that mother say — "It does not concern me; I have no daughters." Have you no sons? Well, if you have neither sons nor daughters on earth, do you not love mercy? Care you not for those who are going down to the "pit," crying, as they pass away, in their bitterness, "*No man cared for my soul!*" We wish you could see what we have beheld, and read what we have studied, you would be roused by the thought that the world is contaminated—yes, every family, more or less—by the evil around us, which is destroying bodies and souls. Yet we all fear to attack it. We have passed on, on the other side!

We could some tales unfold, but we dare not, because our little messenger goes into the hands of thousands to

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whom a thought impure may not be whispered; but we want you, mothers, to search for yourselves—to look right at the subject—to be interested in it, and to do quickly any little act of mercy within your power. While you step softly, it must be firmly, if you would lend a guiding hand or speak a word of direction. Some of our readers are among the rich and noble of our land; they, too, may help by joining the various committees of ladies, who, treading in the footsteps of the Saviour, are found speaking peace to the weeping Magdalenes, who have gladly returned to the forsaken path.

Our page will meet some mother's eye whose heart will throb with anguish in the recollection of early hopes blighted, and home-peace destroyed, by the enemy we have resolved to meet. Other mothers there are who are in danger of being sufferers, but they may not now believe it. To such we would offer a word of caution. Watch the very first downward step of your daughter's life; yes, and your son's life too. Check the first bold, forward look in your fair young daughter, and rouse not the love of finery in the heart of the embryo woman, lest she wish for means beyond her reach to gratify the taste, when you have lost the power to check it. Ponder these thoughts, mother, until we send you more. MATER.

"EVERY HEART KNOWETH ITS OWN BITTERNESS."

How often does our heavenly Father speak to us by the angel of death; and how often are the clouds of sorrow seen gathering over the mother's home! Sometimes a lovely bud is cut down ere its petals are unfolded, and its fragrance delights the beholder. Sometimes a deadly blight passes over the household flower, just as it is bursting into beauty; and sometimes a desolating blast passes by, making he whole garden appear a wilderness—the buds and the

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full-blown flowers are laid fading together in the household grave. How often it happens, as we journey on in this vale of tears, that we are called to bid a sad farewell at the gate of the grave to those whom we might have expected would have closed our weary eyes in their last long slumber! The King of Heaven issues forth his command, and youthful heads are laid low in the dust.

At another time, we weep over the parents leaving their families desolate and alone to struggle through the cold unfeeling world, weeping, as they travel onward, that they find so few who sympathise with the orphan. Again, the widow in her sable garments meets us in our path, clasping her fatherless children to her wounded heart, while she bids them remember Him who has passed the dark valley, and directs them to look up to their father's God. "You shall surely see that beloved face again," she exclaims; "see that you are able to meet him without shame at the judgment-seat of Christ." Mothers, how are you training your children? How did you train those who are gone? You shall surely meet them again!

"They *were*—and, having been, they ARE,—
Earth but contains their mouldering dust;
Their deathless spirits, near or far,
With thine must rise to meet the just.
Thou know'st not but they hover near—
Witness of every secret deed—
Which, shunning human eye or ear,
The spirits of the dead may heed.
It is a thought so dread—so high—
And one to wake a fearful thrill,
To think, while all who live must die—
The dead—THE DEAD ARE LIVING STILL!"

Some of us have watched with deep and anxious solicitude the blanched cheeks of those to whom our hearts were clinging, and listened with breathless attention to the failing voice—and how did we long to know more of the spirit-land, as they sailed away from our view over Jordan's river.

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How did we look, and weep, and tremble, and wonder!

"———Who stands beside the bed,
Where rests the icy corpse within its shroud,
Nor feels a secret dread,
With which his soul ne'er to the living bowed!
The lowliest son of earth—
The veriest babe that death hath smitten down—
Hath to a realm gone forth,
To those who gaze upon them all *unknown*.
An awful mystery, sealed
From their sad eyes who weep beside the bier,
To *them* hath been revealed,
To their imprisoned souls made plain and clear."

And after we have gone to the gate of the city of souls, and as those we watched have entered in, how we turned back to our own earth to weep, exclaiming, "Every heart knoweth its own bitterness." The mother, who has had an infant taken from her bosom, looks upon us with streaming eyes, and says, "See my sorrow,—if I had not lost my child at its most tender age, it would not have been so very distressing!" Ah! "Every heart knows its own bitterness!"

Again, we look upon the mother who follows to the grave the lisping child of three or four years, and *she* tells us it is more painful to see the earth cast on *such* a bright young head—for she has more to remember than the mother who lost the babe of a few months old—but "Every heart knows its own bitterness!"

We look again, and we see another mother weeping over one who knew evil from good, and she in her anguish asks us,—"Was my child an *accountable* being? Oh! *this* it is that presses so heavily on my heart; I am not sure about his *responsibility?*" "Every heart knows its own bitterness."

But yonder stands the mother who has laid one in the tomb who *was* accountable, and who *knew* the fact, and she cannot remember anything like such a *devoted life* as the Bible requires; although she saw anxiety for the safety of

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the soul and the salvation of others in the last hours of life, still she does not feel quite sure that all was right. She hopes—she must hope—but a doubt will arise—a cloud will hang over the grave till all the dead shall arise, and as we look at her, we say,—"Every heart knoweth its own bitterness."

Then, again, the mother who has lost one of whose glorious state in immortality she has NO DOUBT; she, in her heart's anguish, tells us *hers* is the *deepest* sorrow, for she had *most* to lose; one so good—so affectionate—who had never caused her a moment's pain by his conduct—might have been the stay of her weary, tottering steps as she went down the hill of life and bent over the tomb. Ah! but "Every heart knows its own bitterness."

If there is one sorrow more heartrending than another to look upon, it is the sorrow of that mother who saw her child cut down in the midst of his sins, and who left her no *scriptural* hope that angels carried the departing spirit to the bosom of Abraham. She, like David, exclaims, "Oh! my son, my son, would that I had died for thee, that thou mightest have had a little time to repent and seek thy God." We turn from the painful picture, exclaiming, —"Every heart knows its own bitterness." We sometimes, perhaps, feel inclined to think our own sorrow the most poignant, but when we hear and read of other sufferers in this tearful valley, we find we had formed a wrong estimate of our own trouble. Yet, we are inclined to turn away and say, "Ah! every heart knows its own bitterness!"

SUNDAY OCCUPATIONS.—No. IV.

OUR present subject, dear friends, will be in the form of a question, which we recommend you to put to your children,—"If you might have been present at one scene mentioned in the Bible, which one would you have chosen?" No doubt you will have varied answers,

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according to the dispositions of your children. One, perhaps, will reply, — "Daniel in the lion's den," or "the three Jews in the fiery furnace;" another,—"Peter in prison," or "Jesus in the garden of Gethsemane." They will then write those answers in their books; then find the passages, and read and talk a little over them.

Now, Christian mother, lead their minds onward; say to them,—"Dear children, these scenes are passed away; I will tell you of some yet future, at which you and I shall surely be present, whether we will or not." Then picture to them, by the aid of God's word, some of the events mentioned in prophecy. Tell them of the opening graves—of the great white throne, and the assembled multitude—of the Lamb on Mount Zion, with His blessed company—and the harpers harping with their harps. Do not close your conversation without speaking *personally* to your children.

General instruction is very good, but *sometimes* let an affectionate appeal be made individually, thus,—"Anna, dearest, shall *you* sing the new song with your mother?" "James, my boy, will there be a white robe *for you?*" "I hope my little Ellen will have a golden harp too." Pray *with* and *for* them also, in the same manner. It may be that your boy will soon leave your side;—you look anxiously, yet vainly, on into the dark future, to see what lies before him, and which way he will go. Let him carry away with him blessed and holy memories. Sometimes, when far away from home and friends, let the pleasant exercises of the Lord's day come before his mind, calm and peaceful, when, at evening, he bade his mother "Good night!" with his arm around her neck—when she pressed him yet more closely to her side, and whispered her blessing in tones so earnest that he seems to hear them still. He will not be the first son who has been thus kept from the paths of the destroyer. Perhaps you can remember some similar instance. I know *one*, at least:—

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In the midst of temptation and away from home—*home*, where anxious hearts were busy for him, and anxious eyes waking in the silent night—such memories came back to his heart, and there he stood firm, and now lives to testify to the truth as it is in Jesus, and to proclaim it to others. Were you to ask him what kept him from the forbidden paths, he would tell you, as he once told me,—that it was just the thoughts and remembrances which he had of his home. Yes, and I saw written in his Bible, by his mother's hand, these beautiful verses :—

"Remember, love, who gave thee this,
When other days shall come ;
When she, who had thy earliest kiss,
Sleeps in her narrow home.
Remember 't was a mother gave
The gift to one she 'd die to save."

I think I have seen them in the *Mothers' Friend*. Mother, copy them in the Bibles of your sons and daughters.

Oxford. MARY.

A PRIMITIVE CHURCH.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

IN the autumn of 184— we found ourselves suddenly located on the margin of one of Scotland's loveliest lakes. Our domicile consisted of four rooms, two of which we occupied, and two our hosts; it was situated in a pretty little garden, directly opposite that object of universal admiration—the magnificent Ben Lomond. The quiet, the beauty, the grandeur of the scene around was so in contrast with what we had left behind, and, withal, was so in unison with all the sensibilities of our heart, that we were fairly overcome, and sat down like the prophet, as one astonished; we could not move, but kept gazing and gazing on, till twilight crept slowly over the scene and gradually wrapt the whole in a misty outline.

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At this moment a gentle tap was heard at our door, and we were informed our tea was ready below. As we descended, everything struck us as new;—the narrow staircase—the white-washed walls—the latch of the door—the small room—the little window—the flowers, and who has not been delighted to snuff the sweet perfume of nature's own, in similar circumstances! Then the little round table with pillar and claws—the tiny tea-cups without handles—the home-made bread—the sweet fresh butter, with the delicious twang of salt, and the pure infusion of the eastern plant mixed with your true, real, and genuine milk from the cow!—who could help being happy? We were thoroughly so, and disposed to hold no fellowship with the man whose soul was not tuned to enjoy it altogether.

As night drew on we began to ruminate as to the course we ought to pursue as Christians. We admitted the duty, and at home enjoyed the privilege, of family worship; but what was to be done here? It was not our house; we were not master. Here we seemed to pause, nor could we get comfortably any further; but, after a little musing, we arose and went to the door and called our hostess—for you must know, gentle reader, this sweet cottage was guiltless of the accommodation of bells!—But she came at the call, and after a slight pause, we said we were in the habit of calling our family together, morning and evening, to acknowledge the goodness and mercy of God, and commit ourselves to His care and protection—"It had occurred to us, now that we are far away from those dear to us, you and your husband might possibly like to come in and join us in such a delightful exercise; go and consult him."

She soon returned with her husband. We motioned them to sit down, and then said,—"You know we have been mercifully preserved through a long journey; your dwelling has been kept safely; you are both in health and

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strength; let us, therefore, bless and praise His name together, and thus manifest our gratitude. We must all soon appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, and must there give an account of every day's work: there will be strange things seen on that day. We will read the 103rd Psalm, and then unite in solemn prayer and praise to God. We are in the habit of telling our people at home, it is not enough that they listen to the prayers of others, because they may do that and be thinking of something else;—they must pray for themselves, by stirring up their own hearts and lifting up their souls to God; now, will you join with us? Perhaps it is a new thing with you, and you hardly know how to set about it. We greatly fear spiritual worship is a new thing to many. We must first try to realise the great fact—*God is here!*—and He is the hearer and the answerer of prayer. If we are impressed by these thoughts we shall be solemn and sincere; nor shall we go to sleep as some do! We must feel sure He will answer us if we ask in faith. If you say you have no faith, then ask for it; for faith is the gift of God. 'Lord, help us to believe.' Faith is believing: we will try to explain this to you. A gentleman met two little beggars in the street, who asked him to bestow his charity; he said he had nothing with him to give, but if they would call at his house the next day, he would give them something. Accordingly, the little girl presented herself at the gentleman's door, who at once asked for her brother, —'O sir,' she said, 'he did not believe you, and would not come.' The little girl believed, or had faith, went, and had the promised favour. The little boy did not believe, or had not faith, therefore would not go, and lost the gift. Now, then, if you please, we will read the psalm, and you will not forget the silent inward prayer, 'Lord, help me to believe.'"

More to come. M. B.

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SONG OF A PASSING SPIRIT ENTERING THE "SHIP OF DEATH."

With solemn tread,
We drew near a bed,
At the close of day,
Where a maiden lay.
With heavenly light her eye grew bright,
As her song began,
Thus the numbers ran:—
"I am passing, my sister, through death's troubled sea,
But my home in the distance looks bright;
Salvation for ever—salvation for *me*—
In a mansion where enters no night.
I am passing, my sister! the Pilot is near,
To conduct me safe over the wave—
The tempest is hushed—I go without fear,
With Him who is mighty to save.

"I am passing, my mother! my circuit is run,
Life's brief day of anguish is o'er;
I go to the home our loved ones have won—
Salvation for me, evermore!
I am passing, my mother! safe over the flood,
Thus early I sail from thy view,
Salvation for me has been purchased with blood—
All is joy, save the parting from *you*.

"One kiss—the ship's moving! my sister, farewell,
The chill waters are touching my feet;
Weep not, my own mother—with me it is well,
In Heaven again we shall meet.
I joyfully enter the Jordan's dark sea,
For it leads to my home in the sky:
Salvation for ever! Be Jesus with thee,
My mother—my sister—good bye."

We heard the last,
As the Death Ship past;
But as she went,
The heaven seemed rent
By the angel throng as they rushed along.

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We gazed to see the ship's company,
And list to their perfect minstrelsy.
The hope was vain—
To earth again,
By the maiden's bed we wept the dead;
In beauty lay
The silent clay,
Awaiting the great gathering day.

THE SISTER'S PAGE.

We cannot send forth our little messenger this new year, dear young friends, without a page especially for you. We know that many of your number hail our little Magazine with pleasure, and many an eye, sparkling with health and vigour, will glance over this first number to look for "Something for the Young." We hope you will read to the end of our paper, before the youthful heart will be allowed to bound away after things wild and rare, which imagination will dress up in holiday garb. Yes, we know all about it; our heart has not grown old yet!

But now tell us,—Did it ever enter into that warm heart of yours, that before another new year's day the bright eye may be closed in death; and the active feet, having run their short race, may be stretched out in the family vault? Yet so it may be. Yes, with YOU! We could tell you of one particularly, one of your number, who was as likely to live last new year's day as you are now,—but her pilgrimage is ended, and her sun is gone down, even in the morning of life! But she had given the dew of her youth to the Saviour, and she could say, "to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." Death came to her, not as an unwelcome intruder, but as a friend to usher her into the presence-chamber of the great King. She could sing—

"Death is the gate to endless joy,
And I am entering there."

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And when she heard the cry, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh!" she had only to arise, for her lamp was trimmed and burning brightly. A sister stood by, with her finger on the feeble pulse, when the dying eye gathered brightness, and, calling her by name, she exclaimed with ecstasy, "Salvation for ever! through the blood of the Lamb!" then composing herself, like an infant going to sleep on its mother's bosom, she went up to join the redeemed in their home of joy and love.

Say, should the Bridegroom call for *you this year*, will you be thus ready? We will give you, as a contrast to this happy death, the sad ending of one of whom we have been reading, who was obliged to enter the spirit-world tremblingly anxious, lest he should not only step in the dark but *into* the dark. In the vigour of health he was thrown from a vehicle and dreadfully injured. When the medical man came, his first question was, "*Sir, must I die?* Deceive me not in this!" He was told that he could not live half-an-hour. Oh, how he at once awoke to a full sense of the dreadful reality! "*Must* I then go into eternity in an hour!" he exclaimed. "*Must* I appear before my God and Judge in an hour! Oh, I have made no preparation for this event. I knew that some were cut off thus suddenly, but I never expected to be one of the number; and *now, what* shall I do to be saved?" He was told of Jesus; but he replied, "How can I repent and believe. There is no time to explain the matter; death will not wait for explanation!" Thus was the whole business of life crowded into one short hour, and that hour was one of agony and distraction. He continued this cry of "What shall I do to be saved?" till, in less than an hour, his voice was hushed in the stillness of death!

Dear young friends, which death would you die? Bear in mind, you must *live the life* if you would die the death of the righteous.

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FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

"DEAR ME!—IT IS GONE, THAT IT IS!"

Yes, another year of your short life has fled, but its works are all recorded in a book, whose pages never wax old; and when all the monuments of marble and tablets of brass and steel shall become illegible, or wasted away by the erosion of time, the record in that book will be as fresh as it is this morning!

EXAMPLE.

One watch set right will do to set many by; but one that goes wrong may mislead a whole neighbourhood! Mother, how many are going right by your example?

"A BRIGHTER DAY TO-MORROW MAY SHINE UPON US ALL."

There is no day so long and bright that clouds do not sail by and cast their shadows, but the sun is behind them.

LOOK UP.

If ever life shall seem
To thee a toilsome way,
And gladness cease to beam
Upon its clouded day;
If, like the wearied dove,
O'er shoreless ocean driven,
Raise thou thine eye above,
There's rest for thee in heaven!

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Green Leaves. London: Hamilton and Co.; Glasgow: Maclehose.

A book full of thoughts on interesting subjects. We recommend it to our young friends.

Simple Poems, by Anna Potts. Cambridge University Press.

A cheap book, suitable for the cottage and Sunday-school reading.

The Day Star. London: Ward and Co.

A magazine of useful thoughts and anecdotes on religion.

Religion for Young Men.

A cheap and very valuable little present for our sons.

The Scholar's Friend.

A cheap and interesting little serial for children. By one who loves the "little ones."

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THE LAST BLOW.—No. II.

As Janet Brown was weeding her little garden one morning, she turned round at the sound of carriage wheels and "Halloo, there!" Close to the gate she saw, with dismay, little Johnny Carr just under the horses' feet. The tender-hearted woman sprang over the rail, and dragged the infant boy towards her, just in time to save his life, but not without a severe blow and injury to both. Margery Carr ran to her door on hearing the scream, and, half frantic with terror, she called out, "My boy! my boy!" and dragged the little fellow bleeding from Janet's arms. The gentleman pulled up, and addressing Margery said—"You may thank this good woman for saving your child's life, at the risk of her own, and I will take care she is not unrewarded." He then rode down to the village, and ordered the doctor to attend both to Janet and the child.

Janet Brown was, indeed, more severely injured than she had in her terror imagined, the wheel having passed over the side of her hand. The humane gentleman, giving his address to the medical man, and saying something to Janet in a low voice, left the village. Mrs. Brown had followed Margery into her house and helped her to undress her little suffering boy, forgetting her own pain, when the doctor addressed her—"Come, Mrs. Brown," he said, "now let me see what I can do for you; untie your apron from the wounded hand." On her opening the bandage the blood flowed profusely, and poor Janet was well-nigh fainting.

"Oh, don't die, don't die," said poor little Johnny, looking at the pale face of his friend. "You are so kind to me, Mrs. Brown, don't die!"—"Ah," said the doctor, "children and dogs, they say, soon like good-tempered people. I suppose this is a pet of yours, Mrs. Brown." Margery bit her lip, and drew little Johnny into her expanded lap.

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"He is a nice little fellow," said Janet, "and my children are very fond of him; I pity the woman who can be unkind to little children." Janet then returned to her own cottage, and was obliged to keep very quiet all the rest of the day.

When little Mary Brown came home from school, she ran into Mrs. Carr's to ask for Johnny. He was in bed, and Mary drew near the fire on which was a pot boiling, talking to Mrs. Carr about the accident. Turning round, with a pair of black hands, and looking very cross, Margery took the neat little girl roughly up, and placed her in the middle of the room, saying—"There, don't come here, peeping about, with your excuses and your prim clothes." The terrified child looked down upon her blackened frock, and burst into tears, saying—"I only came to ask if mother can do any thing for little Johnny, and she is very bad herself—she is! Only she told me to come—I am sure I don't peep—I didn't do any thing—Oh, dear, my nice clean frock is so dirty!"

Just then Larry Carr came in exclaiming—"Oh, my—my—why, thin, where's my darlint boy? I have only just heard tell about it, for I've been a long way off to work today—avick, thin, this is fading from sunbeams into moonbeams entirely, avourneen—where is he?" "Up stairs," replied his wife, "but be quiet, for the poor little heart is just gone to sleep." "So I hear Janet saved his life! the kind body! Think o'the likes o'that, too! She's the pink of the country for a neighbour, and takes the shine out o'many for kindness!" "There—there—that's enough about her," said Margery, pettishly, "I suppose anybody would have done the same, if they had been near enough to save a little innocent." "Ah, may be they would—and may be they wouldn't," rejoined Larry, "for sad's the world now-a-days, and sorra a pratee some'll give the poor childer to keep the breath in the colleens."

As Larry descended the stairs, after looking at his boy,

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he stepped towards the door and opened it to admit Janet, who had with difficulty walked in to inquire for the child. "Ah, thin," said Larry, offering his hand to the kind woman, "we have to thank you entirely for the life being kept in our Johnny. Sure, the heavens never shone on a kindlier creature!—it's yellow gold that ye're worth for a neighbour!" "Don't say a word about anything I have done, Mr. Carr—I only did my duty; and thankful I am to our heavenly Father that I was in time to drag the dear little fellow from his death—but how is he?" "Ah, thin," said Larry, brushing a tear from his eye with his rough hand, "I'm thinking we'll have to watch the colleen all night entirely, for it's red hot he is, too, and don't breathe well, the darlint."

"It is a great mercy we are both alive," continued Mrs. Brown, "our troubles might always be worse than they are. The kind gentleman gave me half-a-sovereign to pay for anything I may need, and to get a little help till my hand is well; so you must allow me to give half for little Johnny, and I will come in again before I go to bed. I cannot well stay now, as I am expecting my brother." "See that now," said Larry, "the blessed sun shine on ye now and for evermore!" The warm-hearted man looked after Janet with gratitude beaming in his countenance as she left the house. "Aye, aye," whispered Margery, "expecting her *brother*!—and she may expect to be watched, too." "Sure thin, honey," said her husband, "who has a better right to call at her house thin her own born brother?"

MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

To our numerous Friends who have written to us on this subject.

We are often asked—"What are Maternal Associations?—What use are they? and, How must we begin and conduct them?" We will answer in a few words. They

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are meetings where mothers learn together the best mode of training their children for this world and the next. Where mothers implore Divine blessings on themselves and their families, and, above all, when the members assemble, it is found to be a place where Jesus condescends to meet with them and to vouchsafe His rich blessing.

At these meetings the ladies who conduct them bring the thoughts and experience of others, as well as their own; so that the poor mother, who has little time for reading, and little opportunity of gaining knowledge as to the importance of her position and her duties, may here learn more in an hour than she would get elsewhere in a week.

We should like to write a long paper on the *usefulness* of Maternal Associations to mothers and families, but we must hasten to speak of the mode of conducting them, to aid those for whom we now more particularly took up our pen.

We will suppose a neighbourhood where none has been established. Two or three friends would unite in visiting and inviting all the mothers within their reach, of all denominations, to meet with them at a place which had been previously selected, leaving at each house a little paper written for the purpose, called "A Friendly Invitation to the Maternal Meeting, by Ann Jane," which may be obtained, with *The Mothers' Friend*, at a very cheap rate, by the hundred. The time of meeting would be suited to the locality, either afternoon or evening.

Most ladies like their pastor to commence the meeting, by singing, reading the Scriptures, and prayer. He would then leave. After which, a mother would read for half an hour on mothers' duties, responsibilities, encouragements, or any suitable subject previously chosen. (If at a loss for reading, "The Mothers' Monitor" is ready prepared for her with twelve readings: a cheap volume by Ann Jane, and may be obtained from any bookseller, with *The*

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Mothers' Friend.) Then singing, and prayer by a mother previously engaged to help; then another reading; and conclude with singing and another short prayer. (A very cheap Hymn-book is also prepared, by Ann Jane, for these meetings.)

This is the usual mode among thousands of mothers, but in some cases it has been found desirable to have only *one* reading, and the whole conducted by one lady, with one friend only to take a prayer. Others have various small district meetings, assembling in various places at the same time; and in towns and cities this has been found to meet the convenience of poor mothers. Some prefer giving out a subject at one meeting, and reading on it at the next. Some like a set of rules, and a book to enter the names of mothers and children. Of course, these minor things must be left to the wisdom of the friends who conduct the meetings. We will (D.V.) give the rules next month, for those who like to use them; then each mother may read them for herself in *The Mothers' Friend.*

Again we would mention, for the help of those who are about to commence this good work,

"The Friendly Invitation to the Maternal Meeting;"

"The Mothers' Monitor," for reading at these meetings; and

The little "Hymn Book for Mothers;"

All by Ann Jane, and may be obtained with *The Mothers' Friend.*

We have some interesting reports of Maternal Associations to appear in the next two or three numbers of *The Mothers' Friend.*

LETTERS FROM THE NURSERY.—No. I.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

DEAR MADAM,—I am one of the mothers who read and have been helped by your little publication, and I think I might be able sometimes to help others, by telling them of my own

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difficulties, and experience, and failures. Much of what I have to say will be connected with a little boy, about three years of age. I had to bring up my child "by hand," so that a few hints to mothers thus circumstanced may be of use.

At first I had some difficulties; for instance, how to keep the food warm all night. I had no nurse for my child after he was a month old, and as I had read that a very young infant ought not to be exposed to severe temperature, I kept up a fire the earlier part of the night, but after a little time I kept the food warm by putting a portion of it in a bottle in the bed. This food, at first, was milk and water; as he grew a little older, I tried several things which were recommended to me, but nothing agreed so well as sago, boiling it with water and mixing it, *when quite hot*, with an equal quantity of new milk. After he began to take this, he soon grew plump, and was more happy and tranquil. This food he continued till he was two years and a half old.

I received much advice, of course, about giving him meat and broth, and so on; but our medical man often said he did not know such a thriving child in all his practice, and this he attributed chiefly to his food. In the summer, he had strawberries and raspberries, but no other fruit but baked apples. When I have perceived any derangement of his health, such as fever, waking up with crying, or colds, I have generally given him a teaspoonful of castor oil in brown sugar; after which he would almost immediately lie down to sleep, and perhaps awake well.

He has sometimes suffered from severe colds on the chest, when I have found it very beneficial to use the castor oil *externally* as well as internally, rubbing the throat, chest, and back with it, and always with marked success. I still give him *very little* animal food, with potatoes and gravy, or a plain rice pudding.

As soon as my babe could use his limbs, I tried to accustom him to lie on a shawl on the floor, where he soon began to crawl about vigorously, and to crawl up stairs. In this way his limbs grew strong, and from early use he has scarcely ever fallen down the stairs, or in any way been injured, as many children are who are made too dependant on the care of others.

If agreeable, I hope soon to resume my subject.

I remain, yours faithfully,

HANNAH.

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CARE FOR THE OUTCASTS.—No. II.

"Grievous indeed must be the burden that shall outweigh innocence and health!"

MOTHERS! have you pondered, amidst the world's business, over our last paper on this subject? Then again listen. It is with you, mothers, to make a happy home for your children, so that they have not to seek a place of comfort or of refuge among strangers. We lately went to look upon a group of these homeless outcasts, for whom we would plead. It was a most touching sight to behold! Youth and energy, and, in some cases, beauty, brought so low by the snares of the world and the deceitfulness of the human heart! And while we rejoiced to see a few who were willing to return to the paths of rectitude, the thought that thousands are still rushing into open graves, by the error of their ways, while scarcely one Christian woman is found stepping out of her path to speak a warning word to them, nerved us to the resolution of writing a page or two on the subject.

It is a melancholy fact, but it is a fact,—that four years is the longest period these poor outcasts are likely to live! And then,—oh, what then? The fearful cry is heard,—often heard,—"I am going down to darkness and eternal death, but none warned me of my danger!" Words these, that we would have rung in every careless mother's ear, and every wandering, self-willed daughter, till they awaken to a sense of duty.

We said, it is with mothers to make happy homes for their families, and thus prevent wandering and crime. We said, too, that we had lately looked upon a group of these poor outcasts, in an asylum prepared for them by Christian philanthropy. While we looked upon those youthful countenances, and saw the falling tear, as we read to them of the sympathy of Jesus, we felt anxious to ascertain the *kind of homes* and the *kind of mothers* these Magdalenes

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had been trained by. Alas! the tale was very sad! Out of the whole group there were only *two* who had mothers living; and these mothers were anything but what they ought to have been! Four were orphans! The rest had step-mothers! But we found, when the bare mention of a mother's name was made—even of a dead mother—that a chord was touched in the hearts of these fallen ones, which vibrated for a very long time.

This gives us hope in our work. Ah, who can say what heart-thrilling recollections the name of mother brought of home and early happiness, and joy and innocence? and, to most of them, how fearful would be the contrast! Again we rest our pen. Mother! push not away the subject; still ponder.

MATER.

A PRIMITIVE CHURCH.—No. II.

WE left our readers last month, with candle in hand, turning our steps to bed, on the evening of our arrival at the pretty cottage on the margin of Loch Lomond. Our domicile, as we said before, was small and plain; the door at the foot of the stairs was whitewashed, and opened by a wooden latch with a string. The staircase was garnished with bundles of herbs hung up to dry. The bed was small, but beautifully clean; we had two chairs, with wooden bottoms; a chest of drawers, rather ricketty, but which could boast pretensions to have seen better days; and a wash-hand stand, which in reality was a board, supported by two legs or sticks, and fastened to the wall by hinges; but on it was a pitcher of beautifully soft clear water,—a luxury not always found in larger and grander houses. On the drawers was a small square looking-glass, whose angle of vision had to be adjusted by a bit of paper thrust between the frame of the glass and the standard. It had some day met with a sad accident, for a piece was missing

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in one corner, and an oblique crack ran across it. Notwithstanding these things were somewhat strange to us, we were unaccountably happy; and being weary, we slept well. Then the solemn stillness, so unlike the noise and rattle of our crowded cities, helped us to a good night.

We awoke early to behold the glorious sun peeping in at our casement window. The great Ben Lomond looming in the distance, and the lovely Loch, with its many islands, stretched to the right and left. The language of the inspired Psalmist was stirring in our hearts, and found utterance from our lips, as we acknowledged the mercies by which we were surrounded, "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" How inexpressibly sweet it is to go forth to the duties or the pleasures of the day under so Divine a guidance, feeling every step you take you are under His care who never slumbers or sleeps, and who constantly watches over you to do you good, while the heart bursts forth in humble confidence, and cries, "My Father and my God."

Our breakfast was now ready in the little parlour, and the table was comfortably though homely spread. We had no disposition to be captious, being in that state of mind which disposes a man to be pleased with every thing; nothing seemed a difficulty,—nothing came wrong; we took everything by the right handle;—we were happy—others seemed happy,—and, somehow or other, matters went on delightfully. There must have been a cause for this. Our poor jaded spirits had just slipt from the collar of perpetual excitement and anxiety, when we thus found ourselves suddenly in the midst of some of Nature's greatest beauties; all was new and untried, and poor human nature was herself again.

Our landlady now came to remove the breakfast things; and, on inquiry as to the best course for a day's ramble, we were led to ponder on the ascent of Ben Lomond,—a day's fishing on the Loch,—a walk through the Pass of Glencroe,—or a quiet stroll by the Loch before us; we

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determined to take the latter, especially as we understood the Kirk was in that direction; and, this being Saturday, we were anxious to make sure of that locality, in order to know the exact time it would take us to walk the next day; for we always feel a solemn obligation to be in time at the house of God.

We remember once being at Brighton, in the time of William the Fourth, when the public were admitted to the Royal Chapel by tickets, and if the holder was not there before the service began, the door was shut, and he was excluded. This reminded us of that awful scene described by our Lord, in Luke xiii. 25—30, when the door will be shut to all who are not ready to go in to the marriage supper of the Lamb.

We started,—taking the road that skirted the margin of the Loch, soon passed the inn at Tarbeut, and, turning to the right, we suddenly came upon a most antiquated building, and exclaimed with surprise, "What can this possibly be?" Upon a close examination, we found it was the Kirk. "Well," said we, "this is a Primitive Church indeed." But, as we have more to say of it in connexion with the coming Lord's day, we shall take leave of our readers, and pursue our walk, hoping to meet again.

M. B.

THE NEGRO MOTHER.

"The miserable past was forgotten, as she looked for the happier future."

At a time when "almost all the world" is reading and feeling interested in "Uncle Tom" and his sable race, we thought it would be acceptable to some of our young readers to peruse a short narrative of facts which happened among our private friends, as it relates to some of those unfortunates beings who happen to have a little darker skin than their brethren. Before our beloved country threw off the dreadful stigma of holding its fellow-creatures

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in bondage, a gentleman went into a slave-market to make his purchases. There were seen fathers, mothers, and children, all chained together like cattle. Many of them had been torn from their own sunny land, far away, and now they were to weep out a painful life of slavery!

Fearful were the cries and earnest the entreaties of the poor creatures, as they were torn from dear relatives to serve different masters, and separated from each other, in most cases, for ever. With bowed head and bursting heart, the mother was seen in the long train of one planter, while her infant boy, sent to a distant place, wept in vain for its mother's love and tenderness; and the husband and father, in heavy chains, was dragged, heart-broken, far away from all that made life dear to him!

Our friend was, however, more tender-hearted than many who engaged in this dreadful traffic, and he, therefore, selected for his slaves those who were related to each other; and, among others, he purchased Sam, Judith, and their infant boy. Not long after this gentleman became a slaveholder, he took his lady one day to hear a missionary preach in the Court-house. The subject was the judgment-day, and the account we must all give for the acts committed on earth. From this time, Mr. and Mrs. Dare's views were entirely changed—"all things became new;" and they resolved to have their slaves instructed, then to give them their freedom, and return to England. Many tears fell over sable cheeks when this arrangement was made known on the plantation, for black faces have loving hearts when kindly treated.

After giving the freedom promised to the slaves, and commending them to the care of the good missionary, Mr. and Mrs. Dare prepared for returning to their native country. One morning, Judith was seen hastening towards Mrs. Dare's house with her infant boy in her arms, and, entering the room where her kind mistress was sitting, she exclaimed—"Missus, me come to give you my piccaninny

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to take to white man's land. Look, he pretty baby! you tell him 'bout great God up sky. Me know you kind; me know you good; me no 'fraid to give him to you;—take him!" Mrs. Dare was greatly surprised, and said, "No, Judith, no; I cannot take your little one, on any account." But Judith became more earnest still, saying, "Do, do, missus, take him—me tell you why. Me saw piccaninny of slave mother down plantation; white man make him work too hard, for him sick; but white man no care for him sick; he flog him with great whip! Poor little one cry! White man no care for him cry, only flog more for cry." "Ah, but Judith," replied the lady, "you and Sam are free; you can both work for yourselves now." "Iss, missus, me know; but Sam die—death come to Judith too! Poor little one have no kind missus; he take to hard master, he flog him, he no care for cry; but now you take him, den if me die—if Sam die—he no mind. Missus and massa be him fadder, him modder—him happy den. Me hear poor black man cry; him wish him die, den him say him go back to him country 'gain. Him massa no like my massa; him cruel; he say, black man no soul. Now you take baby; him happy; take him!" The offered gift was still refused, and Judith went away sorrowful, saying, "Me bring him 'gain to-morrow!"

HOUSEHOLD TREASURES DEPARTING.

DEAR MADAM,—I have been, since its commencement, a constant reader of your excellent magazine, and have had very great satisfaction in recommending and circulating it amongst my female friends. I am deeply interested in its success, and I trust you have encouragement in its increasing circulation to persevere in your labours of love, and by hearing, from time to time, how mothers are stimulated to greater zeal in duty by the warnings and appeals of *The Mothers' Friend*. There is a word for each and all in its pages, and few numbers but contain some remark which touches some tender chord in the mother's heart, causing it to vibrate.

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Whilst reading the first article in your magazine for this month I was struck with the few words, "Alas! how many will sigh over the wrecks made this year!" A tender chord was touched—for, oh! how little did we foresee, at the close of last year, the change a few months would make in our happy family. Within a few days of each other, the eldest and the youngest, a sweet girl of just fifteen, and a lovely boy of six, were carried to the silent tomb! To encourage mothers to train up their dear little ones for heaven, permit me to state a few things respecting these beloved children, which have cheered our desolate hearts in the time of deep sorrow.

The elder fell a victim to that most insidious disease, consumption; disease was at work while the cheek bloomed with health. With the most perfect resignation and patience she met the fell destroyer. *God knows best.* When told she would not recover, "God knows what is best for me," was her only reply. She was an orphan, but loved as our own. While she lingered, our sweet Willie used to pray very affectionately for her as a sister, that God would please to make her well; and if not, "may dear Anna not be afraid to die," he would add; "not afraid to cross the Jordan; but may she land safely on the happy land, where she will never be sick any more." I little thought, when I heard the dear child thus praying, he would before her cross over the swellings of Jordan, and show her the way; but so it was—the last was first. Without a murmur, without a sigh, this lovely one entered alone the deep waters; and, a few days after, his adopted sister most peacefully followed him.

We had trained our dear boy for the service of God on earth while he was with us. We knew not so soon he would exchange earth for heaven, where he will serve Him day and night without ceasing. Deeply impressed with the necessity for more labourers in the missionary field, from their birth I had in heart devoted a little brother, a year older, and this departed one, to be missionaries to the heathen, and from the first sought to interest them in the missionary cause. They loved each other devotedly. I thought of the coming future, when they would go forth together to labour and die in the field; but the mission of one is ended, and a sweet mission of love it was. Like a ray of light he came and departed—a morning without a cloud.

Before his last illness there seemed a perceptible ripening for

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heaven. One of his favourite texts, "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good," he carried into daily practice. It would occupy too much time to relate the sweet instances I recollect of his putting this in practice. The last thing he gave away was some fruit. He divided it among the other children, and the largest share he gave to one who had been unkind to him. "She must get from me the most," was his remark.

"God is love," was another favourite text; and its sweet spirit was within him. As he lay dying, he said to his young nurse-maid, "Sally, dear, I love you *with all my heart*," and thus did his heart overflow with love to *all* around him. Yet, he so loved the dear Saviour, he said, "I do not wish to get well again, I wish to go to Jesus." I heard him sing as he lay on his dying bed, "I will arise and go to my Father." At another time he said, "Thou, God, seest me." In the agony of a convulsion fit he put up his little mouth for me to kiss, then softly, sweetly murmured, "*Jesus*"—"*beautiful!*" These were his last words. Soon after he became unconscious, and for six days and nights we watched his falling tabernacle, with its imprisoned spirit, ere it departed. And so he left us, for a better world. I cannot convey, in words, a more correct idea of this sweet child, than by transcribing the beautiful lines by Mary Howitt, called "The Lost One."

I fear this paper may be too long, or I would tell how my little son, forgetting his own sorrow, sought to comfort me by the precious promise of God's word; but I may do so, at a future time. I am, dear Madam, yours faithfully,

A. N. C.

[This paper is rather longer than usual, but it is so deeply interesting we do not fear tiring our readers.—ED.]

THE LOST ONE.

We meet around the board—thou art not there;
Over our household joys hath passed a gloom.
Beside the fire we see thy empty chair,
And miss thy sweet voice in the silent room.
What hopeless longings after thee arise!
Even for the touch of thy small hand I pine,
And for the sound of thy dear little feet,
Alas! tears dim my eyes.
Meeting in every place some joy of thine;
Or when fair children pass me on the street.

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Beauty was on thy cheek, and thou didst seem
A privileged being, chartered from decay;
And thy free spirit, like a mountain stream
That hath no ebb, kept on its cheerful way.
Thy laugh was like the inspiring breath of spring,
That thrills the heart and cannot be unfelt.
The sun, the moon, the green leaves, and the flowers,
Were a strong joy to thee; thy spirit dwelt
Gladly in life, rejoicing in its powers.

Oh! what had Death to do with one like thee?
Thou young and loving one, whose soul did cling,
Even as the ivy clings unto the tree,
To those who loved thee; thou, whose tears would spring
Dreading a short day's absence, didst thou go
Alone unto the future world unseen,
Solving each awful, untried mystery—
The dread unknown to know?
To be where mortal traveller hath not been,
Whence welcome tidings cannot come from thee.

My happy boy! And murmur I that Death
Over thy young and buoyant frame had power?
In you bright land love never perisheth,
Hope may not mock, nor grief the heart devour.
The beautiful are round thee—thou dost keep
Within the eternal presence, and no more
Mayst death, or pain, or separation dread.
Thy bright eyes cannot weep,
Nor they with whom thou art thy loss deplore,
For thou art of the *living*, not the *dead*.

A STORY FOR OUR JUVENILE FRIENDS.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WANTED TO KNOW EVERYTHING.

"MAMMA, mamma!" said little Minny, with a countenance looking disappointed, "Hetty says I must not ask questions—nobody will tell me anything like you, dear mamma;" and the little girl hid her face in her mother's dress, as she was standing to finish the arrangement of her cap in the early morning.

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"What have you there in your tiny basket, my Minny?" asked Mrs. Mild. "Only some leaves, ma—I have just gathered them on purpose to put into the nursery teapot, and Hetty will not put them in." "Indeed, my dear, I am very glad nurse would not agree to spoil all the tea by attending to your foolish request." "But, mamma, you told me the tea-tree was like a rose-tree, so I thought I should like to know if it tasted just the same." "It does not follow, Minny, that because the tree looked the same, the taste and the quality should correspond also; but, if you will run out into the garden, and gather a few black-currant leaves, I will put a little of my tea into your dolly's tea-pot with a few of them, and you will get a flavour very like green tea, when you pour it out." "Oh, how nice that will be; you are a kind, dear mamma, that you are—thank you, deary," said Minny, and she ran off with a smiling face.

"I do like my new tea, ma," she remarked, at the breakfast table; "is this the way to get green tea always, ma?" "No, dear, you forget what I told you about it, some time ago. You ask a great many questions; but I fear you do not often remember the answers you get to them. The green tea is just the leaves which are first plucked while very young and tender; and after this, there are two gatherings of leaves which become the less expensive and commoner sorts." "Oh yes, ma, I remember; and the Chinese put the seeds in holes in the ground to get trees: I tried that plan in my garden, but I did not get any tea-trees."

A MOTHER'S RESPONSIBILITIES.

Pause awhile, ye mothers, ere ye go one step further on the journey of life; and think *seriously* what *God* requires at your hands. *He* has given you children to bring up for *him;* what a responsibility is thus laid on *you*, by your

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Creator! As soon as the child begins to know you, it notices every look and action; then, as its understanding increases, it listens to each word spoken by its mother with greater interest than any other person; thus, you see, how watchful and cautious you should be in *all* your ways, when you consider that they will have such a powerful influence in forming the character of your child, who is ready to imitate everything it sees and hears. *Remember*, that a sinful word spoken by you in his presence, or a sinful act committed in his sight, may be his ruin, and cause you to shed many *bitter tears*, and even to spend a life of *sadness*. Resolve then, dear mothers, that from henceforth (with God's help and blessing) you will, by *every* means in your power, train your child for *heaven*.

I know a mother who has brought *great* trouble on herself by her inconsistent and foolish ways; her children are now growing up, and reproach her for the example she has placed before them. God is not in all her ways, and therefore we need not wonder at her steps sliding. *God alone* can aid mothers in fulfilling the responsibilities he has placed upon them; look unto your Father in heaven, and ask for strength, or you must fail in training your children for heaven.

E. R. Y.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

New year's day is now past; but is it therefore less important to redeem the time, and put our good resolutions in practice, than it was on that day? It is rather more so, because the year is now shortened by one considerable division of it. Let us, then, conscious of the weakness and volatility of our hearts, and of the frailty of resolutions made in our own strength, look up to *Him* who, "to them who have no might," has promised to increase strength; who will, if implored, confirm our wavering minds, and establish our weak resolutions.

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A new year is now commencing; let every one inquire how they have begun it. Is it with a resolution to make renewed efforts to overcome their *bad habits*, and to improve their manners and characters? and have they actually begun to make such efforts? Then I prophesy a happy new year to them; and that, if they persevere in their resolutions, it will be the happiest they have ever known. But if, on the contrary, they are beginning it in the old way—not more attentive to business, nor watchful of their tempers and conduct—not more concerned for their intellectual and religious improvement than heretofore—then, although they may very likely have had a merry Christmas, I cannot wish them a happy new year, because I know it would be in vain to do so; for the saying is as true as it is trite, that to be happy we *must* be good. The knowledge of this is, in fact, the grand secret of my art; and it is by consulting this simple rule, that *every man may be his own fortune-teller.*

Q. Q.

A FACT FROM A MOTHERS' MEETING.

A good woman, who is in the habit of going out as a sempstress, carried from the Maternal Meeting a paper, a *Mothers' Friend*, and some other little books. The paper contained the following advice:—

Do all the good you can—
In all the ways you can—
At all the seasons you can—
To all the people you can—
And as long as you can.

With this she purposed wisely, resolved firmly, and persevered with determination to spread religious knowledge. The will to do good opened the way, and she now takes NINE *Mothers' Friends*, a number of other periodicals and books, as well as many copies of the Scriptures. She continues her work with Christian zeal, and others are encouraged to follow her example. Mother!—Teacher!—can you not do something in this way? Try—try—try.

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AN ENCOURAGING LETTER FROM A FATHER.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

MY DEAR MADAM,—I have often thought I should like to nd you a word of encouragement; but, being of so humble a ass as an agricultural labourer, I feel that I do not possess isdom or understanding sufficient to write to you. But, dear adam, just after you commenced your valuable undertaking, lady sent one of your valuable magazines to my wife. We ere so interested that we at once ordered it, and have con- ued it ever since; and feel more and more interested with its ntents. It is so well suited for fathers as well as mothers—for I think we fathers are too harsh at times with our children; and ur valuable magazine shows us our mistake in such a light at we are obliged at once to yield to the conviction, and say, I am the man." And we always endeavour to recommend ur magazine whenever opportunity presents itself; for we feel rsuaded, if every mother would but purchase it, and peruse e contents thereof, there would be more comfort at home and s bawling after the children in the streets.

Wishing you much pleasure and large success in your valu- le undertaking,

I am, dear Madam,
Your humble servant,
C. D., *a Father.*

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

A SOLEMN QUESTION.

A little child had been listening to her mother, while e sang one of the songs of Zion. Shortly after, while r little arms were twining about her father's neck, she id—"Mamma sings, 'Long as they live should Christians ay, for only while they pray they live.' Is papa dead? e *never prays!*" When the little child went up to join e angel choir the father began to pray!

CHILDREN FROM HOME.

I was thinking that God's people, while they are in this rld, are like the children of some great rich man, who e sent away from home to be educated very early in life,

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before they are capable of understanding their father's wealth and grandeur. While away, they receive presents from the father, of whose circumstances they are told by their tutors, and are continually reminded of the purpose of their staying away,—that it is to fit them to dwell at home; that many of their elder brothers and sisters have finished their education, and are arrived at their father's house; and that the time will soon come when they shall join them, reach their father's mansion, and see his glory.

THE GRANDMOTHER'S COMFORTER.

A little child one day, observing his pious grandmother weeping, said, "Grandmother! sing 'Praise God from whom all blessings flow;' do sing it, and I am sure you will be better!" "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou perfected praise."

A GOOD MAN'S RESOLUTION.

I will hear, as little as possible, whatever is to the prejudice of others. Believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to it. Never drink into the spirit of one who circulates an ill report. To moderate, as far as I can, the unkindness which is expressed towards others. Always believe that, if the other side were heard, a very different account would be given of the matter.

CRUMBS.

A letter from a daughter in Australia remarks—"I never receive any good thing, any favour, without the assurance that it comes in answer to my mother's prayers, and this thought sweetens all my comforts."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Leaflets. London: W. and F. G. Cash, Bishopsgate-street.

Sixty stories on "Love and Peace." Very useful to mothers, and the delight of little children. A sixpence well spent.

Little Things. Edinburgh: Kennedy, London: Hamilton & Co.

These little duties—kindnesses, efforts, cares, &c.,—treated of in this little book, will be a great treasure in any home.

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SONS FROM HOME.

THE SECOND MOTHER.

We have often wished to write a few papers on this subject, and we are thankful to those friends who have helped us. The first writes thus:—"There is amongst us a class of persons whose cause is seldom pleaded, but for whom we now bespeak the prayers, the exertions, the sympathies of English mothers—of all mothers.

"We would plead for the sons who are from home; for those who, almost as boys, are placed far from their families, and amidst scenes of excitement and temptation, either as apprentices, or as learners of the trades and manufactures which abound in our cities and towns. By many of these, the change from home comforts and family groups to the loneliness of a lodging, or an abode among strangers, is bitterly felt; and to many it is a source of temptation, resisted at first, but to which, from the desire for society, they yield at last. From this and following evils they might often be saved, were a mother's hand stretched out to guide them, and an occasional place given to them by the family fire-side, when the labours of the day are done. Of course, a husband's will must be consulted, and his permission granted, before this could be done; but there are few men whose homes would be a safe refuge for a youth, who would refuse to assist in saving him from evil and misery. A kind and womanly interest taken in his pursuits; a gentle, directing hint, as to his readings and associates; a little personal service, done when needed and time can be spared; a firm, yet gentle rebuke, if evil be done or said; and a quiet eye kept on his observance of the Sabbath. Mothers! you little know the unspeakable blessing, the value of all this to a son from home! On the wives and mothers in whose homes apprentices and journeymen reside, a plain and heavy responsibility rests. Your husband may *command* these inmates, *you* can *influence* them to good or evil. Deal with

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these souls as you would wish others to deal with your boys in similar circumstances. The following account may illustrate what I have said, and encourage others to do as I have, by God's help, been enabled to act.

"Though neither wife nor mother, I was, some years since, the housekeeper of a near relative. Seating himself in his easy chair one evening, with a thoughtful look, he said, 'L———, there is a youth come to live in B——— who interests me very much; he is a fine, ingenuous fellow—a widow's only child. Poor woman! she little knows into what an atmosphere of temptation he is thrown. I should like to tell him we shall be glad to see him in an evening, after business hours, and to give him a seat in our pew on Sabbath days. Shall you object to this?'

"These words—'he was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow'—rose to my mind, and I gave a ready assent, inwardly praying that I might in some degree be to him a second mother. I found, too, that his own mother was a very pious Christian, tremblingly alive to the dangers to which her boy's peculiar temperament exposed him. This gave me an additional motive for welcoming him to a place by our fire-side. It required some self-denial to lay aside my own habits, and enter into the feelings of my young friend. I listened patiently to his youthful opinions, and corrected them quietly. I sympathised with his home longings, and his daily trials. I allowed him to bring his books and read to me, thus regulating his reading; I won his confidence, and was looked up to by him as I wished to be,—a second mother.

"One day this son from home said to a mutual friend, 'I shall for ever thank and bless M—— T——, for allowing me to spend my evenings with her. It has saved me, many, many times, from entering into scenes of vice and dissipation; it has strengthened me to resist invitations to join parties where drinking and gambling would have been placed in my way. It has prevented my going where

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should have had more refined, but equally dangerous enemies to fight against. Oh! if my dear mother knew how her prayers are seconded by the anxious, constant, yet gentle watchfulness of this dear friend, she would bless and love her as I do.' Was not this reward enough?"

T.

THE LAST BLOW.—No. III.

Mrs. Carr was sitting close to her bed-room window, which overlooked both her garden and Mrs. Brown's, with a bit of the window-curtain pinned up at the corner, every now and then walking over to look at her injured boy, and returning to her post of observation, anxiously watching something without. About the usual time for the cottagers to retire to rest, she saw a young man enter Janet's garden-gate, with a sack on his back and a basket on his arm, and slowly walk up to the door, which he opened without knocking, and closed after him. David Brown was gone to a neighbouring town, to fetch coals for his master's house, and Janet was waiting up for him. Margery looked on with an eagle's eye, to scan all she could of what was going on; soon the young man returned through the garden empty-handed, leaving the matron in astonishment as to what the bag contained, and where it came from.

On the following morning, at breakfast, Margery looked very knowing and thoughtful, and told Larry what she had seen—adding, "But I will fish it out, never fear me." "No, no, woman alive," rejoined her husband, "do let the kindly body alone entirely." After Larry was gone, and as little Lizzy was leaving the house for school, her mother called her back, saying,—"I want you, Lizzy, just to do a message for me; ask Mrs. Brown to lend me her little brown pan, and mind you, child, what I say—I don't want the pan, only it will do as an excuse for you to look about and see what you can, and look if there

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is a bag full of anything there. You can run into the back room for the pan, and say 'tis to save her the trouble —now mind what you are about." "Yes, mother, I'll see all I can." Thus did Margery teach the art of double-dealing and deceit, and her child understood it all right well.

After receiving this lesson the little maiden tripped into the unsuspicious neighbour's cottage. As she was returning with the pan, Janet called her back, saying,—"Here, dear, take a few of these bull's-eyes for poor Johnny; little David's uncle brought them for him last night, but I am sure he will spare some to his little sick play-fellow; and here is a bit of cake, too, that my cousin has sent me, if you will give it to the pretty boy." Lizzy ran home delighted with Mrs. Brown's kindness, and turning the treasure into her mother's lap, the child exclaimed,—"I do love her too!" "Well, well, child, but what did you see?" eagerly asked Margery. "Oh, mother, I saw ever so many things; a great large bag full of something—a bundle on the table—and, oh, such a fine great pie—and something like new shirts on the chair—and a nice piece of bacon, too." "Well done," said Margery; "now run off to school, and mind your books." "Yes, mother."

Cheerfully did Mrs. Carr get through her morning work, and her attentions to her sick boy; her labour was thought little of, for her mind was so full of the glorious secret she now possessed.

THE NEGRO MOTHER.—No. II.

"The miserable past was forgotten, as she looked for the happier future."

The next day Judith kept her word, and presented herself at an early hour before her mistress to urge her request; and she continued to do so every day, until the

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summons came for her kind friends to go on board the vessel; and when they reached the beach, there stood poor Judith, waiting to ask her mistress once more to take her little black boy with her to England, but she was still refused, and bidding Judith farewell, they stepped into the vessel, which was soon bounding over the billows.

Mr. and Mrs. Dare had not been long seated in the cabin, when their attention was arrested by hearing a sailor call out, in a very rude manner, "Go back, black face, or I'll hurl the rope at ye!" Anxious to know what occasioned this rough address, they ascended to the deck just as a voice answered, "Me no go back, till missis take piccaninny;" and, looking over the side of the vessel, they saw Judith, the poor negro mother, swimming with her little boy, calling out to them to take him! Mrs. Dare was greatly moved at the sight, and soon consented that the sailors should "haul up the black lump," as they expressed themselves, presenting the little sable fellow to his kind protector. Judith seemed delighted, and soon swam back to the shore, where she stood till the last bit of the mast of the ship faded from her gaze.

Poor Judith! in her anxiety to have her boy taken care of, in a land where he could never be a slave, she had not taken into the account what her sacrifice would cost her mother's heart, and what loneliness she would feel when her boy was fairly out of her sight, in all human probability to see him no more till the judgment-day. Fairly overcome by her maternal feelings, she sat down on the beach and wept bitterly. She began now to remember the kind instructions of her mistress, and that she had told her, when she was in trouble, to tell Jesus all about it, and He would comfort her; so she went home, and asked God to take care of her boy, and help her to feel happy about him. She then tried to put things a little in order in her cabin, and prepare her husband's dinner; but the house was so still and melancholy, and everything reminded her

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of the little one now far away, that she could not remain alone; so she walked to the sugar plantation, where Sam was working, and told him "poor boy was gone!"

Sam had never expected that his master would consent to take charge of the little sable fellow, and his surprise was so great that the sugar-cane fell from his hands, and he sat down, covered his face, and wept. Judith now began to administer comfort to her husband by talking of the future happiness of their son, and—as is often the case—in trying to cheer another she became more happy herself.

Next month, we hope to follow the English ship on her voyage.

CARE FOR THE OUTCASTS.—No. III.

"Grievous indeed must be the burden that shall outweigh innocence and health."

We have thought sometimes, as we have passed the haggard and unwomanly form, with bold brow and loud voice, in the streets of our large towns and cities, that it is possible there may yet live, even there, memories of home, of love, of a mother's early care; and we have asked the question, "Has any Christian woman ever tried to awaken these memories in that fallen woman's heart?" Alas, mothers! have we not too often turned away with disgust, forgetting that on the slender thread of that quickly-wasting life hang everlasting things? And we have sat down amidst the endearments of our own homes, musing on the thought that neither prudence nor feeling will allow us to make the attempt to pull one of these brands from the everlasting burning! Is this right? I grant, the work is very difficult, but may we not find *some way* of reaching them?

We said, in a former paper, that we found, when the bare mention of a mother's name was made, that a chord was

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touched in the hearts of those for whom we plead, which vibrated for a long, long time. Christian mother! British mother! try to get near enough to strike this chord, at least in *one* heart, that you may follow the example of Him who reproved the proud Pharisee in his own house, while He said to the weeping Magdalene, "Thy sins are forgiven." Let us not forget that a repenting "sinner" is a sight over which there is joy in the presence of the angels of God; and, however disdained by man, there are found, among the ranks of the redeemed, Rahabs, penitent Maries, Magdalenes, and many who were "great sinners," now washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb, while the arches of Heaven echo and re-echo the praises of Him who came to seek and to save those who were lost.

Keep the subject before you, mothers—we have not finished. MATER.

SUNDAY OCCUPATIONS.—No. IV.

My dear children, I am going to write *to you* this month. You have talked with your mother about future events, or things that are going to happen—things painful and pleasing, things happy and unhappy. Now remember, in these things we must all have a part; we must be either very happy, or very miserable for ever. In this world you often see people who seem neither one nor the other, but it will not be so in the next world.

My dear children, there will only be two states in Eternity, so there will only be two sorts of people. Indeed, *this* is true now; there are in *this* world none but believers and unbelievers—those who are the children of God, and those who *are not*. Which of these two sets of people will have a part in the blessed things that are coming to pass, and which in those that will be sorrowful and dreadful?

I know you can answer this question. Now I want you to take your slate, or a piece of paper, make a line down the middle, and then write on one side verses of Scripture about

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those who love God, and on the other side verses about those who do not love him. I wish very much that I could see some of your papers when you have written them. I will give you two texts to begin with :—

VERSES ABOUT THOSE WHO LOVE GOD.

"And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in the day that I make up my jewels."—Mal. iii. 17.

VERSES ABOUT THOSE WHO DO NOT LOVE GOD.

"And all the proud, and they that do wickedly, shall be stubble; and the day that cometh shall burn them up, saith the Lord of Hosts."—Mal. iv. 1.

Do you know what stubble is? I will tell you. It is the stalks of corn which are left in the field after reaping; you have often seen it and trodden it under your feet, for it was fit for nothing only to be burned. My dear children, could you bear to think, even for a moment, of being like the stubble? No, no. Let us talk about the *jewels*. What are they? Precious stones; you have often seen them in the shop-windows; and if you had ever looked upon the Queen's crown, you would have seen brighter and more dazzling ones than are found in shops. Do men ever gather jewels together, to cast them into the fire? No, they are kept and placed in crowns of gold.

Little one! whoever you are, now reading this paper—Do you wish to love Jesus? Do you desire a new heart? Will you pray to become one of the *jewels?* It will make no difference whether you are rich or poor, wise or ignorant. In the Redeemer's crown glitters many a *jewel*, which was once just such as you. Many and many precious gems are yet to be added to that crown. Little child! by-and-by, He will make them up—reckon them—count them—see that none are missing; after that time, not one will be added.

Pray *now* that you may be numbered among the *jewels*, and that Jesus may say of *you* in that day—"He is mine!—she is mine!"

MARY.

Oxford.

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A STORY FOR OUR JUVENILE FRIENDS.—No. II.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WANTED TO KNOW EVERYTHING.

"Oh dear, mamma!" Minny exclaimed, as she tasted the second cup of tea, "this is very disagreeable; I cannot help making a face at it. I suppose it is too strong; oh dear, it is so very unpleasant." Mrs. Mild smiled, and poured some water into the little girl's cup. "You remind me, Minny," she said, "of an odd tale I read lately about 'China soup.'" "What was that, ma? Do tell me—do, do, ma," said half-a-dozen voices at once.

"A great many years ago," began Mrs. Mild, "a lady, who had a friend in China, received a present from him, consisting of a Chinese silk hat, the crown of which was filled with tea. The family had never seen nor heard of tea before, and the letter mentioned, that if it were boiled in water, it would make what was called 'Chinese soup.' A brass skillet was put on the fire, and a pint basinful of tea, with some water and some sugar, were put on to boil —it was then strained through a cloth, poured into basins, and placed round the supper-table instead of their porridge. The party then crumbled some bread into it, and began to eat. The first mouthful set their faces awry, like Minny's, and some of the family were sadly alarmed, for they imagined it must be poison; so that the doctor was consulted, and the tea and sugar poured away as something worse than useless. After a little time the gentleman returned from China, and brought with him a chest of tea, a China tea-set, and a tea-kettle; and after teaching the ladies of the family the proper way of making tea, they liked it, I believe, as well as we do."

"Oh dear, what a pretty tale," said Minny; "I should like you to tell me a tale about everything, ma." "That would not be a very difficult matter," rejoined Mrs. Mild. "Then do tell us a tale about sugar, too, will you,

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mamma?" "Do you think sugar can be made from anything besides sugar-canes?" asked the mother. "Yes, ma," replied Henry; "from beet-root, for the gardener told me so; and there is a *tree*, too, from which sugar is made in some parts of America, for John Sloe told me his uncle made some!" "A tree!" exclaimed Minny, in amazement, "do they cut down the trees, then, ma, like the sugar-canes?" "No, dear, there is an incision made in the tree with an auger, into which a sort of spout is driven—then a trough is placed under it, into which the sap flows." "What is an auger, ma?" asked Minny. "Oh, forgetful Minny! it is a tool, to be sure, to bore holes with," replied Henry.

"Well, dear children," said Mrs. Mild, "shall I go on?" "Oh, please—please." "The sap is then put on to boil, until it becomes a syrup. Then some milk is poured into it, which makes the scum rise to the top of the kettle; this is carefully taken off, and the liquid boiled for some time longer; then the sugar is put to cool, and when nicely done, is nearly as white as our lump sugar." "Oh dear, how nice to know about everything!" said Minny. "And useful to *remember*, too," added her mother, smiling. "Oh, ma, I do remember one thing, however; shall I run to get my little book about tea and sugar?" "Yes, dear, and read it to me." "Here it is, ma—oh, do listen:—

TEA AND SUGAR.

To get our breakfast, far over the sea,
Ten thousand long miles, we must send for our tea;
Where the Chinese are busy to pick the leaves green,
To roll them, and dry them, so neat and so clean.
And some for the sugar a voyage must go,
To the burning West Indies, where sugar-canes grow;
Where the poor naked negro toils all the hot day,
To prepare the sweet cargo for lands far away.

"There, mamma, is not that suitable?"

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BIRMINGHAM.

THIRD ANNUAL REPORT OF THE CARR'S-LANE MATERNAL ASSOCIATION.

STANDING on the threshold of another year, the Members of this Association are constrained to look back, and, in the retrospect, they are deeply impressed with the solemnity, brevity, and uncertainty of human life. The shades of death hovered over their last annual gathering. One of their number, much beloved, was then exchanging time for eternity, and the following day her home was left desolate, and her loved ones weeping. She died in *peace*, leaving a message to every Member of the Maternal Band, "To live closer to Christ—to cling to Him—to live with death in view—to be *much* in prayer—to pray well!"

Through the bygone year, there have been granted sunny seasons, over which they linger with sacred delight, as well as dark and gloomy scenes, at which they pause with lowly sadness. Six of their children have been received into the fellowship of the faithful, whilst others have been gathered in infancy to the church triumphant. In some of the families, the dearest connexions of life have been formed, and in others the sweetest and closest ties have been severed by the hand of death. Thus, the hours allotted for maternal communion and sympathy have been rendered seasons of holy discipline. Here they would refer, with grateful acknowledgments, to the *valuable* addition made to the literature of Maternal Associations by the monthly lectures, delivered, and issued from the press, by their esteemed Pastor; under a sense of which they would look back upon the past year, as one that shall be the germ from which shall burst some new good, some blessed result in domestic improvement. The regular and enlarged attendance testifies that the purport of the Association is increasingly appreciated.

Number of Members now in this Association 98
Average attendance at the Monthly Meetings 41

The meetings held in Carr's-lane Vestry every alternate Tuesday afternoon, for the accommodation of those mothers whose domestic duties prevent their attending the morning meetings, have *not* been satisfactorily responded to. However,

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they are on the way to improvement, and hope is entertained for the future.

Number of Members, 20.—Average attendance, 12.

Boatman's Chapel Branch.—Fortnightly meetings have been held, but in consequence of the removal of some of the mothers from the neighbourhood, the average attendance has not exceeded eight out of twenty-two members in the whole. Seventy-two copies of *The Mothers' Friend*, and sixty of the Rev. J. A. James's *Lectures to Young Women*, have been sold.

[Other Branches next month.—Ed.]

MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.—No. II.

We will now give the Rules generally used among English mothers, and written in the Maternal Book of the Association; first remarking, that the object of the Maternal Association is to awaken mothers and teachers to a deep sense of their responsibility and undying influence.

RULES.

I. That a lady be appointed to preside at the meetings of the Society, and prepare readings—Scripture, hymns, &c., &c.—and to appoint those who will take a prayer, and give out hymns, to rest her between the readings.

II. That a Secretary be chosen, to record the names of mothers and children in the Maternal Book, and keep minutes if approved.

III. That each member bear the Association in her heart before God in prayer, particularly remembering the Queen and Royal Family.

IV. That all the members shall invite other mothers and teachers to join the Association.

V. That once a quarter the mothers, fathers, and children be invited to receive a public address from a minister. (Some prefer the Sabbath evening.)

VI. That when any mother is sick or in sorrow, the members of the Association are expected to sympathise with the afflicted.

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VII. That when a mother is removed from her sphere of labour by death, the Association shall regard, with peculiar interest, the motherless family, remember them in prayer, and do all they can to promote their best interests; and, if removed to another locality, to be commended to the nearest Maternal Association.

VIII. That the names of mothers and children be recorded in a book, and that the names of her Majesty and her children stand first.

The book should be ruled, and the names entered, in the following manner:—

HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN.

ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE OF WALES.

Victoria Adelaide Mary Louisa.	Helena Augusta.
Alice Maud Mary.	Louisa Carolina Alberta.
Alfred Ernest Albert.	Arthur William Frederick.
Mrs. A.—Anne, Mary, John, Charles, &c.	Mrs. E.—Charles, John, Emily, Mary.
Mrs. B.—Lucy, James.	Mrs. F.—Janet, Mary, George, Herbert, William.
Mrs. C.—Maud, &c.	Mrs. G.—Jane, Kate, Annie, Frank, &c.
Mrs. D.—Ellen, &c.	

In conclusion, we would press on the attention of our friends, who have written to us on this subject, the importance of united and immediate effort. We know that Maternal Associations do good to mothers and children, and the thought that the soul of one little child is of more value than ten thousand worlds, should be a stimulus to our efforts. Time is short; we must not mind a few frowns, or an unkind speech, as we prosecute our work. Eternity will yield reward enough; for we are quite sure that many mothers, fathers, and children, will praise our Heavenly Father there, that He put it into the hearts of mothers here to form Maternal Associations. Mother! pious mother! you will soon have done with your work; it is an honour to be allowed to labour in this vineyard. "Go forward," and the Sun of Righteousness will shine upon your path, and, by-and-by, the good Shepherd will

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say—"She hath done what she could!" Let your motto be—

WORK ON EARTH—REST IN HEAVEN.

"Passing away," a voice proclaims,
In the mother's tears, in the infant's pains;
The brightest and fairest may not last,
They droop beneath earth's chilling blast.
The loved and the cherished may not stay,
They brighten our path, then pass away!
We hold them to earth with bands of love,
And too often forget the home above,
Till a Father's voice is heard to say,
"Call that *idol* from earth away!"
The Shepherd folds the lamb above,
To ensure a share in the mother's love,
And often blights our hopes below,
To save us from a world of woe.
He thus proclaims earth is passing away,
And points to a home of eternal day!

A PRIMITIVE CHURCH.—No. III.

THE LORD'S DAY.

HAVING given our readers last month a peep at the outside of the Primitive Church, we now request their company to the close of our walk. We pursued our course along a most delightful road, now gracefully arched by the meeting branches, like the ribs of a noble cathedral; here, open to the wide expanse of heaven; there, the hedges were high on either side; and then, through a natural gap, you got a momentary glance of the steamer as she glided upon the glassy surface of the unruffled Loch, or saw the adventurous tourist wending his quiet way to the top of the great Ben Lomond. After a little time we emerged upon an open valley, and the beauty and sublimity of the surrounding scenery burst upon our view in all its glory. Our intention was, if possible, to reach the comfortable inn at Inverury.

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When we reached the place, thousands were walking about, most thoroughly enjoying its beauties; for the steamer had just arrived and disembarked its living masses of men, women, and children, who had come from Glasgow and the neighbouring places to enjoy themselves, having a couple of hours given them to stroll about before they returned. We asked one of the men connected with the boat if they came every day; his answer was, "EVERY LAWFUL DAY!"

How pleasantly this fell upon our ears; it was a sweet homage to the sacred day of rest. Railroads and Sunday travelling for pleasure had not then made such awful progress as in these guilty days of ours. Now we tremble for our beloved country, for, verily, we believe the observance or non-observance of the Lord's day is a barometer by which her peace and prosperity, her degradation and ruin, may be accurately measured. But we are tauntingly told by the infidel and his minor satellites, that the Sabbath was made for man—yea, for his pleasurable enjoyment; be it so, but when was it so made? When? Why, when Adam was created, and came fresh and holy from the plastic hand of his Maker. Then he found a Sabbath ready for his enjoyment, and that enjoyment was then in entire conformity to the will of the Creator; and who can say but that the Sabbath was the first day he spent on earth, and then how pure and holy would be his pleasure! But man has fallen, and, verily, he "must be born again," and that spiritual life which he lost when he fell must be restored before he can know real enjoyment on earth; and just in proportion as the Divine image is restored in the soul by the Holy Spirit will be his enjoyment.

It would, moreover, appear, from the general tenor of the sacred Scriptures, that Jehovah calls this day His own; and that He is very jealous as to its appropriation; and because we hear so little of it during the patriarchal dispensation we argue it was generally observed; and when God made

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choice of the nation of the Jews among whom He would declare His love and mercy to a fallen world, we find its solemn recognition by Moses, and a continual mention of the day. Moreover, it will be found that, as a nation, they either prospered, or were given over into the hands of their enemies to afflict, as they observed or despised the sacred day; and we find the Sabbath, as a day of rest, particularly mentioned in respect of the very soil they cultivated. The people, in their avarice and forgetfulness of God, refused to let the land lay fallow every seventh year; the consequence was, their captivity in Babylon till the very earth should have enjoyed that rest of which it had been wickedly despoiled. And, in almost all the dealings of God with His chosen people upon the subject, He seems to have dealt with them nationally; thus, He condescends to argue with them in a most beautiful passage by the prophet Isaiah, in which He not only claims the day as His own, but promises both temporal and spiritual blessings upon its observance.

Take down your Bible and read for yourself, Isaiah lviii. 13, 14—"If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on my holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." And if we as a nation are found robbing God of His Sabbaths, let us prepare for one of His sore judgments—"war, pestilence, or famine." Here we cannot help remarking, that the idea seems to be that of a seventh day of rest, which seventh day should be consecrated to His service, honour, and glory. And we must confess to have no sympathy with that morbid philanthropy which pleads for "green fields,"—"the air of heaven,"—or the "luxuries

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of a Crystal Palace,"—for the enjoyment of the poor man on the Sabbath of the Lord. That he should enjoy such things we are not only willing but anxious; but let the time be taken from the world. The men who are most clamorous for such Sunday-pleasures are the very men who spend one, two, or three days every week in the public-house. Now, to such it would be a clear gain every way.

We should be quite content to leave the question, with all its consequences, upon the simple command of God, but we are aware there are those who deny the authority of His word. To such we would say, "Do you think you accomplish all your purpose by sending your tens of thousands to seek health and rest in the pleasures of the world, on that holy day? Do they find it? Ask the foreman at the mill, the manufactory, or the work-shop, and he will tell you that he has no confidence in such men, that he ever finds your 'Sunday-pleasure men' are your 'SAINT MONDAY men!' Seldom are they in their place, for they have proved that a day of *such* pleasure is the hardest day's work of the seven!"

But, now look at the man who finds his pleasure and his rest in the house of God. His wife is early up to provide breakfast for the children, who are anxiously waiting with smiling faces to be off to the Sabbath school; they spend quiet hours in their happy homes, reading and talking over God's word and God's ways; they enjoy the services of the sanctuary, and thank God, at the close of the happy day, for a Sabbath of pleasure and rest. The whole family enjoy calm and refreshing sleep, and they arise with renewed vigour of body and mind to be among the first and the happiest at the mill or the work-shop. We have strayed from our original purpose, but we trust the vast importance of the subject at the present moment will plead our excuse. We leave the remainder of our walk for the beginning of our next paper.

M. B.

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"DON'T CRY, MA."

"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Young and anxious mothers! do you not sometimes, in pressing those little ones that God hath given you more close than is usual to your throbbing bosoms, *think*, "What if I should lose my babe?—what would become of it?—how should I ever train another, in the fond hope to meet it in glory?" Listen.

Mary Emma P—— was born in M——. Her fond parents in infancy dedicated her to the Lord, praying that she might become a follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. She was a lively child, gentle in her manners, and beloved by all who knew her. As early as at two years of age, she loved to hear her mother read to her about Jesus and his disciples; and about good men who had gone to be missionaries in heathen lands; and about little children who had died, and gone to be with Jesus. Her mother often sang and prayed with her, and taught her such hymns as these,—"And now another day is gone,"—"Gentle Jesus, meek and mild;"—of these she was very fond. She was regularly taken to the house of God, and this was a source of great delight to her. She always appeared *attentive* there, and would ask about the sermon and the hymns on her return home.

This beloved child was suddenly seized with inflammation on the lungs—and although the best medical advice was sought, and change of air, all was of no avail, save for a time. The day after she was seized—November 8th, 1850—a little playmate of hers, about her own age, was called away into eternity in a moment; which led Mary Emma's parents, with more than usual solicitude, to watch her declining strength. She grew weaker, but was exceedingly patient, and even cheerful at times. She used to talk to her ma about Jesus loving little children; and would ask for some of her favourite hymns to be sung.

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Those she liked best were,—"There is a happy land," and "There is a land of pure delight." When very near her approaching end, one day, after remaining for some hours in a state of seeming insensibility, she opened her eyes, and looking round with a sweet smile, said distinctly, "*Don't cry, ma.*" And then gently and slowly her spirit passed the boundaries of our mortality, and found rest in the bosom of that Saviour she had so early learned to love. She had, for almost a year, been ripening for *that* glory, and she closed her infant career at the early age of five years and one month.

Who can doubt, but the Great Shepherd of His flock on earth intended thereby to draw the hearts of the parents of this darling child closer to himself; and to show them their reward in nursing and training *this* one for the eternal kingdom, that they might *continue* their "work of faith and labour of love" with their *other children*, and "*be not weary in well doing.*" G. B. S.

LETTERS FROM THE NURSERY.—No. II.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

MY DEAR MADAM,—I would mention that, during the first few months of my baby's life, I washed him night and morning with soap and tepid water. As he grew older I put him in a bath, but not of cold water, unless during the heat of summer. Lately, I have found that he is always desirous to get into his bath in the evening, but often shrinks from the cold water in the morning. In such things, where there is no special reason to the contrary, nature seems to be the best guide. I began very early to lay him down awake, both at night and during the day. This habit was not established without a struggle, but I had less trouble than those would suppose who have not tried.

When he was strong enough to get out of his "bassinet," I put him in a crib, which I should advise every one to do who can procure one. To this day it is a safe resting-place at noon for my little man, and a very effective *prison*, when it is needful to resort to discipline. I put him to bed, as near as I could, at the same time every day, and never, if possible, broke into his

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mid-day sleep, which we continue to the present time. This day-sleep greatly tends to strengthen the body and tranquillise the mind. I shall continue it as long as I can. It gives me, also, a quiet hour or two in the middle of the day, without which I should not now have time to write to you. I have gone into houses where the mother or the grandmother was worried for hours to get the child to sleep, and perhaps, just as it went off, some noise or interruption awoke the little creature. I have known others where the child went to bed when it was sleepy; perhaps, sometimes, not till three or four in the afternoon, and then would not go to bed at night; but this is miserable work!

As soon as I thought my child could at all understand me, I began to pray by his side after he was in bed; now he generally asks me to "pray God," and names all his relations and my friends to be prayed for. I have tried, as much as I could, to make him understand something of God, as the Creator of all things, Giver of all things, and our Preserver and Friend. I have bought for him a little picture-book, called "Little Mary's Scripture Lessons." He is very fond of this book, and I sometimes show him Adam, Eve, Cain, and Abel, when he is in bed, and tell him a little about them.

In the morning, he is always made to be still while his papa prays, and I have reason to think he knows and listens to what is said, and remembers it. We always pray for him that God would give him a new heart, that he may love Jesus, that he may learn to be obedient, &c.; and when we conclude, he sometimes says, of his own accord, "If you please, God, take the naughty out of my heart, and take me to Heaven some day, to be with Jesus." I know that he can understand but little of what this implies; still, it is something that he should early learn to ask it. He often spontaneously thanks God for his food, and if he thinks we have forgotten to ask a blessing before a meal, he says—"Papa, you haven't prayed." I merely mention these things to show how very early children take notice, and how soon good habits may be formed and good thoughts suggested. HANNAH.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Youth's Magazine. New Series. London: Houlston.

A very old and valued friend, in rather a new dress, but as attractive as ever.

Do not go to the Fair. London: Allen.

A useful and cheap little book, addressed to Sabbath-school children.

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THE LAST BLOW.—No. IV.

ıs soon as Larry returned to his dinner, which was
ly on the table for him by the time he entered,
rgery closed the door, saying, "Now, then, Larry, you
believe what I am going to tell you. Last night,
et's brother, who lives with Farmer Nott, brought her
ag full of something, and a fine piece of bacon, and a
at pie, and I don't know what besides! No wonder
ple can fat pigs, and keep a good table, and have any
ıg they have a fancy to; but truth will out. I hate
eivers—I do." "Aisy, aisy, Mrs. Carr, darlint; why
re judge and jury too, woman; don't ye owe respect to
who loved yer boy well enough to risk her own life?
y be Farmer Nott made her a present." "Ah, I dare
, indeed—that's not likely, I'm sure; though I don't
ow much about them, for they are new comers."
Just then Janet entered, and Margery started as if she
l seen a ghost! "Sure now," said Larry, "ye're as
ıt and swift as a swallow's wing. I did not see ye pass
window, and I was glinting that way too." "I have
y brought in a bit of pudding, to try if dear little
ınny can eat it. My brother brought me some arrow-
t, last evening, and many other things, from Farmer
tt, who had heard of the accident." "Ah, that makes
bethink, Mrs. Brown," said Larry, "I met with Jack
nett at our mill to-day, and he was talking that ye're
ı and kin to the farmer—is that true?" "Why, yes,"
lied Janet, "in a manner it is true; for he married my
sin, and he always says we are so much alike that he
ıt care a little about me and mine; and, hearing of the
dent, he sent my brother William, who lives with him,
ı his arms full of good things, to ask for me and
nny."
arry walked briskly towards the window, giving a sly

look at his wife, who was biting her lips, and addressing Janet he said, with an arch look, "Ye make my heart so lightsome, that if the colleen were not sick I should dance to the tune of St. Patrick's day in the morning." "You do not look well," said Janet, addressing Margery. "I am not well," she replied; "I was awake all night, and the lack of a night's rest always makes me ill, and the fright of the accident, too, had something to do with it. But how are you?" she added, in a more softened voice than usual. "I am better, thank you; my hand is sore and my head aches, but it is a mercy 'tis no worse; the dear boy and I might both have been dead." "Ah, then," exclaimed the honest, grateful Larry, "good luck to the day ye came here for a neighbour, Mrs. Brown; sure the blessed sun shines brighter where ye are entirely, for many a cloud ye chase away."

Before the evening closed in, Margery was really ill, fatigue and excitement had rendered her unable to proceed with her domestic duties, and she went to bed at an early hour. The next day she was still poorly, but able to attend to her family. In the afternoon a Sabbath-school teacher called to ask the reason of little Lizzy not being in her class. "Take a seat, ma'am," said Margery. "I really began to think, Mrs. Carr," said the lady, "that the child must be ill; only that we sometimes see her late in the afternoon, when she tells me she feels well, but she looks unhappy." "Why, you see, ma'am, I want her help a little on the Sunday mornings—I like to get a hot dinner for my husband." "Did you read the little book called a 'Letter,' Mrs. Carr, that I sent you on this subject, written by the Editor of *The Mothers' Friend?*" "Why, yes, Larry read it to me, and wanted me to give up warm dinners on Sundays, but I cannot get into that way." "How does your neighbour manage? She is always in her place in the house of God, and her children are always in time at school; they seem very worthy people."

As to that, ma'am, those who know them best could tell ost, but some folks would deceive the very angels with eir soft speeches and purified looks. I don't want to y any thing about my neighbours, but I don't like ladies be taken in; but for the matter of that, they are very ll off, I suppose." "Indeed!" said the lady, looking rprised, "I was told, if it were not for some relative of rs. Brown's, who is very kind to her, they would have me difficulty to live in anything like comfort; but I ce to find out character for myself, remembering who has id, 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' I hope you ill read the little 'Letter' over again, Mrs. Carr, and ear in mind the solemn meeting you will have with your mily at the bar of God. You will have much to do with eir happiness or misery. Do try to send your children egularly to the Sabbath school." Saying this, the lady ook her leave and knocked at Janet's cottage.

"How are you, Mrs. Brown?" she asked, as she ntered. "I called to inquire for you, and to tell you how leased we all are with the good conduct and regular ttendance of your children. It is quite a pleasure to have hem in one's class." "I am glad to hear you say so, na'am; I was once a Sunday-school girl myself, and I feel the advantage of it to this day. Many a thought I got there comes back to help me train my children, and I am anxious they should have the same advantages, and many thanks to the teacher for taking the trouble to teach them." "You are very welcome, Mrs. Brown, and I wish they could persuade the little ones next door to accompany them early to school. There are sad complaints about them." Janet was silent. On her work-table lay a well-worn Bible, and the lady thought of that passage—"Love thinketh no evil." At length, Janet remarked, "None of us come up to what is required of us, ma'am. I only wish I could be more like the Saviour; the time will soon come, I often think, when we, with our children, must look

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eternity in the face, and go in there to meet the Judge, whether we are ready or not." As the Sabbath-school teacher left Janet's neat cottage, she thought, "What a contrast have I beheld!"

SONS FROM HOME.—No. II.

A MOTHER REMEMBERED IN THE LAND OF GOLD.

HAVE you a son from home, mother? Does he carry in his recollection your early and holy teaching—your pious counsel—your consistent and good example—treasures of Scripture truth that you taught him, and your earnest and constant prayers? Then be encouraged to hope he will yet be found among the redeemed of the Lord in the great gathering-day. A friend, writing to us on this interesting subject, gives us the following heart-stirring account:—

"I was one day," he says, "conversing with a youth just returned from the 'Antipodes;' I was much pleased with the simplicity of his narration, as he referred to the temptations surrounding him in the land of gold! He was the son of a widow—a Christian widowed mother! who, in many a midnight hour, had breathed forth her fervent solicitations for her sailor-boy—little imagining, that even while she was yet speaking and praying, that gracious Spirit to whom she appealed was at that very moment powerfully working with his secret feelings, and restraining him from a course which might have involved him in all the perils of a colonial prison, and brought his mother's heart with sorrow to the grave. 'My apprenticeship,' said he, as we got into the subject, 'had ceased, and I was justly entitled to my liberty; but colonial law decreed that I must return to England to procure my indentures, thus compelling me to serve six months beyond my engagement. I resolved to abscond. Many of the

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crew had already gone, and others were prepared to go with me; but, just as my plans were matured, the *recollection of my* MOTHER so powerfully pressed on my thoughts, *that, knowing it would grieve* HER, I abandoned the scheme. A few more weeks passed by in the excitement of the country. I sought and obtained leave to visit the Diggings and return to Sydney. Again the ardent desire to escape my bondage came over me. I pondered the injustice of my employers, and felt that it would not be matter of much difficulty to elude the pursuit of the Colonial Police; then once more I determined to "bolt!" My clothes I placed with a person on whom I could rely; provided myself with the money necessary for my purpose; and now, on the eve of my departure, sat quietly down to consider the probable requirements of the future. No sooner had I retired for this purpose when the *recollections of* HOME revived—*I thought of my* MOTHER!—The ship would return!—No son to be found! She would ask about him! "He ran away in Sydney, and had not been heard of since," would be the reply! I thought of the agony such uncertainty would occasion her! The long period that would pass before I could possibly relieve it! *The distress and sorrow of my dear* MOTHER, *brothers, and sisters!* All these reflections came down so powerfully on my spirit that, overcome by them, I solemnly resolved to incur no such responsibility, but deny myself—preserve my character—and return home in my ship! My clothes I left where I had placed them, and I feel more and more gratified continually that I was enabled to make and keep such a resolution!'"

Now, though our young friend has not *so* remembered his mother's prayers and early teaching as at once to yield up himself to God, yet may we not hope that a heart so susceptible of impression, and a will prepared for so much self-denial, may, at another period, fall beneath God's converting grace, and devote these pleasing, hopefi-

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dispositions of heart to the honour and praise of his Great Redeemer!

Christian Mothers! Pray without ceasing; thou knowest not which shall prosper; cast thy bread upon the waters, it shall be seen after many days. Care for the sons of other mothers who are around you, and hope on ever.

FORGIVENESS.

"When on the fragrant sandal tree
The woodman's axe descends,
And she, who bloomed so beauteously,
Beneath the keen stroke bends,
E'en on the edge that wrought her death,
Dying she breathes her sweetest breath,
As if to token in her fall,
Peace to her foes, and love *to all.*

How hardly man this lesson learns,
To smile and bless the hand that spurns,
To see the blow and feel the pain,
But render only love again!
This spirit not to earth is given,
One had it! but He came from heaven.
Reviled, rejected, and betrayed,
No curse He breathed, no plaint He made;
But when in death's deep pang He sighed,
Prayed for His murderers, and *died!*"

THE BIBLE, AND THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

We must give our readers a word about the Jubilee of this noble Institution. The British and Foreign Bible Society has now existed seven times seven years. It has entered on its first Jubilee, and a glorious beginning it had on the 7th, 8th, and 9th of last month. An open Committee meeting was held in the room where the Society was formed, in 1804. A splendid meeting was held next

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day in Exeter Hall, and on the day following the Archbishop of Canterbury preached a commemoration sermon in St. Paul's Cathedral. Every meeting was crowded, and the best spirit pervaded them. It is hoped, that by means of this Jubilee very great things will be done towards filling the earth with Bibles. We intend to give some further account of this Society next month. Reader, have you a Bible? Do you read it? Understandest thou what thou readest?

THE YOUNG WIFE'S RECOLLECTION OF HER FATHER'S HOME.

A YOUNG lady, the child of pious parents, had arrived at years of maturity, apparently without having any salutary impressions made on her mind either by the instructions she had received, or the examples she had witnessed. In this state of mind she received the addresses of a gentleman destitute of religion, and who probably had not possessed her early advantages. He was moral, respectable, and honourable in social life, and had no idea that anything more was necessary. In due time they were married.

The worth of any blessing is often best taught by its loss. The very first day of her residence in the house of her husband the young lady was struck with horror and distress at the omission of "FAMILY PRAYERS;" and the family separated at night, and met in the morning, and no "BIBLE" was called for, no expressions of gratitude offered for protection and refreshment through the night, no supplication for provision, direction, and support through the day. She felt desolate and uncomfortable; and that which she had so long disregarded in the house of her father seemed now absolutely essential to her comfort. The deficiency was the means of awakening in her mind deep and serious convictions of her guilt in having failed to

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improve the privileges with which she had so long been favoured. She was led to tremble at the awful state of guilt and danger as a sinner before God. She humbly and earnestly sought mercy through the blood of the cross, and found joy and peace in believing. Now, the instructions and admonitions of her pious parents, which had so long seemed to be like good seed rotting beneath the clod, began to spring up and yield fruit. She said, "THE GOD OF MY PARENTS SHALL BE MY GOD," and she gave herself up to Him in a covenant, never to be forgotten. She could not now be insensible to the best interests of her husband and family. These became matters of deep solicitude and fervent prayer. Her pious endeavours were blessed; her husband was awakened to discern the things that belonged to his everlasting peace, and was made a partaker of the grace of God in truth. Their household was soon numbered among those in whose tabernacles is heard the voice of rejoicing and salvation. They became eminently pious, exemplary, and useful characters, and trained up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

Christian parents! it is sometimes your grief that you cannot give your children grace; but this you can do, and see that it is faithfully done: Let your daily practice and example lodge in their hearts a conviction that religion is a sacred, a needful, and a delightful thing; that it is the rule of your conduct and source of your happiness, and that it is a wretched and miserable thing to be without it. Then may you hope that, sooner or later, those divine influences which you can pray for, though you cannot command, will give vitality to your long-neglected instructions and examples, and that the children over whom you have long mourned as aliens from God shall become a seed to serve Him.

The happy impression produced on the mind of this young lady would not have occurred in the case of a young person brought up in a family where domestic worship was

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made light of, irregularly engaged in, or caused to yield to the claims of worldly business, pleasure, or convenience. The responsibility of heads of families in this particular cannot be too often pressed on their attention.

LETTERS FROM THE NURSERY.—No. III.

MY DEAR MADAM,—It seems to be of the first importance to try early to make our children obedient. We should, I think, make but few rules, but these should be carried out. I will give you an example or two of what I have found effectual with my little boy.

In the summer he was very fond of playing in the front garden. It is cheerful to see the people pass—to watch the dogs and pigs, and horses and carriages; but almost everybody left the gate open, and Willie would run into the road. He was reproved once or twice, forbidden to do so, and assured that, if he did, he would be punished. Soon after he dropped his ball down the steps into the forbidden road, and ran after it. I fetched him in, and corrected him; but not long after I found him at the bottom of the steps again. Again I corrected him. Since then, he has had the run of the place, and if, by accident, he drops his ball into the road, he will come to me to pick it up for him rather than break bounds.

When winter set in, I felt fearful of the fires. I, of course, use every precaution; but still, children are apt to get to the fire if you watch them ever so much. So, the first day the fire was lighted, I said—"Now, Willie, you must never go on the rug." His papa said—"I think he is too young to understand or remember such an injunction; you will always be punishing him for transgressing." I replied, "At all events, I can but try." Every morning, when I brought him down stairs, I repeated my rule, and, for a day or two, apparently without success. Before long, however, I found out the reason to be that he did not understand me. He said one day—"Mamma, is it naughty to go on a rug? What is a rug? Is it a carpet?" I explained the matter to him, and from that time I have never seen him put his foot on it. He will go round the table rather than attempt to cross it; and even when his papa forgets, and would draw him over to him, he cannot be induced to set his

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foot on it. Pussy sometimes takes refuge there, and Willie uses every little artifice to tempt her away, but never goes on the forbidden ground to fetch her.

While speaking of the fire, I would say, on no account should a child be allowed to take anything off the mantel-shelf, neither by means of a chair nor any other way. It is one of the faults for which correction should always be administered. Better this than have your child burned to death. I have heard of a boy scalded to death in a nursery, where two servants and his brothers and sisters were present, and where there was a high fender. The kettle was on the fire; the little fellow placed a chair on one side of the fireplace to reach something, lost his balance, fell within the guard, overturned the kettle, and was scalded to death!

There is one other precaution well worthy of attention. Discard the cotton pinafores for the winter, or, at least, let them only be used at meal times, and always taken off before leaving the table. Have you such a thing as an old black or dark stuff or merino gown? One breadth will make a pinafore for a child of two years old; three breadths will make two for an older child. Last winter I made two, which lasted my little boy through the cold season. I cut off one strip for the body, and divided the rest of the breadth into two, and made a round pinafore; a little coloured braid made it look very neat, and this will not easily take fire. Try it, young mother.

HANNAH.

A PARADISIACAL DAY.

THE air was fresh from heaven's own hand—the breeze blew gently, and came perfumed with the sweets of Eden's balmy bowers — the new sun shone mildly — the birds carolled merrily—the beasts gamboled forth their happiness —the earth was glad, and all nature sang the praises of Him who had pronounced it good.

Down yonder shady glade passed two immortals, new from the plastic hand of their Creator—happy in each other's love, and enjoying to the full the love of Him who made them. Natural and spiritual life was theirs—they

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ere capable of enjoying the bliss which the contemplation f nature in all its freshness was calculated to give—they ould admire and adore; but, above all, they could love nd serve their Creator with all their heart. No wandering noughts were known to them—their worship was pure, erfect—they moved with a happiness all unknown in fter times.

All creation rose to do them homage—the majestic lion rotted by their side, while, from his large full eye, beamed orth his submission and his love. The tiger and the opard bounded down the greensward, and then turning ith delighted ecstasy, looking them full in the face, seemed o say, "We rejoice and participate in your happiness." Then lso might be seen the graceful little squirrel jumping from ranch to branch, then bounding on the back of a colossal lephant, whilst the great sagacious animal seemed to feel he general joy; and then mingling with the multitude was he little lamb, frolicking with a heart which knew no fear, ushing heedlessly before the open mouth of the lion, anifesting no terror at his roar! The birds, too, were here, singing their perfect song, with the redbreast resting y the golden eagle! The trees—the shrubs—were green nd lovely, beyond our present knowledge—the fruits rich nd luscious, such as we have never looked upon—Nature as all herself, and the great Creator had pronounced all very good."

Suddenly a change took place, sorrowful and sad. The ky was black with clouds—the wind roared and shook the rees fearfully—and the solid earth seemed troubled, while he very nature of all the animal creation was instantly ltered. Fear and terror were seen in some—in others, avageness and ferocity. The meekness and love which nce swelled and beamed from the eye of the lion and iger, now flashed despair and malice upon the immortal air as they returned dejected and terrified. New and trange passions worked within, and as they passed between

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the foliage they started with terror at the falling of a seared leaf, conscious of misery.

Then spiritual life was gone—they were spiritually dead—the sentence had gone forth, "the day thou eatest thereof thou shalt die"—sin had entered our world, and death by sin. Dread forebodings took possession of their minds—in the awful moment a voice was heard, which opened up a ray of hope—the seed of the woman shall bruise the head of the serpent, but he shall bruise his heel. Then, in anger, they were driven from the garden of Eden by their Maker and their God. Utterly helpless, they leave the bliss of Paradise, nor could they, by any effort of their own, recover their spiritual life. Their sons and daughters were born in their own image, destitute of spiritual life, and their natural life altered, and no longer obedient to the first law of its creation. Wild and ungovernable passions shook and deformed the noble structure, which threatened its total destruction. Power of self-healing there was none.

Now began the mighty warfare which was to wage through all time—the flesh lusting against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh. "These being contrary the one to the other, ye cannot do the things that ye would." "Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God; and that which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit." "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

M. B.

THE NEGRO MOTHER.—No. III.

"The miserable past was forgotten, as she looked for the happier future."

We will now follow Judith's boy, and see how he behaves as he sails along towards his new home. When

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ıe sailor presented him to Mrs. Dare, he had but very ttle clothing on, so that some of the ladies on board set) work to make him suitable dresses. The little fellow ecame a great favourite on board, and the rough sailors ould often nurse him for hours, delightedly observing his ıerry gambols. At length, through the kind care of Him ho commands the winds and the waves, they arrived ıfely in England. A nurse was provided for little Robert, s the black boy was called, and Mrs. Dare watched over im with all the tenderness of a mother. Before he could ılk, she used to take him to her room every day, and lace him in a chair, while she bowed in prayer for him nd for herself; and, as soon as his tiny feet could trot along y her side, he would lead the way to the same chair and sp his prayer to Him who blessed such, while a pilgrim ı our world. Letters were often sent Judith and Sam, to ell them of their son, and the negro mother often wished hat an opportunity would offer for her to visit the white ıan's home.

When Robert was four years of age, he was sent to school, nd his lessons were as readily acquired as any of the hite boys there. One day, when he came home from chool, he ran into the parlour, and, taking Mrs. Dare's and, looking sorrowfully into her face, he said, "Shall I e a black boy in heaven, ma'am? I hope I shan't!" "Well, my boy, you need have no fears on that point," eplied his friend, "for the Bible says, we shall be as the ngels of God if we go to heaven, and no doubt they are ery beautiful." "Well, then, I hope white skin will row on me there, and that I may have nice long hair, like ours!" "Why are you so anxious about this, my child?" sked Mrs. Dare, smiling. "Why, because I often see he boys touch one another, to look at me, and then they augh, and say my hair is only wool, like a sheep's back, nd then they call me 'Black Bob,' they do; and I wish ny face could be made white like yours, that I do, for it

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makes me cry sometimes. The master said, 'Don't cry, Robert, you are a good little fellow,' but I am not always good like you,—I am naughty, you know, often; but I should like to be always good, and go to heaven. I suppose, gentle Jesus will love me all the same for my black skin; won't He?" "Yes, my dear boy; He made you, and loves you, and those rude boys did not remember that they were reproaching Him when they found fault with the colour of your face; but you must try to follow the example of the Saviour, who never railed again, but prayed for those who treated him unkindly." "Well, that's odd, too! I like to pray for you and master, and father and mother, and Martha, down stairs, because she doesn't call me black; but I don't like to pray for James Brown, nor Henry White, nor Charles Adams, that I don't!" "I am very sorry to hear you talk so, my little Robert, because it tells me that you are very unlike the Redeemer. If he had acted thus towards us, when He lived in His glory in heaven, we should all have gone down

"To darkness, fire, and chains,"

as your little hymn says; for everybody who lived in the world,—all the white people and all the black people,—were his enemies, and very few cared for Him when He lived like a poor man among us; and when He was on the cross dying for them, they all ran away from Him; only His poor mother, and two or three others, stood by to look at Him." "Well, that was very unkind, then," said the child, as a tear trickled over his dark face. "I would have stood there all the time if I had been alive." "I do not think you would, my little man, if I may judge from what you have said to me, for I think if one of the tall Roman soldiers had called you a 'Galilean,' you would have been as angry as you were in the school to-day with the rude boys, and then you would have gone back to hide among the crowd, lest you should have had to bear reproach for the dying

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iviour's sake." "Well, then, I will try to pray for the ys who call me Black Bob,—that I will." "Do, my ar, but you must ask the Saviour to send His Holy irit to help you, or you will stop in the middle of your ayer, or say what you do not feel." "Ah, then, I will y; and will you pray too? I should like to be like the iviour,—that I should."

MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

BIRMINGHAM BRANCHES CONTINUED.

Bordesley Street Branch.—The meetings have been kept up ith interest and regularity, and it is hoped that most who tend find that an hour spared from their worldly concerns is ot time lost. The voice of prayer ascends from the little mmunity; and though it is still but the day of small things, e superintendent takes courage in the assurance that it will ot be despised by God. Various efforts are made by the embers who are tract distributors, to draw others to the Mothers' Meetings, saying, "Come with us, and we will do ou good."

Number of members	25
Average attendance	14
Number of *Mothers' Friends* and Magazines sold	240

Garrison Lane Branch—Fortnightly meetings have been egularly held. The objects of the Association are becoming etter understood by the class of mothers who assemble at this ation, and these who know the value of such means most heerfully co-operate and assist the superintendent, by enlisting he attention of others, and procuring subscribers for *The Mothers' Friend* and Magazines.

Number of members at this Branch	60
Number of attendants, average	23
Number of *Mothers' Friends* and Magazines disposed of	600
"Lectures to Young Women" sold	98

Balsall Heath Branch.—Fortnightly meetings have been gularly held, and the hours spent in them have been marked by

earnest anxiety for mutual improvement in Christian intelligence upon maternal obligation and responsibility. A happy interchange of thought, with a view of inciting and encouraging each other in the work of training, has imparted an unusual degree of interest in the meetings.

Number of members now in the Association	65
Number of *The Mothers' Friend* and Magazines disposed of.....	1,800
Number of the Rev. J. A. James's "Lectures to Young Women"	422
Average attendance at the meetings	30
Total number of meetings held during the year	120
Total number of members in the Association....	282
Total number of *The Mothers' Friend* and Magazines disposed of	2,720
Total number of the Rev. J. A. James's "Lectures to Young Women" sold	2,002

P.S.—The departed one referred to at the commencement of this Report paid a visit to Tamworth, a few months before her death, where she inspired some Christian mothers with earnest desires for Mothers' Meetings, and helped them in the formation of an Association before her return home. This Association has continued, and I enclose a copy of their Report which they sent to be read at our Annual Meeting yesterday.

CARE FOR THE OUTCASTS.—No. IV.

"Grievous, indeed, must be the burden that shall outweigh innocence and health."

We will now tell you a little of the history of some of those for whom we plead, at least as far as may be profitable to mothers and daughters. May each read and ponder—resolve, and be aroused to action. The first tale is quickly told, for the young offender was soon held by the stern hand of justice until passed beyond the seas for crimes detected. She was only a young girl of fifteen, but old in the ways of sin and wickedness. The excellent

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matron of the establishment where this young creature rested until the time of her departure from her country arrived, told us the sad tale. This kind Christian woman was anxious to ascertain the pathway of the youthful transgressor, and fearful was the revelation! On the matron asking her of her early history she replied :—

"You have been kind to me, ma'am, and I will tell you all the truth. It was my *mother*, ma'am," continued the poor child, "it was my mother who led me into bad ways at first. She used to send me for a pennyworth of gin very often. She sent me for it in a TEA-POT, to make believe I was sent for hot water; but it was gin, ma'am. So after I had been fetching it for some long time, I used to *taste* it! Then I got to *like* it. Then I wanted some. So I used to get a penny where I could, and buy a pennyworth for myself. Then, ma'am, I stole to buy more, and at last I was caught for shop-lifting, and brought here. This is all true, ma'am."

The good matron ascertained that this was indeed a faithful account given by this poor child. Mothers! avoid the first step in evil—the first false step in training your dear children. What a fearful account will the mother of this transported girl have to render to the Judge of the whole earth on the last great day! If you would avoid her doom, avoid her example. We shall next give you a more lengthened account of another. MATER.

A STORY FOR OUR JUVENILE FRIENDS.—No. III.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WANTED TO KNOW EVERYTHING.

JUST then the prayer-bell rang, and in a few minutes the children and servants were all seated around their father, who waited with the Bible open before him while every one repeated a text of Scripture. Then Henry gave out that pretty hymn—

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"My God who makes the sun to know,
His proper hour to rise;
And to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies."

The eldest boy began the tune, and all united in this song of praise. After this the father read a short portion of Scripture, and asked questions on it, which were answered by the children and servants in turn. Mrs. Mild then took the children to her own room, where she read and prayed with them. The Scripture that came in order that day was the nineteenth chapter of Job.

As the children were returning to the school-room little Minny lingered by her mother's side. "Well, Minny, run off to your studies, dear," said Mrs. Mild. "I just wanted first to ask you about the chapter we have been reading, ma; I don't understand it; the Saviour was not born, was He, when Job was alive?" "No, certainly not, dear." "Well, then, how could He make Job? and how could Job know Him?" "You must remember, dear, that the Saviour is God as well as man; and although He made everything in the world, yet He had not made a body for Himself at the time Job was alive; yet Job believed in Jesus, as did all the good people who lived before He came down as a little babe in Bethlehem. Do you understand it better now?" "Yes, ma, only Job had not seen Him, had he?" "No, dear; nor have *you*, have you?" "No, ma, certainly not; but I should like to have seen Him; and I say to myself sometimes in the nursery—

'I wish that His hands had been placed on my head,
That His arms had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen His kind look when He said,
Let the little ones come unto me.'

That I do, ma." "I am not surprised, my love, that you feel thus; but although you were not living then to see Him and hear His kind words, yet you believe in Him, hope." "Yes, ma, to be sure I do." "And yet you

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have never seen Him!" "No, mamma, but I believe He once lived on earth, long before I was born." "Very well, then, you see that Job and you were something alike, after all!" "How *can* you make that out, ma?—how oddly you talk!" "You see, my little girl, Job believed in a Saviour who *would come*—you believe in a Saviour who *has come*." "Oh, yes, yes, now I do understand it far better—thank you, thank you, my dear ma." Saying this, little Minny ran off towards the door, but her mother took her hand, saying, "But, Minny, love, Job called the Saviour *his* Redeemer; now if you can call the dear Jesus *your* Redeemer, you have something more than a belief that He has come to our world to die for sinners. Do you understand me?" "Yes, ma, Jesus said, 'ye must be born again,' but I am often afraid that has not happened to me, because I so often feel naughty things in my heart." "Then, dear, you should pray that God would give you His Holy Spirit according to His promise, and He loves to listen while little children pray to Him to make them holy. Now, dear, shut the door, and let us pray together."

After this, little Minny ran off to her studies, but she often thought during the day about Job and the morning's conversation with her mother.

YOU CAN'T BEGIN TOO SOON.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

DEAR MADAM,—In proof of the above, and also to show at what an early age little ones have their ideas of things, I am induced to forward an account of what transpired in my little circle to-day.

The baby—a child between two and three years of age—with an earnest inquiring look, thus addressed me,—"Mamma, may me have me pretty ting?" (meaning a new toy which had been sent for a valentine.) "It not Sabbat-day at all." I supposed her to mean that had it been the Sabbath she would not have thought of asking for it. Yours, &c.

Norwich, Feb. 16th, 1853. A MOTHER.

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FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

CHILDREN'S BALLS.

John Foster says—"Children's balls are a detestable vanity. Mamma for a long time busy, with the help of tasteful friends, for the sole purpose of equipping two or three children to appear in one of these miserable exhibitions. The whole business seems a contrivance expressly intended to concentrate to a focus of preternatural heat and stimulus every vanity and frivolity of the time, in order to blast for ever the simplicity of the little souls, and kindle their vain propensities into a thousand times the force that mere nature could ever have supplied."

GUARD THE TONGUE.

If thou wishest to be wise,
Keep these words before thine eyes—
What thou speakest, and *how*, beware,
Of whom—to whom—when, and where.

SIN.

Man-like it is to fall into sin,
Fiend-like it is to dwell therein,
Christ-like it is for sin to grieve,
God-like it is all sin to leave.

THE SLEEPING BABE.

The baby wept;
The mother took it from the nurse's arms,
And soothed its grief, and stilled its vain alarms,
And baby slept.

Again it weeps;
And God doth take it from the mother's arms,
From present pains, and unknown future harms,
And baby sleeps!

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Warder. London: J. F. Shaw.

A cheap journal, exposing the social and political evils of Popery and Tractarianism.

Band of Hope Review. London: Partridge and Oakey.

A very attractive, useful and cheap periodical for our young friends who like interesting anecdotes on Peace and Temperance.

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SONS FROM HOME.—No. III.

GOING OUT TO THE GOLD FIELDS.

How many thoughts arise as we look back to the joyous meetings of a beloved family group, with whom we enjoyed our last Christmas holidays! Oh, how our past pleasures live in our recollections, and we pause amidst the world's bustle to think of distant, loving hearts and other days!—Some of our dear ones have resumed their studies, and others are gone from beneath our roof for the first time.—Oh, how our thoughts and prayers follow them!

Mother! what did you feel as your only son bade you farewell, for the first time, to pursue his education from home? As he took this first step into the great, bustling, striving, go-a-head, wide, wide world, did you not ask yourself what influence will he carry among the sons of men?—What recollections of home piety, teachings, and example has he stored up in his active mind, to be brought forth again as he travels onwards towards the world of spirits?—Did you not go back, too, and look at your boy again as he lay a helpless infant on your arm, smiling up into your face with confidence and love?—Did you say, "it *is* true that a mother's greatest enjoyment of her children is when they are infants?" And then does not the door of memory open, and you look at your own mother and father's hearth, and you say of those with whom you basked in love's sunshine in those by-gone days,

> "Oh! some are hushed and some are changed,
> And never shall one strain
> Blend their fraternal cadences
> Triumphantly again."

And then you bound away from earth right up to the spirit-land, and look at the glorious company gatherin-

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there, and exclaim, "Oh may we all join you up there in your glory!"—Is it so? But we must proceed.—Let us never forget that the greatest blessing mothers always possess is to take their loved ones, whether present or absent, to the throne of grace—to that Redeemer who hath said, "Not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your heavenly Father."

In this day of enterprise and speculation how many families—how many sons—have left their native shores, full of bright visions of success for the future which those far-distant fields of gold promise. Many who will read our pages have sons gone forth, and are even now sailing over the trackless deep. Many a dim eye and anxious heart are looking and longing for "ship-letters," some to tell of success—some of bitter disappointment—some of sickness and death—and others to tell of hopes when the home-hearth shall again be gladdened by the voices and the smiles of the travelled sons! Mothers! Fathers! when you part with your beloved sons for unknown foreign shores, are you quite sure they carry with them remembrance of pious example and minds stored with Divine truth? If they retire at night without committing themselves to the care of Heaven, are they likely to think of the exercise as the all-important thing attended to *at home* in the evening hour? If they go forth in the morning without asking Divine guidance and protection, is it likely that some word or some circumstance of the day may cause a pang in the recollection, that the duties taught *at home* have been neglected that morning?

Then, when they leave the home of their childhood and their native land, do you endeavour to procure for them suitable serious yet cheerful reading? The youthful, ardent mind requires occupation, and during the many monotonous days of a long voyage there is ample time for improvement by reading; therefore, do provide such a collection of books as may have a tendency not only to raise

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desires after intellectual pursuits, but to encourage and increase love and dependance on God. Many interesting accounts we have known of pious mothers presenting sons with small Bibles, with the name written within, (and sometimes with a little note of a mother's love between the folded leaves,) which same treasure has been the means of recalling the wandering son to the good path he had forsaken.

A young man, from giving way to improper company, so transgressed the laws of his country as to be sent abroad. A Missionary, some years after, visiting Van Dieman's Land, observed a young man sitting on a bank in a private road, absorbed in reading a book. On approaching, he recognized him to be this young man, who, though he had been carefully trained, had forfeited the freedom of his native land. It was his Bible, which he then said he found to be his greatest comfort and earthly treasure—the Bible given by his mother when he left the country of his birth—his fatherland!

Do all you can, Mothers, to direct and help your sons heavenward while they are around you; and when they are far away in the wide, wide world, cease not to take them to the foot of the cross; and do what you can for the sons from home living near you—they all have mothers somewhere—remembering, with "what measure ye mete it shall be measured unto you again!"

THE LAST BLOW.—No. V.

Three days had passed since the accident, when at midnight Larry Carr was greatly alarmed by Margery "rambling," as he called it; and as he could not get a rational word from her, he ran in his fright to Janet's cottage, entreating her to fly to his help. The kind woman dressed and was soon at Mrs. Carr's bed-side—she found her

evidently feverish, and altogether ill. "Ah, thin, what will I do?" asked Larry, imploringly—"the mother and childer ill together! Sure, ye're a teacher of wisdom, what will I do?"—"I think you had better call the doctor, Mr. Carr," said Janet, in her quiet way. "That I will, too,"—and he ran off to call the man of medicine, who was quickly at the cottage, to ply his healing art.

For many weeks Margery continued very ill, and Janet acted as nurse, mother, and housekeeper, indeed everything she could be, to the whole family. When Margery was well enough to understand how matters had been, and to see how nicely and carefully everything in her house had been managed, she was often seen to weep as Janet approached to do a kindness for her.

One day she took her hand saying, "Sit down, I want to talk to you." Janet bent forward to listen. "I am very much obliged to you," she said in a gentle voice, looking up into her face, "for all your great kindness to me and mine. My sickness has been sent to teach me a lesson, and I hope I shall learn it well. I always looked upon you with envy and jealousy, but you only returned good for evil, and kindness for insult. I have heard say that when people are near death in drowning, all their sins come back to their mind; and my affliction is something like it, for all the past seems to come before my face. Many a time have you knocked me down by your kind ways, but I would not believe you were guided by any better motive than I was; but I see it all now—and in all you have done for me and mine in this affliction, you have given the last blow to my wicked heart. You saved my boy's life, and in return, I tried to injure your character—you attended to him in his illness, and shared your money with us when I hated you—I wanted to make out something wrong, when your own brother brought you things from your kind cousin—and now I see plainly enough that the Bible must have been *your* guide. You have

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killed the enmity of my heart—you have given the last blow to it in this affliction—and if you can only forgive the past, I hope, if spared to arise from this bed, I shall lead a new life, and be willing to be guided by you, and try to serve your God."

Janet could only press Margery's hand, while the tears fell upon it. She exclaimed—"Then the last blow will be a blessed blow to us both—and may it prove a blow to Satan's kingdom, and may we be enabled to lead our families heavenward." From the last blow Margery dates her "new life," and her turning into the narrow road towards the better land.

BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

"Leave no room for the weeds."

"How beautiful is your little garden, it is so very *full* of lovely flowers," said Mrs. J. to a friend. "Yes," replied Mrs. T., "my husband leaves no room for the weeds." That is a good idea, thought Mrs. J., as she separated from her friend.

Mothers! Here is a hint for you! your children's hearts may be compared to a garden—if not tended carefully, and FILLED with good seed, the weeds will spring up; therefore, take care that you drop in such seeds as you will like to see blooming in your home garden in days and years to come. Such as shall not only excite the commendation of passers-by, but such as shall send forth a fragrance to cheer all who come within the circle of its influence. Drop in the seed of the sunflower, that there may spring up a truthfulness which shall make your child's *word* as good as his oath. Let fall the seeds of the lily, the vine, the honeysuckle, the mignonette, and the rose, that in after years you may find the flowers of purity, fruit-

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fulness, love, unaffected sweetness, and thankfulness. The care of Mr. T.'s garden was often remarked—how he tied up hanging branches and watered the drooping plants. Mothers! you must not only sow the good seed, but you must tend your garden carefully, marking the weak part of your child's character, and support it by a caution or a word of encouragement. You must water it by your prayers, and let the sunshine of your bright smile and example fall upon it; fill it *full* of good seed. Leave no room for the weeds!

It may be well to state that the sunflower is the emblem of truthfulness, the lily of purity, the vine of fruitfulness, the honeysuckle of affection, the mignonette of unaffected sweetness, and the rose of thankfulness.

J. R.

HANNAH'S GARDEN.

I HAVE a little garden,
'Tis very full of weeds,
They grow so very quickly,
They almost choke the seeds.

'Twould be a *pretty* garden,
If all the plants would grow;
How very much I wonder why
They all spring up so slow.

Papa has long been trying
The best of seed to sow,
Mamma, I know, is watching—
Longing to see it grow.

There's the sweet plant of Patience,
Sometimes I see it shoot;
Then, all at once, I find it
Quite withered from the root.

Dear me! I wonder whether
The fault is in *the soil;*
Perhaps, if *that* were better,
Fruit would reward my toil.

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Well, I've a Friend in Heaven,
Whose help is ever nigh,
He'll shine upon my garden,
He always hears my cry.

He'll send sweet dews of morning,
And gently falling showers,
The parched ground to moisten,
And cheer the springing flowers.

So, then, I'll look to Heaven,
And pray for sun and rain,
For well I know my Father
I cannot ask in vain.

T. B. D.

CARE FOR THE OUTCASTS.—No. V.

"Grievous, indeed, must be the burden that shall outweigh innocence and health."

We will now give an account of one of these banished ones, which we hope may encourage those who are making efforts for them, and induce mothers to act wisely in the discharge of their never-ending and important work. The facts are sent to us by an excellent "matron," from whom we hope to hear again.

Mary C—— was the daughter of poor but strictly moral parents. She was one of a numerous family, and was accustomed to attend the house of God with her father, who was one of the choir-singers in the church. Mary possessed a sweet and yet powerful voice, which her father delighted to train to unite with him among the choir of singers. Very soon Mary's voice attracted public attention, and she became a paid chorister in a Roman Catholic chapel, and about the same time she was placed out to learn the business of straw-bonnet making.

Mary's besetting sin now became *love of dress and dis*

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play, which her mother often tried to check, while she wept in secret over the follies of her daughter, the child of her old age. Alas! she became very soon the prey and the victim of a wealthy individual, who added to all his other crimes that of his being an infidel! He not only drew her away from the path of virtue, but sought by every means in his power to stifle the voice of conscience and the power of maternal counsel, which, despite the round of dissipation and folly by which she was now surrounded, would at times cast a fearful gloom over her mind. The *recollections of the faithful advice* and early instructions of her mother were far too vivid and painful for the tongue of flattery or the poison of infidelity to dissipate.

At this time, too, her father was thrown out of employ; and, stung with a sense of her sin and her ingratitude, she resolved to send them help under their accumulated trials. But, in consequence of her sinful pursuits, she dared not approach their dwelling, for they would never give the slightest countenance to vice. Mary therefore went to a butcher's, and purchased some meat, directing it to be taken to their house. The aged mother opened the door, and refused to take it, saying, "It is not for us." The man assured her that it had been paid for by a female, with orders that it should be forwarded to their address. The mother silently took the meat from the basket, and folding it in a cloth, she went to the house where her child was living, and said to the servant, "Take this to my child—your mistress, and tell her that her parents will starve before they will eat of the wages of iniquity." Then, with streaming eyes and tottering steps, she left the door.

The message was delivered,—and a mother's words, clothed with more than mortal power, fixed in Mary's conscience the dart of deep remorse and a determination to leave her sinful course of life. "But where shall I fly?"—

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as her anxious question. She resolved to make her escape rom the house in the night to some distant place where he was not known. She did so; and hastened, in a far-ff town, to seek employment in her own business. Alas! n making application a reference was required, and this, he knew, would lead to a detection of her character. She herefore took a small lodging in a low part of the town, nd lived on the little money she had, as well as what she could get on some trinkets she had brought with her, hoping to get a little work on her own account. Alas! her efforts failed, and her conscience and lack of food seemed fast wearing away her strength. Satan, ever a hard master, was tempting her to destroy herself by drowning.

Having had no food for some time, she put on her bonnet and resolved to commit the rash act. She reached the river. There, God, who is rich in mercy, met the child of a mother's prayers. A company of youths were fishing on the spot. Mary walked for a long time, watching for their departure; but they remained until it came into her mind to ask them if they knew of a place called a Penitentiary in the town. One of the lads replied that he did, and then directed her steps to this asylum. Mary applied, and was admitted. On the usual question being asked, "Have you a mother?"—the heart which had been closed up by despair, was now softened and opened by the voice of kindness and the recollections of a mother. She was requested to give the name and addres s of her parents, that they might be informed where their child was. To this she sobbed out, "I have a father, and, I fear, an almost broken-hearted mother! They know not what has become of me!"

Just at this moment a person applied at the door, to inquire if a young person had reached the Institution, of the dress and tall figure of Mary. She had been missed from her lodging; and, having been observed to have had little

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or no food for some time, and appearing exceedingly distressed in mind, they feared she had drowned herself. That it had been suggested to them to apply there, previous to their having the river dragged. When informed of the inquiry after her, Mary wept profusely, and replied, "Tell them I'm safe."

More next month.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

THE ORPHAN.

"Tell them I die happy."

ANNIE —— became the subject of religious impressions in early life, and evidences were shown which proved that the grace of God had touched her young heart. Tenderness of conscience, love to the Word and worship of God, a deep sense of her own sinfulness, and an earnest desire to become a sincere Christian, were observed with delight by her friends.

In April, 1851, she was seized with severe illness, which left her in a very delicate state of health. About this time she says, in a note to a member of the family, "I really think I shall soon return to ———. Oh! what a kind and tender Saviour have we! I might justly have been cut off, but my heavenly Father has seen fit, in His mercy, to spare my life, and I trust *that* life will be devoted to His service." Always affectionate and grateful, she seemed particularly so when she returned to her native place, after six months' absence. And general feeling of joy was expressed at seeing her again. She could exclaim, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted;" and after this it was evident she was pressing forward in the good way. Again she writes:—"I feel an earnest desire to become a child of God. Oh! could I yield myself to my Saviour; could I say, 'My Saviour, I am thine!' Dear

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rs. B—— says there would be some satisfaction in letting
e world know that we had given ourselves up to Christ,
d openly avow ourselves the children of God. But it
ast be a voluntary act. We shall never be happy till
is is *really* and *truthfully* the case."

For some time before her last illness she was depressed
th doubts and fears. She lamented that she could not
llise her interest in the Saviour, and wanted that delight
prayer which she had sometimes felt. She thus again
ites:—"I dare say you noticed I seemed miserable
sterday. I felt so much the great depth of my sins.
e both have had great privileges, and we *know* the way.
it how have we slighted them? Still, Christ invites us
ard. He says to the vilest sinner, 'I will not cast
ee out.'"

There is no doubt this was a season of great heart-
rching and deep humiliation before God with young
mie. Some of her selections for the Saturday-morning
ercise are indicative of her anxious state. We will only
'e two extracts:—

Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?"

"Is there no balm in Gilead found,
To soothe and heal my smarting wound?
Oh yes, there is a balm,
A kind physician there,
My fevered mind to calm,
And bid me not despair!
Aid me, dear Saviour! set me free,
And I will all resign to Thee."

I will take the stony heart out of your flesh, and will give
you a heart of flesh."

"Oh! for a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn heart away;
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart—this frozen heart of mine."

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The flattering nature of her disease concealed from Annie's mind the danger which was too apparent to those around her. It was gently asked, "Supposing it to be the will of God that you should not return to health, how do you feel in the prospect of dying?" She replied, "Sometimes I feel I can die, and sometimes I fear I am not prepared." Faith, however, triumphed. Grace completed the work begun; and, finally, the victory was given her over the last enemy.

On the 4th of December, she was carried up stairs for the last time. On the 10th, symptoms of increasing weakness seemed to render it most desirable to tell her of the impossibility of her recovery. She heard the solemn tidings with great calmness, and was encouraged to rest on those promises of God's Word, which could alone support her in such an hour of need. E. B.

We should have been glad to have given the whole of this interesting tale in one number of *The Mothers' Friend;* but as we write for busy mothers, as well as for reading daughters, we must wait till next month, to accompany Annie to the gate of the shadowy valley.—Ed.

A MOTHER'S FAITH TRIED.

"Ah! my son will one day walk over his mother's grave!"

"I KNEW a youth," said a gentleman at a public meeting, "some fourteen years ago, who had a pious mother, but who, from the age of sixteen to twenty, lived a most gay and reckless life, resisting all her earnest remonstrances. Regardless of her tears and prayers, determined to pursue his own sinful and depraved inclination, he frequented the card-table and dancing-room unknown to his parents. On one occasion he ordered a suit of clothes, had them placed to his mother's account, and, attired in them, he

spent the night in dancing and revelry. When, in the morning, his mother remarked on his wan and haggard appearance, he assured her he had taken a long walk, and was very much fatigued!

"Once, on entering the room where his pious mother was sitting, she said to him—'Ah! my son will one day walk over his mother's grave, and have to mourn that he hastened her departure thither, and will then wish he had given his heart to God while she was alive.' The son bit his lip to prevent the tears, which, in spite of himself, forced their way to his eyes, and hurried from her presence to seek a corner where he might weep unseen. Yet still he pursued the same sinful career. At the age of twenty he was to leave his home, and he rejoiced to think he should then be free from the watchful eye of his parents. Now, thought he, I shall have my own way; there will be no meddling friend to tell tales!

"He went—but his mother's prayers followed him. About six weeks afterwards, he received a letter from her, full of earnest entreaty and warning; it concluded thus:—'My boy will think I have sent him a long sermon, but how shall I meet him at the bar of God, and say I am clear of his blood, if I have not done all in my power to warn him of his danger?' These words went as an arrow to his heart—fixed there by the Spirit of God; he wept much. A pious young man in the establishment coming up, asked the cause of his tears. He replied, 'Read that!' and handed to him his mother's letter; he also wept—and said, 'Come with me to my room, let us pray together.'—They did so, but the self-condemned young man could find no peace.

"For three weeks he sought comfort, and then he despaired of ever finding it. He resolved to commit suicide. He went out, taking his pocket Bible with him—he came to the brink of the river—he resolved to cast himself into the dark waters, feeling sure he should soon perish, for he

could not swim. He thought—'I will pray once more.' He knelt down on the river's brink and uttered a few words—the spell was broken—he resolved never to rest till he had found rest in the finished work and love of Jesus. Shortly afterwards he found peace, and began his journey heavenwards. Thus was an answer vouchsafed to a mother's prayers on behalf of her son. And permit me," continued the speaker, "to add—the subject of that pious mother's prayers is he who now addresses you!"

Mother, pray on!

Young man! "Pray once more!"

THE FALL OF THE GREAT TREE.

"Father," said a little boy, "I heard you say, 'twas a wonder you were not killed to-day, when the great tree fell pretty nearly upon you." "Yes, Sammy, that was true, my boy." "Well, father, then perhaps gentle Jesus helped it to fall away from you, for mother always prays for you when you are gone to work—all of us together pray up stairs before we go to school." "Do you, my boy? and do *you* pray?" "Yes, father, I try to, a little; but I can't pray like mother does—she prays for everything." "Does she, Sammy? Ah, you have a good mother, my boy; there are not many children so happy as you are, to be taught to pray, too!" "Yes, father, don't you ever pray for us, father? Teacher says, if we wish to sing in heaven, we must pray on earth;—is that true, father? Will you sing in heaven, father, with mother, and all of us?" "I hope so, Sammy; wouldn't you like I should?" "Oh yes, father, to be sure I should;—but do you pray, though? eh?" "I hope, Sammy, your mother will always ask God to take care of our father, for fear another great tree should fall near me en I am in the woods." "But, father, God will hear

ou, as well as mother—won't He?" "Yes, Sammy, I ope so. Did you ever hear me pray, my boy?" "No, ather, but I should like to, though,—that I should!"

The father prayed that night.

SUNDAY OCCUPATIONS.—No. V.

My dear children, I have quite a fresh subject for you his time. Are you fond of reading the lives of persons ou have heard about? I dare say you all know the istory of Uncle Tom and the little Eva. Now, I want you o read very attentively the life of some one who lived a ng, long time ago—who saw Jesus when He was in this orld, and talked with Him; yes, and held His hand to eep himself from drowning. Can you guess who this as? Ah, yes; it was Peter. If you want to read his fe, you must take some pains, because it is not written traight on, but in little bits, here and there, in the New estament. Get your Testament, then, and put a mark henever you find anything about Peter. Begin with Matthew, and look all through the four Gospels and the Acts, only do not put a mark when the same thing is men-ioned more than once. Make a list of the different pas-sages, and then read them carefully through, asking God for His help and blessing.

I should like to talk over with you some of the pretty stories you will find, and hear you say which you like the best. However, by the time you have finished reading, I think you will quite like Peter, and wish you had seen and known him. It is said that he was crucified, and thus died a martyr for the sake of Jesus—that Jesus, to whom he said—"Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee. I cannot tell whether this was the case, but I know where Peter is *now*. He is "present with the Lord," waiting for what? Ah, dear children, he is waiting

for the bright and glorious things of which we have lately been talking. Yes; he will have a part in them *all*. He will rise from the dead, and enter in through the gates into the city. For him there will be a white robe; a golden harp; a palm and a crown, and his voice will be heard in the new song and the loud hallelujah.

Little children, I have one question to ask you. Do you wish, by-and-by, to see Peter, and to have a part in all his happiness? Then strive and pray to be *like Him now*. If you are brought to sorrow for sin, as Peter did, and if, from the bottom of your heart, you can say with him—"Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee"—then Peter's Redeemer will be your Redeemer, and Peter's heavenly home your dwelling-place for ever.

Oxford. MARY.

[Now, if you are interested in thus tracing out the life of Peter, you will like to read the life of *Paul* in the same way; and then you can turn to the Old Testament, and find the lives of **Joseph, Samson, Daniel, and many more** that will be very interesting.]

THE FOUR GATHERINGS.

TO MRS. C.

THEY are gathering! Where are they gathering?
Close by the river of death;
With the dark-winged angel waiting
For a maiden's passing breath!
Bright seraphs too are hovering,
To bear her to the sky:
Hush! away to heaven's glory
Behold the victor fly!

They are gathering! Where are they gathering?
Within a darkened home;
Where the burning tears are falling,
Where ye hear the stifled moan.

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(Gloved hands must do their bidding,)
They approach the maiden's bed,
And take away the beautiful
To the carriage of the dead.

They are gathering! Where are they gathering?
Around the open grave.
Look up, heart-stricken mother,
There's a "Mighty One" to save!
On earth's maternal bosom
That beauteous form must rest,
But the loved and loving spirit
Lives now among the blest!

They are gathering! Where are they gathering?
Up in a world so bright—
Where a mortal mother's vision
Could not behold the light.
An immortal crown of honour
Encircles Bessie's brow;
Where late ye saw death's shadows
Bright glories settle now.

March 26th, 1853.

INFLUENCE OF A MOTHER'S PRAYER.

In one of our Transatlantic cities, it was my lot to become quainted with one who, although of a fine and highly ltivated mind, was more noted for his strict morality d quiet unobtrusive piety, than even for his mental quali-ations. One evening, speaking of a mother's influence, remarked, "I may say that I never knew a mother's ve; and yet, I may say, under Providence, I thank my other for having preserved me from many temptations." said, the remark seemed so singular, that it needed an planation; to which he replied, "I will tell you what I ean. I was deprived of my mother when very young,— young, that I retain but a very dim recollection of her rsonal appearance; but I never have forgotten how, ery morning and evening, she called me to her side, and,

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son than he knew of his mother, for he had been in the habit of writing letters to his parents very often; but as neither of them could write, and their kind Missionary had died, few letters reached Robert from his cabin home. There had been a sort of link, however, between Robert and his mother and father, which was firm and strong, for he had been taught, from his earliest days, to pray for them—yet all his fond recollections were of his adopted home, and Mr. and Mrs. Dare—and he loved them far better than any other friends.

Judith was to remain in England many months—so it was arranged that she should often walk to Mr. Dare's with her young charge; and many a nice walk did the negro mother and her son take in the woods and by the river's side, and often did young Robert wish to ask his mother what she thought of eternal things, but had not the courage.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

THE BEGINNING OF STRIFE.

"One frosty morning," says a lady, "I was looking out of the window into my father's barn-yard, where stood many cows, oxen, and horses, waiting to drink. They stood all very still and meek, till one of the red mothers, in attempting to turn round, happened to hit her next neighbour—when the neighbour kicked and hurt another! In five minutes the whole herd were kicking each other with fury. My mother laughed and said, 'See what comes of kicking when you are hit.' One cross word may set a whole family wrong, some frosty morning."

Let the first lesson be prompt obedience, unconditional submission to the will of the mother and father.

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SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHERS.

SOWING AND REAPING.

"No labour is hard, no time is long, wherein the glory of eternity is the mark we level at."

How earnestly does the faithful Sabbath-school teacher ounsel her departing pupil, just about to enter the home a stranger as a young servant. How anxiously and olemnly does she warn her of the deceitfulness of sin, and ie enemies to her everlasting peace that she will find ithin and around her! And when the parting token presented, and the "farewell" is spoken amidst the tears f the teacher and child, how is the young adventurer on fe's voyage warned to meet her teacher at the end of the ay, prepared to enter into the city of the just made erfect!

And so with the laborious teacher of the boys' depart- ient. How does he add caution to caution, when he is bout thus to lose one of his class! How fervently does he arn him of the snares laid for the young among the ranks f the sons of men!—(very often from his own painful ex- erience). He tells him of the sophistry of the sceptic and he infidel,—urging him to study and hold on by the good ord of life! For the encouragement of those self-denying abourers in the Lord's vineyard, we will give two extracts f letters from "Old Sabbath-school Children." One ritten to ourselves, and another we have just read:—

"My dear Teacher,—I hope you will pardon me for riting to you. Mine will be but a poor letter; but I think, if ou would be so good as to write to me a line sometimes, it would elp me to keep the resolutions I made when I left the Sabbath chool. I find great temptations around me, to try and make ne depart from the good things I learned in my class, particularly o break the Sabbath day; but when I go to bed, I often think what the END will be! O how glad I should be again to sit on

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[illegible] by you, even among little children. I feel, more than ever, that Sabbath-school teachers are our best friends—I mean, of the young. The remembrance of all you taught me and told me has kept me from many a snare. Pray for me, my dear teacher, that I may 'live *to* God and *for* God,' as you used to say, and meet you at last in Heaven.

"Your grateful old scholar,

"HANNAH."

Another Sabbath scholar, who some months ago was engaged in a large warehouse in London, writes as follows regarding the companions into whose society he is thrown:—

"How few there are among them," he says, "who read *the* Bible on Sabbath, much less during the week! There are one or two in the house who scoff at the name of religion, and absolutely deny the being of a God! But how happy am I to inform you that a few true Christians are among us. We assemble ourselves in a private room, to thank our God for all His goodness to us, undeserving and sinful as we are. Wednesday evenings are our nights for meeting thus, and we all try to attend. Last night, only six of us met; but our meetings are always very interesting, and I hope very beneficial to us. We commence by singing a hymn, then pray, then read a chapter, and conclude with prayer."

"Old Scholars"—READ and ACT! One more interesting fact from the lips of one of the party:—Six Sabbath-school boys resolved to hold a "little prayer-meeting" in a wood near the town in which they resided. This they continued once a week, at six o'clock in the morning. All became Sabbath-school teachers in the various localities in which Providence placed them; *three* became MISSIONARIES to the heathen; *two* died happily; and one lives to preach of the unsearchable riches of Christ at home. Sabbath-school boys, get up EARLY to pray for yourselves and your teachers. Teachers! work on, ye shall reap when the angels come at the command of the Eternal.

"As thou directest the power, harm or advantage will follow.
The torrent that swept the valley may be led to turn a mill."

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PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.—No. II.

THE ORPHAN.

"Tell them I die happy."

About an hour after Annie had been told of her danger she said, "I do not fear death; I am rather distressed at the thoughts of leaving my dear brothers and sister."

On the Sabbath afternoon she was much oppressed with bodily suffering, but assured us the fear of death was *gone;* and her soul was safe in the Saviour's hands. "What a comfort, dear Annie," said a friend, "that you have not mercy to seek." "I could not have done it *now,*" was the reply. "And you would tell those with whom you have been associated not to delay this *all-important* work?" "Oh yes, I am sure I would."

On that evening she took an affectionate leave of her sister and brothers, believing herself dying. After they had left the room an ecstacy of joy seemed to fill her mind, and she said, "They will meet me in heaven." Those around her *heard* her speak and *saw* her look as it would be difficult to describe, for beams of glory lighted up her spirit. Absent friends were remembered, and particularly her minister. "Tell them," she exclaimed, "tell them I die happy! My Saviour must be with me! How precious He is! Oh! how happy I feel—I could go *this moment.*" Presently she said, "I should like to live till the morning; I should then be able to speak to some of my companions —perhaps it might do them good." The wish was granted.

On the Monday morning she was much revived, and requested her books, drawings, and other little things to be brought, as she wished to give them away. One after another of her companions came into the room. *What* words were spoken! *What* exhortations given! These will, we trust, be treasured up in their remembrance. All were entreated to love the Saviour, and charged to meet her

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in Heaven. The following morning she said, "I began to feel a few doubts, but these lines came into my mind—

'Shudder not to pass the stream,
Venture all thy hopes on Him;
Him whose dying love and power
Stilled its tossing, hushed its war:
Not one object of His care
Ever suffered shipwreck there!'

—and they passed away." From that day to her closing one on earth, her mind appeared in a delightful state of *repose*. It was a privilege of no common order, during these intervening days, to receive her grateful smile, when short portions of God's word were read, and such hymns as that of Cowper—

"To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;"

or of Toplady, "When languor and disease invade."

It was asked, "Dear Annie, your thoughts are often in Heaven?" "Yes," she replied, "I often think who I shall see there,—Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; but how sweet it will be to sit at His footstool!" Patience had its perfect work, and faith was now to be turned to sight. The mortal conflict was severe for a few hours, during which she frequently ejaculated, "Take me! take me! Jesus, take me! Oh! come quickly!" The prayer was heard. A short time before death, suffering seemed almost to cease; then there were a few deep breathings, and all was still; so happy, so easy. Of such believers it is true—

"One gentle sigh their fetters breaks,
We scarce can say they're gone,—
Before the happy spirit takes
Its station near the throne!"

E. B.

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MATERNAL INSTINCT.

INSTINCT is restricted to the earth, and is that impulse ithout reasoning which determines, in an invariable man- :r, the character, the habits, and the manners of animals ut how many a careless mother might learn a lesson of ıaternal love, and care and watchfulness from animals— es, from birds, and the very insects about our path! low careful are they to provide a comfortable place for ıeir posterity about to appear in the world! How care- ıl—how watchful, when they arrive, is the mother to rotect and to feed them; and when in danger she will hield them, even by risking her own life. We have one r two interesting anecdotes on this subject, which may ıelp us in our maternal duties.

Some men were felling a tree, which proved to be hol- ow, and from which "a flying squirrel" came forth. When he men attempted to capture it, with its usual timidity t ascended the top of one tree, then sailed off to another; ɔut it soon returned with boldness, and while the log was being cut off and split open, it loitered about the feet of :he men, in evident distress, with an occasional piteous ıoise, disregarding all danger, and frequently passing into :he log. When the log was opened, there were its bed and two young ones! The men lifted them out with care, and laid them down beside her. She gathered up one with her paws into a round ball, seized it with her mouth, ascended the same tree, sailed off as before to another, safely depo- siting the young one in its new home, and returned for the other. When both were safely housed, she seemed to lose the power of calculation, for she came back, examined the place carefully, but finding no more of her little ones, she bent her steps in the direction of her new home, and returned no more—finding, doubtless, too much occupation in the society of the little creatures she had risked her life to save, to be amused at a distance from them!

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Another very curious anecdote has been sent us by a friend. A gentleman, it is said, walking in a wood, was attracted by a bird flying quickly between two trees, from the one to the other continually. Presently he observed the nest of the little bird in one tree, and that she flew to the other to pluck leaves from it, which she carefully laid round the edge of her nest. This made him curious to watch. The bird was so diligent, that until its nest was surrounded, she would not wait even to feed her young. Presently he observed a large snake approach the nest to seize the offspring of that anxious mother; but directly it touched the leaves round the nest, it drew back, and immediately left the nest and the tree! The leaves were said to be poisonous to the snake; and the instinct of the bird led her to surround her nest with them, to preserve her helpless progeny. Be this truth or fable, let us learn something from it.

See the mother's watchfulness. She saw the advances of the enemy, and provided against it. Are you sufficiently watchful that no subtle enemy can draw near your home-nest without meeting your gaze? Are you careful to secure the aid, too, of Zion's "Watchman?" Without this, your watching will be vain; for there are enemies lurking about your nest, so powerful and so crafty, that they will not only disturb your nest, and destroy the little inhabitants, but will also allure and deceive *you* if you stand *alone*. Much need have you of the exhortation,—"Watch and pray." You may have help if you seek it. If you refuse the offered aid, how will you feel when the day arrives in which you will find the door of mercy "shut" against you and your children? And hearing the judge say, "Ye would not come to me," you will surely exclaim, in bitterness and remorse, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, but we are not saved!"

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THE PRIMITIVE CHURCH.—No. IV.

GETTING INSIDE IN TIME.

The first Sabbath we ever spent among Scotia's glens and lakes was a lovely one, and on the morning of the sacred day we felt as we had never felt before. The sun was chasing away the mist from the mountain side, and, as it rose higher and higher, revealed the mighty mass in all its noble outlines, dotted with light and shade; the very wind seemed hushed, and nature joined with man to proclaim it a day of rest!

When we entered our little parlour, our hostess came curtseying into the room to know if her daughter and son-in-law might be permitted to join in our family devotions; they had come over to be present at the morning service, which was to be held in our primitive church. Having signified our cheerful consent, they all came in—the old man and his wife, with the young couple, all neatly dressed. Having read a portion of Scripture, we spoke a few words upon the privileges of the Sabbath, and how it was the Lord's day and not ours; that it was not only our duty to abstain from all unlawful work, but to attempt the higher and more difficult part of bringing our thoughts and words into conformity with God's most holy commands; that acceptable worship did not consist in outward forms and ceremonies, but in the surrender of the heart to God—in the enjoyment of the witness of His Spirit with ours that we are born again; and after an exhortation to make the attempt *now*, we all knelt down and prayed.

Our breakfast was brought in—the young woman doing the duty for her mother; and, certainly, we never partook of a breakfast with greater delight—the new-laid eggs, the fresh butter, and the home-made bread were quite to our taste, and we were altogether so happy, that we exclaimed, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits!"

We now took our Bible, and spent the interval before

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public service in meditating on its inspired truths. What a blessing to man is a revelation from God! What could he have known without it, of the great things which belong to his everlasting peace? What of the present position of his race? What of its universal tendency to evil? What of its possibility or way of recovery? What of heaven or hell? Blessed be God, we have a sure word of prophecy, unto which we do well to take heed.

The time was now come to start for the assembling of the saints—we knew the road, and how long it would take us to walk; we held it to be a solemn duty, binding upon every man, to be found in his place some minutes before the service begins. It is a truth that God is there, and it is a sinful contempt of this unspeakable blessing to be found absent at the commencement, or hastening with hurry and confusion to your seats after the service is begun, to the great disturbance of the devout worshipper.

As we came near to our primitive church—and it was one of the most plain and simple buildings we had ever seen—we were delighted to observe the people coming from all quarters. There was a little gathering round the door—for porch there was none—to give and receive a Christian greeting, and then they turned quietly in. We followed the stream, and being recognised as strangers, were shown into the only pew. There was a great quietness and seriousness among the people; nor did we observe any of those bland smiles or familiar nods, so common in some congregations—no tittle-tattle, so loud as to be heard all over the place. It was evident they were about a serious work, that they felt they were in the presence of God, and that the great, solemn truth, "Thou, God, seest me," had fast hold of their minds; we candidly own our whole soul was in sympathy with the delightful feeling. Many a warm and fervent prayer shot away to heaven, and doubtless there were many hearts anxious for a blessing upon the services of the day.

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As soon as the tinkling of the little bell had ceased, the minister made his appearance, and the holy man went with a steady, sober pace—not a skip and jump!—to the pulpit, which he seemed to enter with a deep consciousness of the solemn responsibility resting upon him. It appeared as if the words of the prophet had got hold of his mind, "When I say unto the wicked thou shalt surely die, and thou givest him not warning, nor speakest to warn the wicked from his wicked way to save his life, the same wicked man shall die in his iniquity, but his blood will I require at thy hands."

Here we must stay our narrative, for the service which followed was far too important to be crowded at the heel of a paper already its full dimensions; we would just ask, —Are you ready for worshipping God in this *heavenly* temple? You may soon be called to meet Him. Will you meet Him as an enemy or a friend?"

M. B.

THE YOUNG MOTHER'S PAGE.

"Give him not all his desire; so shalt thou strengthen him in hope: Neither stop with indulgence the fountain of his tears; so shall he fear thy firmness."

MY DEAR MADAM,—My little boy was playing this morning in the garden, when he threw his ball beyond his reach on one of the beds. Knowing he must not go on the plants after it, he appealed to me for help. I found a stick, with which I thought I could reach it. He wished, however, to do it all himself, and as he was not allowed, he threw himself into a passion, which obliged me finally to take him up stairs, undress him, and put him to bed. When there, he continued crying, and, after leaving him awhile, I returned and exhorted him to be a good boy. He replied, "I don't know how, mamma! I can't be good; I don't know how," said he again, sobbing. I told him God would make him good, if he asked Him. But he still persisted that he did not know how to be good; by which I perceived that he meant he had not power to stop his tears. I therefore asked

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him if he wished to be good; and, on his saying "Yes," I told him, if he would try to leave off crying, I would read him a hymn. I then read one or two, during which he was very quiet, and asked sundry questions. Then I read the hymn beginning, "Lo, at noon 'tis sudden night." He heard it very attentively, requesting an explanation. I endeavoured, as well as I could, to give him some idea of the sufferings of Jesus, and of the Father's displeasure against those who inflicted them;—of His having undergone and permitted all this in order that we might be saved;—and how Jesus had been punished, in order that we might not be punished. I reminded him of his naughtiness in the garden, and showed him that naughty children could never go to heaven, if Jesus had not died to save men from punishment; but that now every little child who goes to God, and asks to be forgiven, and is sorry for being naughty, may be forgiven—because Jesus has "borne the punishment instead."

Willie looked very thoughtful, and lay very quiet, his little cheeks still burning from the recent storm, and the tears still standing on his face. "But, mamma," he said, after a while, lifting himself up a little, and looking at me, "mamma, you do whip me *sometimes!*" I hardly knew, at first, how to answer this appeal. I had once before half fancied that some idea of the kind had crossed his mind, for he had said to me one morning in bed (in reference to a hymn I had repeated, containing these words, "So out of pity Jesus said, He would bear the punishment instead"), "Mamma, was Jesus punished that little boys might *not* be punished?" I had not then entered into the subject; but now I felt I must attempt to do so. I therefore told him that it is not in this world that God punishes the wicked, but when people die, if they are naughty, they will be punished, but that Jesus died to bear this punishment for them; and all who come to God and ask Him to forgive them because Jesus died, may be forgiven, and not punished when they die; but God did not mean that they should not be punished if they are naughty, while they are alive; and that God has commanded fathers and mothers to punish children who do wrong, in order to try to keep them from being naughty, and in order to help to make them good. I asked Willie if he thought he could understand what I had said, and he replied, "Yes." So I left him; and, coming in a few minutes after, found him sleeping tranquilly.

E. G.

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THE BIBLE.

MOTHER! are you thankful for a cheap Bible? And are you careful to procure one for your son and your daughter, when they leave your roof, to go forth into the wide, wide world? Ah, many a mother has placed a Bible in her boy's chest, when packing his articles of clothing for him, ere he bade her a long farewell; and this same blessed book has been valued and read, for her sake, when she has gone to her home in the "better land," and he has resolved, when reading its pages, to follow the example of his praying mother. There will be many a tale told in heaven of Bibles given to sons by good mothers! Now, when you place this best of books in your boy's trunk, copy the following verses, and place between the leaves; and, if you cannot write, put this number of *The Mothers' Friend* in it. You can spare just a penny for a matter of so much importance.

A MOTHER'S BEST GIFT.

"Remember, love, who gave thee this,
When other days shall come;
When she who had thy earliest kiss
Sleeps in her narrow home:
Remember, 'twas a mother gave
The gift to one she'd die to save.

"That mother sought a pledge of love,
The holiest for her son;
And from the gifts of God above
She chose a goodly one:
She chose for her beloved boy
The Source of light, and life, and joy.

"She bade him keep the gift, that when
The parting hour should come,
They might have hope to meet again
In an eternal home.
She said his faith in that would be
Sweet incense to her memory.

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"And should the scoffer, in his pride,
Laugh that pure faith to scorn,
And bid him cast the pledge aside
That he from youth had borne;
She bade him pause, and ask his breast
If he or she had loved him best?

"A mother's blessing on her son
Goes with this holy thing:
The love that would retain the one,
Must to the other cling.
Remember! 'tis no idle toy;
A MOTHER'S GIFT! REMEMBER, BOY!"

WALTER FURGESON.

LITTLE ROBBIE GOING HOME.

THE death-scene I am about to describe (says the gentleman who writes) is not of a ripe Christian, but of a little boy under four years old. It was such a scene of wonder and pleasure to me, that I would fain have all the Sunday-school children in the land acquainted with it.

A few nights ago, just as I was going to bed, a lady came in and asked me to go to a neighbour's house and see "Little Robbie," who was dying. Her statement of the strange scene induced me to go. Just before I went in he had several times called, "Come, children, come!" and I found that all the little ones in the house, who had gone to bed, had been brought into his chamber by his parents to take a last farewell. He called *each one by name*—one by one he kissed them. O, it was a sight of great tenderness, and one of many tears. One of his brothers was absent at school, and him he did not call as he did the rest, but said, "Tell Willie come!" After the children retired to bed again, he repeated again and again the call—"Come, children, come! Come, children, come!" And when his parents would inquire "Where, Robbie?" he would answer, "To

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HEAVEN!" Then he would say, as he lay on his back with his eyes fixed on the ceiling, "Please God, take Robbie;" God, please take Robbie!" These expressions were continually interspersed with "Pa come, Ma come to Heaven; come, children, come to Heaven!"

For three or four hours he lay thus gazing intently upward as though he was looking into Heaven, and almost incessantly, during that time, uttering these expressions in an audible and almost ringing tone. Once he asked for a white rose—"Please, Ma, get Robbie a white rose." A red one was brought, being the most convenient. When it was brought he rejected it, saying, "No, Ma, Robbie don't want that." After awhile he asked again for a white rose. When it was brought he said, "Let me smell it. That will do, Ma; put it away now." There was but little intermission, during the last few hours of his life, of the above remarkable expressions; so he must have uttered them scores, perhaps hundreds of times. At one time, as I stood over him, gazing with wonder on him, I recited the hymn :—

"There is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day."

He ceased speaking and listened, showing that the subject agreed with and filled up his thoughts; but as soon as I had done he began again, "Please God, take Robbie to Heaven." Again he was silent during most of the time that prayer was offered by his bedside. The last words he spoke were almost inaudible, a mere whisper—"Come, children, come." He had not breath to utter the last word, and the fluttering spark of life went out.

Many may inquire, what was this child's character in life? Without being a very precocious child, he was thoughtful and observing. He seemed to have an intense love of flowers. He delighted greatly in music. He was

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a pattern of neatness and cleanliness. For some weeks before he became sick, he showed a remarkably unselfish disposition. A spirit of meekness, gentleness, and kindness showed itself continually. Some one teased him just before his last sickness about his fondness for tin trumpets, of which he had several. "Never mind," said he, "God will give Robbie wings pretty soon, and me fly to Heaven and blow my music there." Perhaps we may infer from this that his heart was being prepared for what we saw and heard on his death-bed. It did seem to us as if the Spirit of God had somehow fitted him for Heaven, and opened his spiritual sight to behold the bliss and glory to which he was approaching.

The chamber where Robbie died seems now a hallowed spot. One of the children well expressed this awhile after death. "Ma," said she, "I was always afraid of a dead person, but there seemed to be a glory about him." The whole scene is indelibly impressed on the memory of all who were present—a scene that should startle the sinner—confound the infidel—and delight the Christian.

Mother! have you a Robbie, a Willie, a Mary, or a Lizzie, folded in the Great Shepherd's arms up yonder? Listen to the sweet voice speaking to you. What does it say? "Mother! Father! come to Heaven; come to Heaven!"

GOOD SEED SPRINGING UP AFTER MANY DAYS.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

MADAM,—The following extracts from a very interesting work, entitled "Memoirs of Robert and Alexander Haldane," may not be deemed unsuitable for the pages of *The Mothers' Friend*, as exhibiting the value of a pious mother's prayers and example.

"My mother's instructions," says her youngest son, in a memorandum found amongst his papers, "were so far useful, that even when she was not present I made a conscience

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of prayer. What she said concerning sin and punishment, also produced a considerable impression on my mind. I was desirous of avoiding sin, yet frequently committed those sins to which children are particularly exposed. I well knew that this was wrong, and having been told that infants would go to heaven, I regretted that I had not died before I had sense to discern what was wrong."

He proceeds:—"My mother died when I was very young—I believe under six; yet I am convinced that the early impression made on my mind by her care was never entirely effaced; and to this, as an eminent means in the hand of God, I impute my serious thoughts, which in the midst of my folly would sometimes intrude upon my mind, as well as that still small voice, which afterwards led me to see that all below was vanity, without an interest in that inheritance which can never fade away." He adds:—"I mention this more particularly, because it may lead Christian parents to sow in hope the seed of Divine truth in the minds of their children, and may prevent their considering their efforts unavailing, even where the things which they have taught seem to have been uttered in vain. No means of grace is, I apprehend, more—perhaps, none is so much countenanced of God, as early religious instruction."

The instructions of this devoted mother were not weakened or counteracted, as often happens, by apparent inconsistency. Her life was a life of practical godliness, and of cheerful trust in the Saviour. Often, when she had seen her children in bed, and supposed that they were asleep, she was overheard by them on her knees by their bedside, earnestly praying that the Lord would be pleased to guide them through that world, which she felt that she was herself soon to leave; that their lives might be devoted to His service upon earth; and, finally, that they might be brought to His everlasting kingdom.

She died of an attack of illness commencing with a cold. Her medical attendant, Dr. Willison, although himself an avowed unbeliever, emphatically declared that such a death-bed was enough to make one in love with death. Shortly before she died, she was asked if she would like once more to see her children, but she declined, saying, that it would only agitate her; that she had been enabled implicitly to surrender them into the hands of God, and she would rather leave them there. Her faith was strong, not only for herself, but for them; and that faith was not disappointed.

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For a long time after their mother's death, both the brothers were much solemnized by a sense of the importance of those things which she had so earnestly inculcated; but whatever appearances of seriousness continued for some years, they were not enduring, which is discovered by several extracts from the manuscript already quoted. "Till I was twelve years old," the writer says, "I continued to pray, go to church, and read my Bible on the Sabbath, but it was only from a principle of duty. I was well pleased if anything occurred which seemed a sufficient excuse to myself for staying at home on the Lord's day. Sometimes I had serious thoughts and pleasure in prayer: this always puffed me up.... but to show how much I considered prayer a task, if I had bowed my knee in such a frame as this before supper, I considered it unnecessary to pray again when I went to bed.... From about thirteen to sixteen I became more careless, often spending the Sabbath evenings in idle conversation, and I was pleased to find my conscience less and less scrupulous. I began also to swear; and except a form of prayer, which I still kept up, every serious idea seemed to have fled."

Are we then to suppose that the instructions of his sainted mother had not fallen like the good seed into good ground? Had her prayers been offered in vain? Had the confidence of that faith, which burned so bright in the hour of her departure, been, on behalf of her children, a vain trust in the promises of the Gospel? Had she miscalculated the meaning of those declarations made on behalf of the offspring of believing, prayerful, and persevering parents? It will be seen that the blossoms of early piety had nearly disappeared,—that they had proved like the early cloud and the morning dew. But yet the faithful labours of the trustful mother had not been in vain. Her prayers had ascended before the mercy-seat, "perfumed with much incense," and were registered in heaven. The good seed was only buried, not lost; and, by-and-by, after a long winter, it was destined to spring up in "the power of an endless life," instinct with blessings for her children, and her children's children; nay, for thousands who were to receive the Gospel from their voice, or from their writings.

Believe me, dear Madam,

Sincerely yours,

May 3, 1853. R. M. M.

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THE TWO MISTAKES.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

My dear Madam,—Finding your widely circulated little ork knows no respect of persons, I venture to send you two tle circumstances relative to my own history; but whether ey will be found worthy to occupy a place in your valuable agazine must be left to your own judgment.

I am one of a numerous family, and when a little boy—just pable of minding cows and so on—returning home one night ith my father and elder brother, we found my mother and ters very busy preparing for baking. My mother had just scovered that she had not so much flour as she needed; my ork not being considered so laborious as my elder brother's, I as selected to run to the mill, the distance of about three arters of a mile. It being rather dark, and I a little timid, I quested the company of a younger brother; this was refused, d I was ordered off immediately. Passing through the gate, stood making a noise in the hope that my young brother ould be sent out to accompany me. The door soon opened, t, instead of my brother, I saw my mother with a stick, with ich she beat me, and threatened to beat me more severely, if lid not soon return.

I now began to feel sorry I had given my mother so much uble, and, losing all my fears, I ran as fast as I could, obtained flour, and returned with all speed. Pride then took the ace of fear, and I began to reason thus with myself—"Mother ll be sure to call me a good boy for going so quick, and I shall sure to have a cake from the oven!" But when I opened the or, the first glance of my mother's eye plainly told me she had t forgiven me, and her words soon confirmed her looks; for ad scarcely entered when I heard the heart-rending words—Take off your shoes, Sir, and go to bed supperless."

I have not written this, dear madam, out of any disrespect my mother, but to show that the best of mothers may some-es make a mistake. My mother was a good, kind mother, t I often think if *The Mothers' Friend* had been in circu-ion then, we should have been a much happier family.—t old times are passed away, my mother has long been in aven, I am become a father, and am liable to make mistakes , as I will tell you.

One Sunday morning, a little time since, my eldest daughter s repeating to me a piece she had learned from her magazine,

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"The Wind in a Frolic;"—coming to that part where the wind reached the cattle, she made use of the word "familiar" instead of "unusual." I corrected her;—she replied, "I just learned it from Eliza's book, father, and it was so there." I told her that could not be; she said,—"It was, indeed, father." I again told her she must be wrong; she was about to confirm what she had said, but I rather sternly bade her be silent, assuring her I knew better.

Going to school she called for her companion Eliza, and borrowed her book; and when I overtook them my little girl looked at me with a countenance of innocence and fear, and held up the book, saying—"Look here, father." I at once saw I was wrong—my conscience smote me, I confessed my fault, and asked my child's pardon, which was readily and cheerfully granted. Thus I have told my tale in as few words as I could, hoping some mother or father may be benefited thereby.

C. D., *a Father.*

[Fathers and mothers need wisdom. Ask it from heaven.—Ed.]

GOING HOME ON SATURDAY NIGHT.

Thinks I, how nice to have a house of my own! no matter how little, provided it will hold two or so; no matter how humbly furnished, provided there is hope in it; let the wind blow—close the curtains—what if they are calico, or plain white, without tassel, or any such thing? Let the rains come down—heap up the fire—no matter if you have not a candle, for the light from beautiful glowing coals sheds a sunset through the room, just enough to talk by—not loud, as in the highways—not rapid, as in the hurrying world—but softly, slowly; whispering, with pauses between, for the storm without and the thoughts within to fill up. Then wheel the sofa round before the fire—no matter if the sofa is a settee uncushioned, if so be it is just long enough for two, or say three. How sweetly the music of silver bells from the time to come falls on the listening heart then! How mournfully swells the chime of the days that are no more!

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FFECTS OF EARLY TEACHING ON A ROBBER.

During the absence of Mr. James Montgomery at public
›rship, one Lord's day, some robbers entered his house at
ıeffield, and stole, among other articles, a silver inkstand,
ıich had been presented to him by the ladies of that
wn. The loss, however, was but for a time—"And,"
marked Mr. Montgomery, "proved the occasion of the
eatest compliment I ever had paid me. A few days
ter my loss, a box came directed to me—I opened it, and
! there was, uninjured, the missing inkstand! and a
›te, in which the writer expressed his regret that he had
ıtered my house and taken it. The thief said, his mother
ıd taught him some of my verses when he was a boy,
ıd on seeing my name on the inkstand he first became
vare whose house he had robbed, and was so stung with
morse that he could not rest until he had restored my
·operty, hoping God would forgive him."—Mother,
ach on! M. L. E.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE FACE.

The expression of the face is a beautiful distinction of
umanity. We are little aware of the influence which it
›nstantly exerts. If the dumb animal, on whom man too
ften exercises his cruelty—if the horse or the dog, when
ıffering from the violence of man—could turn upon him
ith a human look of indignation or appeal, could any one
:sist the power of the mute expostulation? How extra-
rdinary, too, the difference of expression in the human
ıce, by which the recognition of personal identity is
ecured! On this small surface are depicted such
arious traits, that among the millions of inhabitants
n the earth, no two have the same lineaments of face.
What dire confusion would ensue if all countenances were
like! If parents did not recognise their children! the

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friend his friend! But now we can point to our beloved ones among the multitudes of the assembled universe! How wise the great Maker of All! How good! God is love!

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

PREPARING JEWELS FOR SETTING.

The lapidary employs more than one instrument in preparing the gem for its final setting. They are kept in the work-house, and are continual neighbours to the instruments, often coming under them till made quite ready. The Church is God's jewelry—His work-house; and the Christian passes from one process of refinement to another, polishing for His house and palace.

FORGIVENESS.

Forgive thy foes—nor that alone,—
Their evil deeds with good repay;
Fill those with joy who leave thee none,
And kiss the hand upraised to slay.

So does the fragrant sandal bow
In meek forgiveness to its doom;
And o'er the axe, at every blow,
Sheds in abundance rich perfume.

BISHOP HORNE'S REMARK ON THE CONVERSION OF THE ETHIOPIAN EUNUCH.—(ACTS VIII. 27, 39.)

"How will this illustrious Ethiopian rise up in judgment against those Christians, who in hours of domestic ease and tranquillity never open a Bible, when he did not even travel in his chariot without one. A nobleman thus employed was an object that engaged the attention of Heaven, and an Evangelist was sent to sow the seed of eternal life in a ground so well prepared."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Home Thoughts. A Cheap Magazine for the Family. Kent, Paternoster Row.

As far as we have seen the numbers they bid fair to be useful.

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DEAD LITTLE ONES.

MOTHER, when you had your sweet babe put into your arms, did you think it was given to you? Did you? Ah, you made a mistake; it was only LENT, not given. Has the bountiful Giver taken it back again, and placed it up among the shining multitude? Has He? Well, we have some there also; so we will step aside into a shady path, and together converse of our folded lambs.

They look very lovely up there, in their beauty, bounding over the celestial hills and down the golden streets by the river of life, do they not? "Yes; but they were lovely down here too!" To be sure they were; did ever mother take her first and last kiss of a babe a day old without thinking it beautiful?—NEVER.

Our path led us on where we could look upon dying and dead babies, at a season of great mortality among these little ones. Oh, how beautiful and unearthly they looked, laid down in their silence, with folded hands upon the quiet little breast! They looked like chiseled marble, only more perfect than mortal hands could form it. A friend remarked, "It is well with the babe." We thought of the lines by a mother who had suffered, and we said—

"Is it well with the child?" and she answered, "'Tis well."
But I gazed on the mother who spake,
For the tremulous tear, as it sprang from its cell,
Bade a doubt in my bosom awake.
And I marked that the bloom from her features had fled,
So late in their loveliness rare,
And the hue of the watcher, who bends o'er the dead,
Was gathering in pensiveness there!

"Is it well with the child?" and she answered, "'Tis well!"
I remembered its beauty and grace,
When the tones of its laughter did tunefully swell
In affection's delighted embrace;

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And through their long lash, as it rose from its sleep,
Its eyes beamed a rapturous ray,
And I wondered that silence should settle so deep
O'er the home of a being so gay!

"Is it well with the child?" and she answered, "'Tis well.
It has tasted of sickness and pain;
Of the pang, and the groan, and the gasp it might tell,
But it *never* shall suffer again!
In my dreams, as an angel it stands by my side,
In the garments of glory and love;
And I hear its glad lays to the Saviour who died,
'Mid the choir of the blessed above!"

While standing amidst those scenes of sorrow we heard friends say—"Ah, it is well the dear babe is gone out of this troublesome world; it is better off." To be sure it is "better off;" altogether better; and, by-and-by, when cares and sorrows press heavily upon us, we shall rejoice that at least *some* of our lambs are safely housed; but we must feel for the weeping, bereaved mothers! Grim Death comes sometimes in such a rude and rough way—*snatching* the little, gentle things with his cold, grasping hand, that the friend looking on must have a heart of flint, or none at all, who does not feel for the heart-stricken mother. We try to comfort her, and she smiles through her tears, while we remind her of the fact that her precious nursling is taken away in the purity of its infancy, before sin had marred the symmetry of its moral nature, and she tries to say, "It is well," as we tell her of all the every-day sorrows and cares, and snares and tears, her cherished little one has now for ever escaped.

And when the first wild throb is felt
Of anguish and despair,
She lifts her eye of faith to heaven,
And thinks, "My child is there!"
This best can dry the gushing tears,
This give the heart relief,
Until the Christian's pious hope
O'ercomes the mother's grief.

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Maternal affection must weep, and Jesus will not frown upon her tears. No, no; we know from His character that He feels for bereaved mothers. He felt for the widowed mother, carrying out her only son from the gates of the walled city, and called him back to present him to his mother. He felt for the mother and the father of the dead maiden, and allowed them to stand by His side while He commanded her to return to their embrace; and He feels for you now, weeping mother. He will not, indeed, stand by your side at the grave, as He did by Mary and Martha, and call forth your precious one to live and die again in this lower world; but the day shall come when you shall behold it, clad in the habiliments of immortality, among the lambs of the flock. Amidst the hallelujahs of all heaven, you shall hear the sweet soft voices of the little ones, pouring out joy and gladness, and love and gratitude to Him who has loved and washed them in His blood. The hosannas of the infant choir in the Eternal Temple shall echo and re-echo amidst its arches, sweetly and harmoniously; and *you*—yes, *you, mother*, shall hear it! Will you be *there* to join them?

We, one day, observed a shepherd trying to induce one of his flock to follow him with her lamb. He put his crook round her leg very gently, and called to her, and his dog came barking around at his master's command; but no, she *would* go on nibble, nibble at the green grass, heedless of the wishes of the shepherd. At length, after some patient waiting, *he took up her lamb* and walked up the field, clasping the tender creature in his arms against his breast. Ah, *then* the mother followed! No more green grass for her! She bounded away after the shepherd who carried her lamb—away towards the fold, needing neither crook nor dog to quicken her speed!

Mother! The great and good Shepherd has taken up your lamb. Perhaps you did not heed His call or His crook while your lamb was near you. You bowed your

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head towards the earth; but now you are looking up! The sky has more charms than the green earth now! Is it so? Pious mother! your beautiful flower could not live in this cold, chilly atmosphere—it was blighted down here; but it is unfolding in fragrance now, beneath the beams of the Sun of Righteousness.

May, 1853.

CALL OF THE KNELL!

ANOTHER knell! "Come—come—come."
What anguish will that sound impart
To the sad mother's riven heart!
It calls her forth, to bring her dead
To its last dark and grassy bed.
In accents wild the mother cried,
"My babe, for thee I would have died!"
No mother, no, this may not be,
There's mercy in the sound for thee—
"Come—come—come."

Oh, dismal knell! "Come—come—come."
The Shepherd folds thy lamb on high,
To tempt thy footsteps to the sky.
"No, no, I cannot spare my child,"
Was uttered still in accents wild.
The stricken mother bent to press
The babe who now felt no caress—
"My child, my child, oh! may I rest,
Ere long, down in thy grassy nest."
"Come—come—come."

Mother, list! "Come—come—come.
When I sojourned a babe below,
Nought could I then of Jesus know!
But I live still—enthroned above,
And much I learn of heavenly love.
Mother, did you behold me die?
Did you hear my last, my plaintive cry?
Your earth-bound eyes could not behold
Angels, with my bright crown of gold,
Saying, 'Come—come—come.'

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"Stop the knell's 'Come—come—come.'
Saw you my young spirit fly
To my home above the sky?
I no more your care require,
I can sweep a seraph's lyre.
Dearest mother! now I rest
On my Shepherd's loving breast.
Your infant boy
Now sings with joy,
With voice and lyre,
And spirit's fire,
Of Him who died—
The crucified!
Mother! I am for ever blest;
Come! oh, come with me to rest.
'Come—come—come.'"

May, 1853.

A PAGE FOR FATHERS.

THE TWO EVENINGS.

A THIN, pale, sorrowful-looking woman was sitting by a lim candle and a few embers, in a neat but very scantily urnished cottage. Beside her sat a little girl, about eight ears of age, who, like the mother, looked half-fed, half-lothed, and very anxious. Mrs. Waymark cast a loving but despairing glance towards the child, saying, "Polly, lear, you had better go to bed; you will feel very tired for your long walk to school to-morrow, if you do not, for it is getting very late." "I do not feel tired, mother," replied the gentle child, "and you will be so melancholy here all alone, if I go to bed; and I am afraid you will cry too, like you did last Saturday, when I left you all by yourself. I saw your eyes red, when you came to put my Sunday clothes all ready for me on the chair; but you did not know I saw you. I could not go to sleep for thinking of father; and I know, if I went to bed now, I should not go to sleep, bu[t]

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only listen for him. Oh, how I do wish he would stay at home on evenings, like Jane May's father. Don't you think he will come soon, mother?" "I hope so, dear, for I am very tired by ironing so long, and the walk with the clothes to the great house." "Hark, mother! I do think I hear father's voice out in the lane; shall I open the door?" "No, dear, we will wait a bit; father don't like any one to see our door open at night, nor our pale faces either, he says." "Don't he, mother? Oh dear, how my heart beats up to my chin; teacher says, the doctor ought to listen to it, mother."

Just then, a heavy shoe kicked the door, and Polly ran behind her mother, sadly frightened. "Can't you open the door quicker?" said the rough voice of a stout man; "sleeping sound enough, I'll be bound." "No, father," said the gentle, delicate child, "we were talking." "What business have you up this time of night, I should like to know. Be out of my way at once, or I'll make you fly."

The child walked towards the stairs, looking more dead than alive; and as she passed her father, she glanced round at his bloated face, saying, "Oh, father, my heart beats so." "I'll make it beat more," said the excited man, and stretching forward to give the little creature a blow, he overbalanced himself, and fell upon her just as she reached the sharp edge of an iron box in which she kept her little books.

The bewildered mother flew to the spot, exclaiming, "Oh, Thomas, you have killed our dear child!" The intoxicated man struggled to rise, and as he did so, the death-like face of poor little Polly appeared to the agonised mother, covered with blood. Gently and tenderly she raised the child to her lap, as she sat on the floor, but no sign of life appeared—she had fainted.

Thomas looked horror-stricken, and certainly more sober than he had been for many hours. "Shall I fetch the doctor, Mary?" he asked, in a tone of some anxiety.

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Wait a very little," replied the thoughtful woman, "she , I think, coming to, and I should not like the doctor to e us just as we are now. I have seen her faint before, ɔor dear child, and I am afraid there is something wrong her heart; but where the blood comes from, I cannot ll." "Ah! I understand, Mary," said Waymark, "you ɔn't like the doctor to see me just as I am; and, sure ıough, he would say, there's something wrong about *my* eart, and I am afraid I shall never get right any more. ut there, Mary, 'tis no fault of yours for certain; 'tis all ıy own foolhardiness to be led along by bad company, and ever caring for you nor for my own character." "Well, ell, Thomas, there is no use in going over the past, at ıis hour of deep trouble; let us set things straight, and ıen call the doctor." "I'll go now, Mary," rejoined the usband, in a faltering voice; "I am afraid the poor little hing is dreadfully hurt. Oh! what a fool I have been, to hrow away downright happiness for a drunkard's song! nd now, maybe, the punishment is coming in this life as ell as the next. What shall I say to the doctor, wife? I an walk well enough now—I have had enough to sober ıe." "Just say, Thomas, that we want him to look at ur little Polly; I know he has some fears about her; I ill manage all the rest when he comes."

MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS—DOING GOOD.

Extract from a Letter to the Editor.

My dear Madam,—We regularly meet, as formerly, once fortnight. . . . . It has been noticed that many who sed, when first they attended, to be very irregular, and looked irty and untidy, are now never absent but from illness, either ı their own persons or in their families, and are very neat and lean in their persons, and their countenances have a more leasing and intelligent expression; and from the visitors of the hristian Instruction Society I hear that the Maternal Meetings

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are much prized, and the mothers state that they have derived great spiritual good from attending them.

[Let our friends who conduct these interesting meetings be encouraged; it is not a little matter to help mothers to be "clean and tidy;" but we know of greater things than these—many a poor ignorant mother has been made wise unto salvation through the instrumentality of Maternal Associations.—Ed.]

THE NEGRO MOTHER.—No. V.

"The miserable past was forgotten, as she looked for the happier future."

One day, when Judith and her boy were enjoying one of their pleasant walks, the negro mother remarked:—"I so glad, Robert, to find you just what Massa Missionary said everybody might be, and everybody ought to be." "No, no, mother!" quickly rejoined the lad. "I am not, indeed, as good as you imagine. I feel that I am a great sinner; and I am very often afraid that I shall never reach heaven, where all the inhabitants, and the very place, are all pure: but the only hope I have is, that I shall be washed clean in the precious blood of Jesus Christ, who came to die for sinners: for you know, mother, only those who believe will be saved, and I am afraid that I may make a mistake about the kind of belief I have, because the Bible says that devils believe and tremble: but then I know they do not love, and then I take courage; for I do think I love the dear Saviour."

Saying this, Robert turned away to wipe the tears, so he did not see the surprise manifested in his mother's countenance, at hearing these words from her son. At length she replied:—"Why for you feel 'fraid? You pray—you read—you obey massa and missus—you go church—you no steal—you no tell stories—you no wicked—why den you cry?" "No, no! my dear mother," rejoined Robert, very earnestly; "good works will not do without faith in Christ. You must have a better hope than this,

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or you will be lost! We read of many in the Bible, who thought they were very good, but the Saviour said they were far from the kingdom of heaven; and He told a ruler that we must be born again, before we can go to heaven. Only think, dear mother, how dreadful it would be if you should die, expecting to go to live with the Saviour, and after death to find you had made a mistake. Oh, I hope the Judge will never say to either of us, 'Depart, ye cursed!'"

"No, no! me hope not, Bobby; me try to lub the Saviour like you! Me no lib in white man's house since me piccaninny, and hear teach—teach ebery day—me glad me gib you to good massa—me no understand God's buk like you—me come to you for teach."

Just then they arrived at Mr. Dare's house, and this interesting conversation between the negro mother and her son ended.

THE DARK CLOSET.

EXAMPLE AND PRECEPT.

It was a wet day, and the wind blew cold; little Edmund could not go out; he had no playfellows, and he could not read, so that he found it difficult to amuse himself. His papa also was kept in by the rain, and was writing, while the mother hardly knew what to do to keep her little boy happy. At length she went for a book to the closet, and observing that there was a large empty space under the lower shelf, which extended to the right and left, wider than the door, she said:—"I wonder if you could get into the cupboard; poke your head into one corner, and your feet into the other, and let me shut you in: it will be such fun!" But Edmund did not think it funny at all. He said, "No, no; I can't, I'm afraid."

By this time the father got interested in the adventure, and tried to persuade him; but all Edmund said was, "No, no, I can't." At last mamma said, "I am sure

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papa would get in if he could, and if I asked him." "Yes, I would," said papa. "I shall try myself," said his mother; and she managed to push herself in, and Edmund had no objection to help papa try to shut the door. "A very poor attempt," said papa, laughing; "now get up, and let us shut the door." "No! no! now *I* must get in!" said Edmund, and poked in his little head and body with ease. "Now shall I shut the door?" asked his father: "I will open it when you ask me." "Yes, papa, do."

The door was shut and opened, the little boy came out, and went in again, till his parents were tired, and then he contrived to get in and close the door for himself. "Here is a lesson for us," said the father; "example is better than precept."

Yes, it was a "lesson," useful to ponder over. We say to our children, "Do not be passionate, and selfish, and greedy; do not speak evil of others. My dear, do this," or that; "acquire this habit;" and it is needful to give commands and counsel, and to see them obeyed too. But our stronghold is EXAMPLE. Mother, your child will forget what you command, but he will not forget what he sees you *do*. It is no use saying ever, "My child, you must be holy, truthful, loving, honest," and so on: let the child see that you are yourself all this; that you love Jesus; that you try to love your neighbour as yourself; that you do not place too high a value upon earthly things, and that your great concern is for eternity: then talk to your children of these things, and doubt not that a blessing will follow your words. Your children are God's property; therefore we may apply to you what is said in Scripture:—"Neither as lords over God's heritage, but as being ensamples to the flock." Mother! pray, and strive to *be* what you wish your child to be, and do what you wish him to do. Thus did Jesus, leaving us an example that we should tread in His steps.

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CARE FOR THE OUTCASTS.—No. VI.

'Grievous indeed must be the burden that shall outweigh innocence and health."

A LETTER was sent to inform Mary's parents of her present abode, and never could there be more grateful expressions of thanks forwarded to the Institution. Father, mother, brothers and sisters, all expressed deep gratitude and united wishes that she should be restored to them, or remain in the refuge she had found, at her own discretion. After due consideration, and from the best motives, she wished to remain in the Institution. She hoped time might obliterate many painful scenes from her own and her parents' minds, and that at the appointed time she might be placed among strangers, where she hoped to have an opportunity of proving to her friends that her reformation was sincere.

"Unless I do this," she remarked, "they may look on me with distrust; this would be uncomfortable for us all. I too well know, indeed, I richly deserve it, for my dear mother and friends have loved me, and warned me, and endeavoured to keep me in the path of virtue. I have none to blame for my folly but myself."

After this, Mary seemed to suffer much in mind and body, and a severe illness followed, in which the poison of infidelity seemed to choke up the good seed of the word, which Christian sympathy would administer to her wounded spirit. "If you should die, Mary," she was asked, "what hope have you respecting the safety of your soul?" Her reply was very distressing. "I have no hope!" It was asked, "Do you pray?" Her answer was "No." When affectionately urged to seek forgiveness through Jesus, she said, "How can I pray when I do not know really whether I believe in a God!" She was pointed to the glorious sun, which just then shone upon her wasted and faded face, and asked, "Who made and upholds it in its daily course, so

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that we know when it will rise and set?" This seemed to arrest her mind with conviction, and on the day following she said to the same friend, "I feel there is a God,—do pray for me." This wish was of course complied with. At the same time she was told, religion was a personal thing, and affectionately led to the cross. A blessing accompanied the means used for her restoration to partial health, and she was enabled to attend the Bible class, in which she took great delight, though often, as great truths were presented to her mind, she had many struggles with the enemy of her peace. She said one day, "If I hear a more interesting address or sermon than usual, my mind is filled with those dreadful sceptical notions and infidel doubts." Her spare time was devoted to the study of the Bible, and improving others in reading and useful knowledge, and she became the nurse of the sick and the general peace-maker; and one, who died in the faith, called her "Mother!" Thus passed the time appointed for her to remain in the Institution; and when the period arrived for her to go forth into the world again, with what new views and feelings did she enter upon her new duties!

Mary was placed as a domestic in a minister's family; and now the effects of her mother's faithful dealing and many prayers were seen in her daily walk. Although occupying a more humble situation than she had ever done before, and not earning half as much money as she might have done in her business of straw-bonnet making, yet she said, "It is the path of safety, and I prefer it." On the receipt of her quarter's wages, she sent her mother some money to buy coals for the winter, saying, "This will do my mother good, because she will know I have earned it honestly, and she will think, as she renews her fire, of her lost and found one! And even poor Tom, my cat, will get a stroke for my sake, and be invited to his place in the chimney corner, to get a warm from *my* coals!"

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Those who have tasted the pleasure of doing what is right under difficult circumstances, can understand something of the feeling of this reclaimed wanderer, and how precious to the mother was this little offering! More precious than thousands of gold and silver brought to her feet as the price of guilt. Thus felt Mary's mother while she blessed and praised Him who had restored the lost sheep to His fold.

Mothers! instil uprightness and love of virtue early in the minds of your children, and let them see strict integrity of conduct in yourselves. They are much closer copyists than you imagine, and if they see you eat, drink, wear, or use that which you obtain in an improper way, depend upon it they will follow your example. Think of the judgment which will come ere long, and, like Mary's mother, say you will "starve," rather than take the wages of sin. Better be meanly clad and scantily fed than receive anything improperly procured.

We have yet a little more of Mary.

A PRIMITIVE CHURCH.—No. IV.

AN EARNEST PASTOR.

We last month made our readers somewhat acquainted with the minister and people assembled for Divine worship, on the morning of the Lord's day, in our primitive church; we now propose to enlarge that acquaintance. As to the minister, he was of middle age, with a sedate, anxious-looking countenance, and appeared to rise in the pulpit with a vivid sense of the solemn responsibility resting upon him; and, without any stretch of imagination, you might easily conceive him breathing forth the prayer—"Lord, help me, for who is sufficient for this great work?" His voice was musical; he spoke clearly and distinctly. The

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opening prayer was short, but full of deep and holy feeling; the conviction of the mind concerning him was, that he came from the closet of communion with God to the people; and when he stood up to make known the counsel and will of God, he opened the sacred volume as if conscious he was handling a precious treasure.

A profound silence reigned in the congregation, which was divided by the aisle—the men being on one side, the women on the other. It was evident that great and solemn things were revolving in the good man's mind; his eye was pensive; he turned first to one side, then to the other, without speaking; then, leaning his right arm upon the Bible, his full eye kindling with the effort, and looking steadily at the people seated on his left, he said, in a voice of the deepest pathos and tenderness—"Are you converted?" and remained motionless, steadily looking at them. The appeal was unexpected; there were deep searchings of heart, and, like the trembling in the host of Midian, it seemed to communicate from one to another. He then turned to the other side, and, with the same expression of countenance, asked the same question. We certainly felt it to be a deeply thrilling moment. Then rising, but bending gently forward, he said—"This is a solemn question; what say you?—no answer? Did I hear the reply—'you hope so?' Then you have not the full assurance of hope; you are in doubt and uncertainty; not quite sure whether you are a true follower of the meek and lowly Jesus—is it so?"

Again he asked—"Did I hear another whisper—'you do not know?' What! not know whether you are among those who love and serve the Lord Christ, or among those who hate him? Not know whether you are going to heaven or hell? How can I proceed? My whole soul is moved for you!" Then looking earnestly at them, he exclaimed (and his eyes were more penetrating than his words), "Why, whilst I am speaking, for aught I know,

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ome one may fall lifeless on the floor, and the next ioment the precious soul be in the hands of enfuriated evils, who will drag you away to the throne of the lmighty, there to hear the dreadful sentence, 'Depart, e cursed, into everlasting fire.' How can you bear the hought! to go from a world where there is mercy to be ound, to one of utter and everlasting despair! O, I beeech you, decide the doubtful point; let it be no longer a natter of uncertainty." Then standing erect, his full ympathising eye in perfect accordance with the tenderness f his voice, he said—"My beloved people, I feel unable o proceed; the important subject before us is all-absorbng—are you saved, or are you not? Let us pause a few noments—let us look within." An awful silence ensued, broken only by the hard breathings and the sobbings of hearts deeply touched. Most certainly we had never seen or felt anything like it; our inmost soul was moved, and our tears flowed plentifully.

After a pause of several minutes (but the note of time seemed lost), the holy man arose, with heavenly sweetness in his countenance, and said—"May the Lord prepare our hearts to receive His Word with meekness and godly fear. We now request your prayerful attention to that portion of God's Word which you will find in the 16th chapter of Mark's Gospel, the first clause of the 16th verse—'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.'" After a short, but pointed exordium, he divided his subject into three parts. "First—Before all time; for before time was the salvation of believers determined. Secondly—In the fulness of time; for at the appointed time it was accomplished. Thirdly—When time shall be no more; for it shall be consummated in eternity." Our reminiscence of the sermon must be reserved for another paper; but we would leave the solemn question for your consideration—"ARE YOU CONVERTED?"

M. B.

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THOUGHTS ON FEMALE SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS.—No. I.

EVE.

"And God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him; male and female created He them."

What a glorious picture of holiness and happiness is here presented to our view! The happiness was a consequence of the holiness; the more man resembles God in the latter, the greater will be his measure of the former. In the second chapter of Genesis, we have a more particular account of the creation of our first parents. How humbling to man's pride is the thought—"I sprang from the dust!" How elevating to man's spiritual nature is the reflection—"I sprang from the breath of God!" And yet, by far the greater part of mankind care more for the body, the earthen vessel, than for the immortal spirit tabernacled within it.

We wish to consider, more especially, the origin and character of our first mother, with a wish to draw from both some useful lessons. The passage in Gen. ii. 21–24, gives us the origin of Eve. Here we see that woman's position, as inferior to man, and dependent on him, is clearly implied. What a rebuke is here for those who would take her from the sweet and holy sphere of duties, in which God intended her to bless and be blessed, and place her amidst the jar and turmoil of politics and debating societies! We find no warrant for her thus stepping beyond the natural shelter provided for her, in the strong right arm, and the stronger love of man.

Why was Eve created? To be a help-meet: not a ruler, not a guide; but a stay, a ready source of comfort under all circumstances. How beautifully does Adam describe the perfect union, the *oneness* of mind which exist in the married state! Why cannot we say

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does exist? Why are we startled by hearing occa-
ılly of a division of interests arising in the working
es, from the wife having means of earning money
ɔendently of her husband. How bitter the pang of
ʒ deceived! Yes; and wives are too often called to
r also *in this way*, and, by one little deception, they
aps lose their confidence for ever! Is this right? is
being one?

hus far have we seen Eve, adorned with grace and
ıess, dwelling in perfect happiness with her gifted and
ike spouse. Her life passed in those easy duties
:h God had ordained for her to perform, and sur-
ıded by the blissful bowers of Eden. Would that this
picture had not been spoiled by sin and sorrow! The
d chapter finds Eve engaged in her usual employments,
separated from Adam, and close to the forbidden
! May we not learn a lesson here? It is not safe, it
ot seemly, for a wife to act independently of her hus-
d in forming engagements, in seeking friends, in enter-
society. To do this, is to cast aside the protecting
, the sheltering care, which is the wife's best human
guard against temptation.

ve *looked* at, *desired*, *ate* the forbidden fruit! She fell,
housands of her daughters have done, *step by step;*
eye being the first sense which let in the evil! "Oh,
s a mere trifle," we hear sometimes; "it cannot do me
m this once, only this once." Ah, who shall say that
once will not bring the *twice* in the train! Wives and
thers, keep your own eyes—keep the eyes of your
ughters—from what may lead you or them into tempta-
n. Give the tempter one inch in your heart, and he
l soon claim the whole possession. Eve fell, and threw
wn, in her fall, the noblest work of God! Adam weakly
ɛlded to his love for her, and forsook the Creator for the
ɛature.

Is any wife who reads this conscious of leading a hu-

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hand into breaking the laws of God? or, by example, neglect, or a foolish desire for supremacy over his heart, of making him draw back from early paths of holiness, and walking with God? or, it may be, of having thrown obstacles in his path of duty? Ah, this is indeed following Eve in her guilt! It is an awful perversion of woman's original destiny, when she becomes the *betrayer*, instead of the helper of man.

As we follow Eve in her downward path of sin, the heart is appalled with the increase of the power of evil, over this once fair portion of God's perfect works! Instead of confessing her sin with a contrite heart, she throws the blame upon the tempter, forgetting that she had the power to resist, and flee from him. God swept away her refuge of lies, as He does that of sinners now, and pronounced upon her the curse under which her daughters will suffer, until the earth shall once more be purged from sin, and man, restored to holiness and happiness, shall walk with God. That curse, which comes home to the heart of every mother, was—so great is the mercy of God—mixed with blessings! Fallen though she was—degraded—driven from Eden—to the sorrow-stricken heart of Eve that voice of love whispered, that as by woman came sin and death, so by woman should come salvation and life everlasting! It bade the guilty mother of mankind look forward in faith to the Son of Mary according to the flesh, as the atoning sacrifice for her sins.

Is there among our readers one who is bowed down under a sense of sin—yea, it may be, of aggravated sin—look to Jesus! He who spoke pardon to the sinner washing His feet with her tears—He who rewarded the love of Magdalene with the first glimpse of His risen body—He will pardon, heal, and save *you*, and bruise Satan under your feet shortly.

L. S. T.

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)OD HINTS FOR MOTHERS AND FATHERS.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

:AR MADAM,—Is the following hint worth insertion in little publication? I have found it a good plan amongst ttle ones to require them to bring each morning to the fast table a text of Scripture,—the elder ones having a er selected for them, which they go through verse by

The younger children repeat the same verse for a few ngs till it is perfected, when a fresh text is given them;)n Sundays the verses of the preceding week are looked ınd repeated by those who are old enough for the exercise. hildren thus acquire a habit of referring to their Bibles or)ooks daily, and the verses and chapters thus treasured up serve to refresh and strengthen the mind in after-days.

e parents join their little ones in this pleasant exercise, and thus often given them a motto for their guidance and ıragement through the day.

e texts selected are simple and comprehensive, such as— ldren, obey your parents," &c. "Even a child may be n by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it ght." "I love them that love me, and those that seek me shall find me." "For God so loved the world," &c. ieve in the Lord," &c. "The wages of sin is death," &c. God so loved us, we ought also," &c. "Let us love one ıer," &c. "God is love." "Be ye kind one to another," &c. ssed are the peacemakers," &c. "A soft answer," &c.)u, God, seest me." "The eyes of the Lord," &c. "The of the Lord is a strong tower," &c. And "Better is a with the fear of the Lord than great riches and trouble with."

Yours, dear Madam,

A CONSTANT READER OF "THE MOTHERS' FRIEND."

RAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

CRUMBS.

ry to produce a right state of feeling as well as outward lience.

ever give a command you do not intend should be 'ed.

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Be distinct and firm, but never allow your child to parley with you.

"Father of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
For ever be thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.

"Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

"Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be thou for ever near:
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there."

A poor woman was asked if she was brought up in the fear of God? She replied, "No, I was brought up in the LOVE of God!" Turn this "crumb" over, mother, and look at it!

The past—where is it? It has fled!
The future?—It may never come.
Our friends departed?—With the dead.
Ourselves?—Fast hastening to the tomb.
What are earth's joys?—The dews of morn.
Its hours?—Ocean's wreathing foam.
Where's peace?—In trials meekly borne.
And joys?—In heaven, the Christian's home.

Christian Treasury.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Decision: Memoir of Mrs. P. E. Richards. London: Ward & Co.
An instructive and delightful little volume. It has one fault—it is too short.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." London: Ward & Co.
A German tale of faith and its reward. Our young friends will like it.

Goshen. London: Ward & Co.
A cheap little manual for mothers and children.

Home Thoughts. May number. London: Kent, Paternoster Row.
A family magazine, cheap and amusing.

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A PAGE FOR FATHERS.

THE TWO EVENINGS.—NO. II.

In Thomas Waymark's neat cottage sat a young lady by a bed, on which lay a dying child. The sun was setting gloriously, just opposite the little casement window, and as she gazed on the parting rays she repeated that pretty hymn of the good Doctor,

"How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,
And there followed some droppings of rain.
But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best,
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretells a bright rising again.

"Just such is the Christian—his course he begins
Like the sun in a mist, while he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears, then he breaks out and shines,
And travels his heavenly way.
But when he gets nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope, at the end of his days,
Of rising in brighter array."

"Oh, teacher!" said a faint voice, "are you there again? How glad I am! You will talk to me about heaven, won't you? and you will comfort mother again, won't you? She will feel lonely at evenings, I know, when I am gone; and I think I shall soon be up in that beautiful place He is gone to prepare, like we sing about in school. I can't put up my head now, teacher, and my heart does beat so, and then it stops; I can't breathe hardly; but if it was not for leaving dear mother, I should be glad to go to Jesus. Oh, I wish she could go with me at the same time,—I don't mean for my sake, but because she would be away from

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trouble. Oh, my cough is coming! what shall I do?" "Look up, my dear little Polly, to the kind Saviour; He will help you to bear it, and carry you through the dark valley to His shining home above." "Yes, ma'am; oh, yes; I know He will. You told me, long ago, He is more ready to wash away our sins than we are to have them washed, and I am not afraid to go now, only for poor mother, you know, she will cry so, and have nobody to comfort her—I mean nobody in this world; but I think He has washed her and me too." "Yes, dear, and I believe He has washed you, and that you are one of the lambs of His fold; but you must not talk just now, Polly dear, for your little face is getting flushed, and I fear the cough will come again." "But, teacher," continued the child, "please let me say something to you before mother comes up. I'm afraid, if I don't make haste, I shall never tell you. I want you to do something for me when I am dead." "Speak on, then, my dear child, I will do it if I can." "Mother has got three shillings of mine, teacher, that she said, maybe, I might put into the savings' bank some day; but I shall not want it now—no, never—so will you please, ma'am, ask mother for it when I am gone to heaven, and buy a Bible with it for father, to have as his very own; and please write inside it that 'tis the gift of his little Polly, to help him to get to heaven, to live with me up there. Will you do it, ma'am?"

Just then, a fit of coughing came on, and for an hour after the little maiden lay with blanched cheek and closed eyes, scarcely breathing. Polly's mother was now at her post of observation, at the foot of the bed, while the kind teacher kept her finger on the fluttering pulse. The door opened gently, and a rough man with clouded brow entered, and took a seat by the bed, anxiously looking at the little marble-like face. A tear rolled over the sun-burnt cheek as he asked timidly, "Won't she be able to speak to me any more?" Then, bending over the little form, he said

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passionately, "Polly, oh, my dear little Polly, can't you speak once more to your father?"

Waymark then covered his face with his hands, and the big drops fell through his fingers on the bed—other eyes were streaming too! Presently there seemed a movement about the little placid face and eyes, and, in a very gentle whisper, the dying child said, "Father! father!" The eyes opened, and an unearthly smile lighted up the little countenance—"Father!" again whispered the departing Polly—(the strong man bent down to listen)—"will you, father—will you—come—to—heaven? Mother—will be there—but will—you come—father?" "Bless thee, my Polly!" exclaimed the rough man, "I will, if I can, and I wish I could go with you now, my darling. I shall never be happy again." "Father!" again whispered the failing voice, "go to—Jesus—He—can—make you happy—pray—to—Him." "Oh, Polly, *you* pray for me once more—pray for your wicked, heart-broken father."

The brilliant eye grew dim—a convulsive motion of the pale lips became evident, and the whole of the little face assumed a loveliness seen only near the gate of the shadowy valley. All bent to listen to the last whisper, all distinctly heard the words, "Gentle Jesus—bless—my—father." The eyes were fixed, as if looking on a beautiful vision. The angels had gone back to the golden city with a new companion, to join in the new song with the ransomed children of men. The kind teacher attended to all the dying requests of her Sunday-school child; and now the strong man sits clothed and in his right mind, like a little child, reading the last gift of Polly, at the feet of Jesus. Mother! Teacher! be encouraged!

TRUE LIGHT.

Polished steel will not shine in the dark;—no more can *Reason*, however refined, shine efficaciously, but as it reflects the light of Divine truth, shed from heaven.

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CARE FOR THE OUTCASTS.—No. VII.

"Grievous, indeed, must be the burden that shall outweigh innocence and health."

Each subsequent quarter drew forth some new proof of Mary's gratitude to her mother, and to those who had faithfully reproved her, trying to lead her into the "narrow road." Clothes and money she often sent to her parents—nor did she forget the home of refuge, where the first ray of Divine light glanced into her dark mind. She possessed naturally a good understanding, a fine generous spirit, and a strictly truthful conscience; so much so, that her enemies have often been confounded by her impartial statements—yet all was hidden under the soul-darkening influence of infidelity, which, on her going into the Penitentiary, she did not scruple openly to avow. Now, how changed! How anxious to do good!

On one occasion, Mary asked her mistress's permission to go out for two hours? This request was readily granted; and her willing feet were soon at the door of the Penitentiary, which was opened by the matron with a cheerful welcome to Mary. "I am come, ma'am," said she, "to ask a favour." "This will be readily granted, Mary, if consistent." "May I be permitted to take my tea with the inmates? It is the anniversary of my being taken into the institution, which I call *my birthday!*—and it will greatly oblige me if the committee will accept so small a subscription as five shillings—I could wish it were five pounds—I should rejoice in having it in my power to give it." She was assured that it would be received as a pleasing testimony of her gratitude.

Mary was allowed to do as she had requested; and during the meal—which she begged she might share in the same way she was wont to do—viz., two thick slices of bread and butter, and two cups of tea—she spoke many

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kind words of encouragement to the reclaimed wanderers, entreating them, with purpose of heart, to cleave unto the Lord, that they might be enabled to continue steadfast in their purpose of reformation—reminding them, that when they went into the world again, that they would not find it altered, but that they must show that they were altered, by a holy life and conversation. She then asked if they might be allowed to sing a hymn together, as they had often done, before the females left the table? This was readily granted; and the Cottage Hymn Book being handed round, Mary selected the hymn,—

"O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,"

which she commenced singing in such a sweet and softened melody, that told the deep feelings working within, and tearful gratitude beamed from her countenance. When the words were sung—

"Blessed Jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn!"

every heart seemed melted before her, and every head bowed with weeping. When they attempted to commence the second verse, all utterance was choked. The matron, who had been a deeply interested spectator of this scene, now stepped forward, and said,—"As your feelings will not permit you to sing, we will spend a few moments in prayer before you take leave of one who has endeared herself to many of you by her repeated acts of disinterested kindness. After commending each other to the blessing of heaven, and giving a word of advice to each, Mary shook hands affectionately with all, and took her leave.

Mothers! woman! are you not willing to care for the outcast, after such a scene as this just described?

A little more to come.

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PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

"How she will be missed, mamma!"

WHO would like to die, and not be missed? This question we asked, after recounting the useful life of an active, faithful, and beloved young Sabbath-school teacher, just gone to heaven.

"Oh, how she will be missed!" said a loving young spirit. "Yes," rejoined another, "and in that pretty little Society for the Missionaries among the children, that she conducted—how *they* will miss her! Who *can* do it now?" "God, my child, can always find plenty of agents to carry on His work without any of us; but who would like to die, and not be missed?"

Dear young friends, are you living such a life that if Death should soon stretch out his icy hand, to conduct you through his shadowy pathway, the circle all around would miss you and weep for you, and feel a blank where your footsteps had lately been heard on life's platform? Ah, *you* may be called, before you expect, to render up your account to the great Judge of all the earth. This year has already seen many a youthful, blooming face covered by the shroud, and many active feet stretched out in the cold grave. *You* may be the next summoned;—are you ready? Very many letters have reached us lately, telling us of change and death. The following is an extract from one of them:—

"* * * * Our family have been constant readers of *The Mothers' Friend* from the first number. But one who has lately been taken from us liked its pages best of all. In the bloom of health, she was suddenly seized with a malady which cut her off in a few days. We removed lately to the vicinity of a large public garden, hoping to improve the health of our children by recreation in it. Alas! the last time Catherine B—— was out with her brothers and sisters, she caught a cold by heating herself with running, and then sitting on the grass, when the chill spring wind pierced her frame, and she lay down on

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her return home to die. I add a few particulars of the closing scene, of which you may make use in your valuable publication, if you deem it proper.

"The excessive pain to which she was subjected caused her moans to be heard in a distant apartment, where her mamma was just confined, and, of course, was unable to comfort her dear, dying child. 'Oh, what shall I do? this pain is terrible!' she exclaimed. She was told to cry to her heavenly Father. She did so; and when her sorrowing earthly father prayed that his child might be restored, using the words of Scripture, 'If it be possible,' the dear girl pronounced the concluding words, 'Not my will, but thine be done.'

"On another occasion, when suffering greatly, she was reminded that her Saviour could help her. She answered, with great emphasis, 'HE WILL.' Her sufferings having somewhat subsided, she observed, 'Papa, I am now twelve years of age.' The account of the daughter of Jairus was read, and it was remarked to her, 'Now the same Lord Jesus who raised the girl twelve years of age from the dead, can heal you if he please; but perhaps He may resolve to take you away to himself;—are you willing to live or die?' She replied, 'Whatever He pleases will be the best.'

"On asking for a drink, on the day of her death, her father said, 'My dear daughter, you will soon get a draught of the water of life; you will soon see the Saviour.' She answered, 'I hope I shall go to glory.' When all hope was gone, and death was very near, she asked, 'Shall I not see mamma before I die?'—*Touching question!* When assured that this was quite impossible, she sent this message, 'Give my love to mamma, and tell her I will meet her in heaven.' Her father asked, 'Have you anything to say to me?' She replied, 'I give you my love; I will meet you in heaven.' She then kissed her brothers and sisters, saying the same words to them all. Her dying eye then glanced upward; and she was asked, 'Do you see anything, Catherine?' 'Yes,' she replied, 'I think I see heaven.' 'What do you see, dear?' She exclaimed, 'Oh, papa!' and expired.

"A. B. P."

Dear young friends,—"Be ye also ready;" and while the dark-winged angel is constantly alighting on the dwellings of loving families, taking the sisters and the brothers away in haste, be ye watchful; ask yourselves two ques-

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tions,—"If I am called away from my circle, shall I be missed?" and "Am I ready?" Father, are you ready to comfort and pray with a dying daughter,—leading her for comfort and help to the Cross, like the father of the dear young Catherine?—Are you?

THE DEPARTED.

THEY pass me in the twilight; and their wings
Are spread upon the evening cloud full oft,
Where the white mist its robe of silver flings,
And cherished tones are echoing low and soft—
They pass me there!

I hear them when the shining day is past,
And the soft dew doth weigh down leaf and flower;
When murmured melodies are falling fast
In woodland grove, or cherished garden bower—
I hear them there!

They're with me when the solemn stars look down,
All pale and tearful, from the azure sphere;
When mystic lights gleam o'er the frozen north,
And people heaven with sights and forms of fear—
They're with me there!

I see them when the shadows gather fast,
When the wild storm goes forth on tempest wings;
When the loud thunder echoing hastens past,
And lightning banners to the darkness flings—
I see them there!

Yet are they beautiful, though seen 'mid storms;
Radiant, though shrined in mist with viewless wings;
Lovely, though clothed in dim and shadowy forms;
Present, although immortal, viewless things—
They're beautiful!

They're with us still—the beautiful, the bright,
The early called—in all their glory now;
Heaven in their glance, and the pure holy light
Of immortality upon each brow—
They're with us still!

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THE NEGRO MOTHER.—No. VI.

"The miserable past was forgotten, as she looked for the happier future."

One day, not long after the conversation mentioned last month, as Robert was standing on the brink of the river, gazing earnestly on some negro sailors who were busy on board one of the vessels, his foot slipped, and he fell into the water. A brave seaman jumped in to save him, and succeeded in taking him up, but almost lifeless. He was carried home, wrapped in warm blankets, and the doctor called; but the shock was too great for Robert's constitution, and a fever followed. During many days he did not recognise any of his friends, who were weeping around him. At times he would sing his hymns with a faint voice, and then pray earnestly for himself, his friends, and his parents "far away;" but he did not know that his mother was listening. Every thing was done for the interesting youth that could be thought of; but the doctors pronounced his case hopeless. Poor Judith was deeply grieved, often exclaiming—"Me no did tink me come to white men's country to see my boy die!" But so it was: the angel of death received his commission to take this sable son of Africa up to that better country, for which he had been prepared by the Spirit of God.

A few hours before he died reason returned, and the scene around his dying bed was most impressive. Taking Mrs. Dare's hand, he said:—"My beloved friend, I am going to dwell with Jesus, where I shall be as the angels of light. I will welcome you, and thank you before the great multitude, for all your care of the poor black boy.—Farewell!" Turning to Mr. Dare, who was holding his hand, he said:—"Thank you, dear sir, for all your great kindness to me; but, most of all, for helping me in the way to heaven. I long to go—I long to see my Jesus. I love Him, and He has loved me—Farewell." Robert's eyes

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were now beaming with joy; but his voice grew so faint, that it was feared he had spoken the last farewell. After a few moments he looked earnestly upon his mother, and grasping her hand, he said in a louder voice:—"My dear mother, remember our conversation in the wood. Oh! rest on nothing but Jesus Christ for your salvation. He is 'the way, the truth, and the life.' I am going to dwell with Him for ever—meet me there. I know—yes, I know—He has washed me in His precious—precious—" Young Robert could say no more—the next moment he was among the spirits of the just made perfect, before the throne of God.

Mother! did you ever stand by the death-bed of a beloved son? Did he leave you a good hope that when he had looked his last on you, and spoken his parting "Farewell," that he went up to look upon Jesus "face to face," and to unite his voice in singing the new song of Moses and the Lamb?—and are you in the road leading to your son's glorious home?—do you expect soon to join him among the spirits of the just made perfect?

Young friends! the same kind Saviour is willing to love and care for you; are you willing to seek Him? Well, if you are, *now* is the time; to-morrow, some fever may take you away from earth; and then, if you are not washed in the blood of Jesus, your portion will be among wicked spirits, where the worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched. Mr. Dare, Robert's good master, is gone up to join him; Mrs. Dare still lives among us, but is looking forward to the time when she also shall *join the blest* assembly.

Young Robert was born in a heathen clime,
With skin of a sable dye;
But now he has done with earth and time,
And is gone to live on high.
He sought the Lord in his early youth,
And found that God is a God of truth.

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The Saviour saw the black boy's tears,
And heard the black boy pray;
Then He whispered—"Robert, do not fear,
Thy sins are washed away."
And then He commissioned an angel band
To bring him up to the tearless land.

LETTERS FROM THE NURSERY.—No. IV.

"Despise not thou a small thing, either for evil or for good."

Our rich and clever and experienced mothers may not need this letter, but we know many a young, inexperienced poor mother, who will thank the writer for the hints:—

"It is," says our correspondent, "a great comfort for a young mother, if she is handy with her needle. Some mothers unfortunately are not, and such may be glad of a hint or two from one who was very ignorant about baby clothes when her little one began to grow out of his first suit. By the time my little boy was six months old, I could hardly squeeze his little arms into the pretty white gowns which had been given him by a kind friend of his mother's. His flannels also were getting tight—what was to be done? I had no pieces like the bed-gowns, except the long bands that tied behind; these I took, and opening the dresses under the arms, also the sleeves, put a strip through the one and a gusset in the other, which made the little gowns large enough for a long time. The same plan I adopted with the flannels, stays, and little coloured frocks. It is well in buying children's clothes to get a piece over, for new sleeves or a new body. The plainer a mother makes little frocks the better, for they are more easily altered and washed. Hems top and bottom are better than cording, and they should be made easy, long waisted, with good turnings; this is a great saving.

"I know a lady who never learned needle-work till she married—her husband is poor, and she has a large family, but her children always look nice. I asked her once how she managed; she said, 'Every now and then, I buy a dress ready made up, of very cheap materials; this I pull to pieces and take the pattern, and then I make my children a set like it, and put the pattern together again.' This soon made her very handy, and by

choosing neat patterns, she clothed her children tastefully and neatly, at a small expense.

"Always make little children's clothes larger than they need at the time, for if you do not need to transfer them to another, they will not so quickly have to be laid aside. It makes a great difference in the appearance of prints and woollen plaids, whether they are mended and joined according to the pattern. I have seen a very pretty woollen plaid pelisse belonging to a child which, when turned inside out, was seen to be composed of thirty or forty small pieces. But the joins could not be perceived, because the pattern was made everywhere to match.

"Some mothers have time for needlework while their children play around them, and by this plan they contrive to mend *evenly* and *neatly* all that require it as soon as torn; thus are the children always neat and respectable, costing at the same time *less* than many families who often appear in rags. 'A stitch in time saves nine,' says the old proverb; and although we do not like all old proverbs, this is one mothers will do well to repeat and children to learn.

"A YOUNG MOTHER."

DEAD LITTLE ONES.—No. II.

WHAT mother can read the beautiful incident recorded in the Gospel, where the kind Jesus said, "Suffer little children to come unto me," without having her best affections drawn out to Him who thus spake? Can you not imagine the Son of God sitting in the midst of the interesting group—putting His hands upon them, caressing and blessing them? How glad the mothers look!—how happy the little ones! The Saviour gave a reason for thus allowing them to be brought to Him—"for of such is the kingdom of heaven;"—not only teaching us that the kingdom of heaven is composed of such as resemble little children, but also, we must think, that in part the kingdom of heaven is literally composed of little children:—

"The harp of heaven
Had lacked its least but not its meanest string,
Had children not been taught to play upon it."

Bereaved mother! take comfort in the thought that ur little ones are safe in the heavenly home. A father ce said, "I have had six children, and I bless God that ey are all either *with* Christ or *in* Christ, and my mind now at rest concerning them. My desire was that they ould have served Christ on earth, but if God will choose have them rather serve Him in heaven, *I have nothing object to it.*"

My lamb! Oh, how I watched thee,
Where'er thy footsteps roved;
Mine ear that heard thee, blessed thee—
Mine eye that saw thee, loved.

Yet life hath snares and sorrows,
From which no friend can save;
And evils *might* have thronged thy path,
Which thou wert weak to brave!

There is a heavenly Shepherd,
And ere thine infant charms
Had caught the tinge of care or woe,
He called thee to His arms.

And though the shadowy valley
With death's dark frown was dim,
Light cheered the dreary passage,
And thou art safe with Him!

Lamb! in a clime of verdure,
Thy favoured lot is cast!
No serpent 'mid thy flowery food—
Upon thy fold no blast.

Thine are the crystal fountains,
And thine a cloudless sky;
Thou'rt basking in love's sunshine,
Beneath thy Shepherd's eye.

Mother! listen! Two dear children were one day seen ery ill in the same room; the eldest of the two was heard requently attempting to teach the younger one to pronounce he word "Hallelujah!" but without success—the dear

little one died before he could repeat it. When his brother was told of his death, he was silent for a moment, and then looking up at his mother said, "Johnny can say 'Hallelujah' now, mother!" In a few hours the two little brothers were united in heaven, singing "Hallelujah!" together. Mothers! many of your little ones could not sing the praises of their Redeemer while resting in your arms, but they have been taught the music of the upper temple now, and they sing among the celestial choristers!

A MOTHER'S LAMENT.

BY J. MONTGOMERY.

I LOVED thee, daughter of my heart—
My child, I loved thee dearly;
And though we only met to part,
How sweetly! how severely!
Nor life nor death can sever
My soul from thine for ever!

Thy days, my little one, were few—
An angel's morning visit;
That came and vanished with the dew—
'Twas here—'tis gone—where is it?—
Yet didst thou leave behind thee,
A clue for love to find thee.

The eye, the lip, the cheek, the brow—
The hands stretched forth in gladness;
All life, joy, rapture, beauty now—
Then dashed with infant sadness;
Till, brightening by transition,
Returned the fairy vision.

Where are they now?—those smiles, those tears,
Thy mother's darling treasure?
She sees them still, and still she hears
Thy tones of pain or pleasure—
To her quick pulse revealing
Unutterable feeling.

Hushed in a moment on her breast,
Life at the well-spring drinking—
Then cradled on her lap to rest,
In rosy slumber sinking:
Thy dreams—no thought can guess them;
And mine—no tongue express them.

For then this waking eye could see,
In many a vain vagary,
The things that never were to be,
Imaginations airy;
Fond hopes that mothers cherish,
Like things of earth to perish.

Mine perished on thy early bier!
No!—changed to forms more glorious,
They flourish in a higher sphere,
O'er time and death victorious—
Yet would these arms have chained thee,
And long from heaven detained thee.

My child! my last, my youngest love!
The crown of every other—
Though thou art born in heaven above,
I am thine only mother.
Nor will affection let me
Believe thou canst forget me!

Then—thou in heaven and I on earth—
May this one hope delight us,
That thou wilt hail my second birth,
When death shall re-unite us—
Where worlds no more can sever
Mother and child for ever!

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.

BY A TEACHER'S PENCIL.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

DEAR MADAM,—It has long been my desire to address a few es to you, that I might, as many others have done, express thanks for that most valuable little work, *The Mothers' iend*. Though I am not a mother, yet I have received much

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good from it; for it has carried me back to the days of my youth, and made me feel truly sorry for many sins which, without it, I should never have thought of. I assure you, when I receive it, I sit down and devour its contents the first spare moment, and seldom leave it till I have read it through. I am about to relate a circumstance which took place a short time since, which I thought would encourage pious mothers to go on in training their dear ones in the love and fear of God. Should you think it worthy a place in your work, I shall esteem it a favour, and be assured, dear Madam, of my earnest prayers that *The Mothers' Friend* may still prove a great blessing.

A Teacher of Babes.

THE PIOUS MOTHER ENCOURAGED.

It was my privilege, a short time since, to have a sweet little boy, about four years of age, placed under my instruction. From the first day of teaching him, I found him well acquainted with much of Scripture history, and a great lover of it. When I asked him who taught him so much about God's Word, he replied—"My mamma." I would here remark, that this mother is one whose time is fully occupied with many duties.

The first week, my little pupil and I seemed to get on pretty well, considering he had never left home before; but, the second week, a little girl, older than himself, was added to us. I know not if I had paid him too much attention the first week, and that he felt himself a little slighted when I attended to her, leaving him to amuse himself, but he did not like to come in the afternoon; but his mother was not one to yield to the whims of her child without good reasons, neither would she be angry, thus showing the sinfulness of our nature—but, much against the child's will, this good mother brought her boy to school.

When she was about to leave him he cried, and clung to her, saying, "I cannot stay." I asked the reason; he said he did not feel quite well. "Only stay, then, a short time," I replied, with the promise that the servant should

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n early. Again his mother rose to leave—again
, and held her. We then asked the reason of those
d desire to have his own way, a most extraordinary
th him. After a few moments, he whispered, "If
go into the next room, from the little girl, I will
." We did so. He then told us he did not like
e girl at all! We then told him such thoughts
ıot please God, who commands us to love one
, and that He always saw us, and knew our
s, and that such a spirit was contrary to His will.
; this, the dear child looked up into his good mother's
th the most heavenly expression of countenance;
fell upon his knees, placing his little hands together,
attitude of prayer! The pious mother knelt by his
ıd prayed with him, that God would strengthen
be good and to act rightly. Oh, what a glorious
was here! What a lesson to many who never
ıe knee in prayer and praise to the God of their
; and of their being! But this is not all; the power
yer, and the faith of this dear child, were over-
ng! He rose with a calm and heavenly smile,
, "I shall be good now; God will help me." Surely
as there, and that was the gate of heaven. I have
ntered the room since but I have looked at the spot,
—"Happy child, to have such a mother."
uld tell you much more, dear Madam, of this sweet
but I fear my paper is already too long for *The*
rs' Friend. Yet I cannot close without showing you
elings and thoughts of this child towards his mother.
giving him a lesson last week on the fall of man, I
ıim that all born since that time were sinners, and
ıntly sin against God in thought, word, or action; he
d up into my face with a sort of holy indignation, and
-"BUT NOT MY MAMMA!" What could I say? I
not say "Yes," so I told him of the change of heart,
e new creature, and so on. He quickly rejoined—

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"Yes; I know my mamma is holy!" Oh, may mothers who read this follow her example.

E. L. S.

[Would that every child had such a mother!—Ed.]

THE CHARWOMAN.

"I FEEL so much obliged to you for mentioning to me the cleanliness and usefulness of Alice Chambers," said Mrs. B., during a morning call on one of her female friends. "We have had her several times," she continued, "to help when we were busy; and so I believe has Mrs. E." "I am glad she suited you," was the reply; "but, to speak sincerely, I hope her out-door engagements will not increase so as to prevent her doing her duty at home to her family." "You fear it?—well, we will think of this."

Alice Chambers was the wife of a very poor man—they had struggled hard for many years; neither of them were strong in bodily health, and they had often known the want of daily food; few noticed them, or knew how much suffering was hid under their uncomplaining, quiet manners. John Chambers was a rich man in spiritual blessings. His firm, unwavering faith in a promise-keeping God—his close walk with his beloved Saviour—his fervent prayers, were a source of great support and comfort to the feeble heart of his wife. Poor though they were, in the cottage of John and Alice Chambers the Sabbath was truly a day of rest. Unlike many of their ungodly neighbours, the necessary cleansing of house and children was all done early on the *Saturday*, and the Sabbath dawned upon parents and children neat and clean, and ready to devote the day to its purposes.

There are seasons in all large families when additional aid is wanted, and an honest charwoman is eagerly sought. In one of these seasons, a lady in

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village, who had seen the home-tidiness of Alice mbers, engaged her services; and finding her active industrious, from motives of charity recommended to others similarly circumstanced. From this time met with frequent employment. The lady who had known Alice soon perceived a change in the appear-e of the cottage and its inmates, and was puzzled to ount for it, not knowing how often Alice was from ne. On Saturday afternoon, all was confusion, dirt, untidiness. On the Sabbath, the house looked still in order. Alice was in week-day dress, and her baby ping in the dirt, unwashed and neglected. John's al, calm, quiet look of happiness was missing. Alice logised with a deep blush for the state of her house-d by saying, "I have been out for several days this ek—even up to yesterday afternoon, ma'am." Her itor turned away with a sigh, resolved to set the matter ore her *privately*, as soon as possible. The next week r all restored to order and peace in this humble dwelling never, we trust, to be broken by any out-door employ-nts, however well paid for.

Wives and mothers, may we ask you to learn from s short sketch how easily you may be led, by your xiety to oblige your wealthier neighbours, or by e love of gain, to break good Sabbath-keeping habits. ever, we entreat you, form any engagement from me on the Saturday particularly, which may lead to is sin. Begin your cleaning early on the last day the week, and let your house in the evening, on ur husband's return from work, wear a look of neatness d cleanliness, in anticipation of the morrow's Sabbath. here may be difficulties in the way of doing this, but *try in faith and prayer*, and doubt not that a blessing will llow.

L. S. T.

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FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

MOTHER'S POWER.

God has given to mothers the power—the high and holy power—of forming in their children habits of intelligent, loving obedience, which, with His blessing, leads them to surrender their hearts to them as their Heavenly Father.

INFANTS' TEMPERS.

By the improper treatment of infants *before* they are supposed to *think*, or *speak*, or *act*, their tempers are often spoiled; and, instead of a peaceful, loving, happy disposition, a peevish, impatient, selfish one is cultivated.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

All about Little Topsy. All about Little Eva. London: Partridge and Oakey.

Every child must feel delighted with these two sweet little books.

True Tales. London: Partridge and Oakey.

That they are *true* and short will secure the admiration of children.

The Power of Religion Exemplified. London: Simpkin and Co.; Birmingham: Matthison.

A beautiful, touching death-bed scene, reflecting honour on a mother, and glory to God. Mother! buy it for your son from home.

The Ocean of Redeeming Love. By Rev. E. Cornwall. London: Partridge and Oakey.

An excellent book for comfort and instruction.

Home Thoughts. June number. London: Kent, Paternoster Row.

This miscellany increases in interest and value.

The Sanctity of Home. By Rev. T. Burns. London: Hamilton and Co.

A very useful book for fathers and mothers. Buy it—read it—lend it to your neighbour.

The Last Shilling. By Rev. P. B. Power. London: Haselden.

An impressive and instructive tale for selfish young people.

The Poetry of Labour. By Wm. Drew. London: Horsell.

A cheap little book of prose and poetry for working men, by one of themselves.

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HOW MUCH IS IT WORTH, MOTHER?

"Ye are taught of the soul's great price;
They that believe will prize it."

"WILLIAM, you make me quite unhappy," said a mother one day. "You used to be gay, and full of fun and nonsense, but now you are dull and thoughtful; what are you ever thinking of?" "I am thinking just now, mother, how much a soul is worth; can you tell me, mother?" "A *soul*, child—nonsense; you are getting demented!" "Am I, mother? Well, I begin to fear I am, for I have never thought about where I am to live after this short life is ended. What is a soul worth, mother?" "Do, my son, go and ask your cousin Charles to play a game of chess with you, to drive these dull thoughts out of your head." "I will, mother, if you will allow me to read this story to you, which I have just read; that is, if you wish me to do so after you have heard it." "A story! yes, read me a story—anything—to put these dull subjects out of your mind." "Please, listen, then, mother:—

'A few years ago there was living in a large city a young lady, who was the only child of worldly and rich parents. She was very fond of pleasure, and plunged into it with all the enthusiasm of youth. Her gaiety, youth, and wealth were sure passports to the highest circles of fashion, and there she lived as though there were no higher world. While thus living in pleasure, she was asked one evening, by a female friend, to accompany her to the weekly prayer-meeting in a church in the city. There she became convinced of sin, and bowed down her heart in anguish at the thought of her guilt. Her heaviness of spirit was soon discovered at home, and her parents were in consternation lest their beautiful daughter should leave the circles of

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pleasure for the service of God. They besought and commanded her to return to the gay world; they surrounded her with her fashionable friends; but she was still stricken in heart. At last, these parents actually *bribed* her to attend a large party of pleasure by the gift of the *richest dress* that could be purchased in the city. Love of dress had been her besetting weakness. Caught in the snare of Satan, she consented; went to the festival, and returned without one trace of her religious emotions. *She had put out the light of grace.* But the joy of her miserable parents was short. In another week their daughter was at the point of death, and the physicians they summoned in their alarm could only tell them there was no hope. When this was made known to the dying girl, she lay for a few minutes in perfect silence; her soul seemed to be surveying the past, and looking into the future; then, rousing herself, she ordered a servant to bring that dress, and hang it upon the bed. She next sent for her father and mother; in a few minutes they stood weeping at her side. She looked upon each of them for a time, and then, lifting up her hand and pointing to the dress, said to each of them distinctly, and with the calmness of despair—*Father, mother, there is the price of my soul!*'

"Oh, mother, was it not dreadful," said William, as he laid down the book, "to drive her down to the gate of the grave like that? How will they meet her in the judgment? Was not her soul worth more, mother? You would not like to see me die so, mother, would you?" "Do not talk so, child; it is horrible; you make me quite nervous." "But, mother, the Bible asks, 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' and the soul must be worth a good deal, mother, as the Saviour died to save it. Do you not think so, mother?" "Perhaps so, William." "I do not think I can play chess this evening, mother; I would rather read another story to you." Saying this, the young man pulled from his pocket

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a small, thin book. Mrs. Hammond glanced towards it, and replied, "Why, William, that is your Testament!" "Yes, mother, but there are stories here, for all that; only listen while I read the story of the ten virgins in the 25th of Matthew." "Oh, mother," said William earnestly, after he had read it; "I hope the door will not be shut against us!" "I hope not, my son," replied Mrs. Hammond, affectionately taking his hand, while a tear glistened in her eye. "You have become a good teacher to me; where did you get your knowledge?" "I have been thinking about these things, mother, ever since our clergyman preached from the text—'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' and I begin to think eternity is of more importance than this world. How much do you think the soul is worth, mother?"

CARE FOR THE OUTCASTS.—No. VIII.

"Grievous indeed must be the burden that shall outweigh innocence and health."

On another occasion Mary had been sent on some business to the Institution, and was asked by the matron if she had heard the sermon preached for the benefit of the Home of Refuge, to which she replied—"Oh, yes, ma'am; and when the good minister was showing how many evils such poor creatures were snatched from, I wished that I could have got up and told all present what *I* had been saved from. My heart was so full of the goodness of God to me, in plucking me as a brand from the burning, that I could not touch my dinner. I should have liked many there to have gone to the humble cottage of my parents, to have living testimony of their gratitude for the recovery of a lost child."

Ten years have now passed since Mary left the Institution,

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and they have passed in one uniform, consistent walk and conduct; for four years she has been respectably married, and is herself a mother. She is still the comfort and solace of her aged mother, who yet survives, and whose mind has been enlarged by many precious truths brought from the Bible by the child she failed not to admonish as far as her own light and knowledge of evil extended, which appears to have been in Mary's early days very limited; but one important trait in this mother's character was, that she never encouraged or winked at sin, but always condemned it not only by words but actions.

Mothers, remember your children read your actions—your words—your looks. Watch them constantly, and think not when they can in some measure care for their bodily wants that your work is done, and that they can now take their own course;—this is the very period of their lives the most perilous—when they need most watchfulness, that the self-will and false independence arising from their inexperience may be checked by a mother's love and firmness. Oh, keep near the hearts of your children; let them see the deep tone of your feeling for them—it may be as a hedge about their path when the eye of maternal love cannot reach them. And, mother! if your own children are all safe, can you not reach forth a hand to save the child of some mother passed into the skies? Is there not encouragement to care for the outcast?

A FATHER'S PAGE.

To the Editor of "The Mother's Friend."

It is long since I last wrote to you, and since then I have become a father. I find it a pleasing occupation to witness the expansion of my dear child's intellect; at the same time I endeavour to draw it forth and strengthen it at every opportunity. As much for this as for exercise, I endeavour once during the day to take it through the fields and lanes with

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which our island abounds, and get it to notice the streams, the cattle, the birds, &c., and thus to exercise its young faculties, noticing day after day the same object, and thus strengthening its memory and aiding its recollections. You may well imagine that this is an exceedingly pleasing occupation.

Let no one think that this is wasting time; no, more than the time which would suffice for this is almost daily lost in something else. Twenty minutes, or less, I find quite sufficient; and more than this, I find work sweeter afterwards on account of the refreshing walk I have enjoyed; and thus father and child are benefited.

It was on the occasion of one of these walks that my dear child was overcome by sleep, and having a little leisure just then, I retired to a stile near, under the spreading branches of a beautiful elm, and surrounded with beautiful rustic scenery, and there, laying the little thing in as easy a posture as I could, I let her sleep on. The linnet sung her lullaby, the arms of her fond father was her cradle, and the branches of the stately tree was its covering. Could I help reflections. I could not. I thought upon the lines—

> "Here every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile."

But, ah! it almost occasioned a struggle to apply this to my dear, sweet child. But let God be true, and (if need be) every man a liar. "*Born in sin*"—"*shapen in iniquity.*" Yes; *affection* cannot alter this. Paternal love *must* bow to it. And why not? God in His own grace has provided a remedy, and now, blessed be His name! we can afford to avow the disease. He wounds to heal—He strikes to bless!

Still sitting, I endeavoured to embody my thoughts in verse. Should they be of any service to you or your numerous *parent* readers, I present them to you and them with the hope of a blessing attending them.

TO MY INFANT DAUGHTER SLEEPING.

"Born in sin."—*Psalms.*

Calm thy countenance, my infant,
Placid as the crystal stream
Gently through its water-courses
Gliding, lit by Cynthia's beam.

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Tranquil as the summer's evening,
When the zephyr gently blows;
Such is *now* thine infant slumber—
Such is *now* thy sweet repose.

Shall it last? Ah! will those eye-lids
E'er be wet with briny tears?
Will that countenance, o'erclouded,
Tell of anger, grief, or fears?
Will that bosom heave with sadness,
For thine own or other's woe?
Yes, alas! a sad experience
Tells it must be even so!

'Tis a fallen world, my precious,
Into which thou hast been born;
Selfish, cold—a place of mourning—
Rest from thee will soon be torn;
Tainted by the first transgression,
Innocent thou canst not be;
Sin—the curse of all creation,
Finds a lurking-place in thee.

Sad that such a sweet external
Should conceal such passions vile;
Sad that one so young—so lovely,
Should be fast in Satan's wile:
Bound, unless the chain be broken,
Helpless, if by heaven unarmed,
Lost, if not sought out by mercy,
Hating God, if not transformed.

But, sweet thought! there is a fountain
Opened for the most unclean;
Jesus' blood is efficacious
For the guiltiest sinner e'en;
There mayst thou be washed, my infant,
Then shall God's supporting rod
Help thee, till sweet rest thou findest
In the bosom of thy God!

A. M.

Newport, I. W., June 5, 1853.

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THE ACCIDENT.

"You have heard of the accident, Mrs. Carr, I suppose —how very solemn!" "No, indeed I have not, Mrs. Sims; what is it?" "Why, Mr. Pool was engaged to preach at Thorney, last Sunday, and as the distance was too far to walk, he hired a horse and gig, and coming home the horse shied, ran the gig up the bank and threw him out, and he was so much injured by the fall that he died soon after they brought him home."

"Dear me, it is indeed very solemn, as you say, and how true it is, that in the midst of life we are in death—and poor Mrs. Pool is now a widow, and those dear children fatherless; how precious under such circumstances is that promise in the prophecies of Jeremiah, 'Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in me.' I believe there is no trial into which the people of God may be brought, but there is some sweet promise adapted to their state, and in general it is brought to their recollection; indeed, it must be so, for God has said, 'I will never leave you, never forsake you,' and in afflictions like these, the mind is so bewildered as to be entirely unable to realise the nature and extent of the trial; it requires a long time for the poor mind to recover its tone; it wakens gradually to the extent of its wretchedness. You remember the time, Mrs. Sims, when I lost my dear Sally so suddenly. I then thought I never should get over it, the shock seemed to fell me to the ground, I was like one in a trance. I did not call in question the goodness of God, I was sure He was dealing in mercy with me, the precious promises of His word I felt to be all true, yet I was unable to take any comfort; I seemed to lie at the foot of the cross, and saw the Redeemer bleeding, suffering, dying for me, and all I could do was just to lift a supplicating eye and inwardly cry, 'Do not leave me.'" "Ah, indeed it is so, Mrs. Carr; nobody

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knows what such trials are but those who have passed through them; we may think that we understand, but when they really come upon us we find them altogether different from what we imagined."

"In the case of poor Mr. Pool," said Mrs. Carr, "it is a great relief to believe he was quite prepared to go; to him, sudden death was sudden glory indeed. But too many say this when it is untrue; no transmigrations for thousands of years; no purgatorial fires; the immortal soul once escaped from the body, stands at the bar of God, and becomes conscious of its eternal state; and so subtle, so ethereal is the change, that the tenderest sympathy, the most awakened love, cannot track its course. You may, in the deep agony of grief, be wiping the cold, pale forehead, and the same instant the emancipated spirit be standing before the throne; you may be moistening the parched lips, while the happy spirit shall be drinking full draughts of bliss from the river of life. Oh, the blessedness of being together and for ever with the Lord! Really, we ought to check our grief for those who are entered into rest, and reserve it for ourselves; we are still in a world of trial, living by faith, and know not what a day may bring forth."

"Is your clock right, Mrs. Carr? bless me, I had no idea it was so late; I have felt the subject to be interesting and solemn. May we always be ready—good morning."

"Good day, Mrs. Sims." M. B.

A STORY FOR OUR JUVENILE FRIENDS.—No. IV.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WANTED TO KNOW EVERYTHING.

Little Minny was a very inquisitive little girl, and liked to know "the why and the wherefore" of everything that came in her way; indeed, a very good name for her would have been "Little Miss Why-why?" For not a day

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passed but her mother had to solve some problem that puzzled her little head. But Minny made some use of her knowledge sometimes; and one day she attempted to write a memoir of a young friend of hers, who had died a very happy death, and she finished it with a little bit of poetry, which was rather funny, but very well for a tiny wee girl. But when she presented it to her mother one day, with the request that it might be "sent to the press to make a half-penny book," her mother could not help laughing, and this made poor little Minny weep; and taking back the manuscript it was placed in a drawer, never to see the light any more!—Minny's mother was very sorry she had smiled, but there were some things so very odd mentioned in the memoir that it was impossible to keep a grave countenance.

One day, Minny came running into the parlour with a little bit of white bone in her hand, and with a very anxious look she placed it in her mother's lap and hid her face weeping.—"What is the matter, my little girl?" asked Mrs. Mild. "Oh dear, ma, my tooth is come out, and I am afraid I shall never get another!"—"You may dry your tears, love," said her mother, taking her hand, "you will soon have another. I have long wished to talk to you about this wonderful little body of yours. Open your mouth, dear, and let me see if there is not another little tooth peeping up. Ah, yes, there it is!" "Oh, do let me see, ma!" "Well, here is a little glass in my work-box—look, do you see the tiny white speck pushing up there?" "Yes, ma, how very odd! when did it begin to grow?" "It was there, dear, before the one you hold in your hand was seen above the gum—when you were a baby, like your little brother." "How *could* it be there, mamma?"

"It was really there, dear," said her mother, "only, instead of being hard bits of bone, like that in your hand, they were like little pieces of jelly; and what will surprise

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you still more, you had two sets of teeth in the gum at the same time!" "Well, ma, it is odd! but of course it must be true, as you tell me so!" "Yes, dear, it is true—one set is near the edge of the jawbone for early use, and the other a little deeper within it; and the little new one of yours now peeping up is one of the second row—your baby-brother's tooth which is now coming is one of the first set." "Dear little fellow!—and has he lots more coming, ma?" "Yes, dear, they are turning from jelly to bone by degrees; first, a small hard speck commences in the centre of the tooth, which is placed there by the blood-vessels, and those vessels nourish it as it grows, till all the jelly becomes bone." "Oh dear, how funny!—how many little bits of jelly has baby in his mouth, then, ma?" "There are forty-eight, dear, altogether; twenty come up first, and twenty-eight to come afterwards." "And are my first twenty going away now, ma?" "Yes, dear, and your little new ones are coming up in their stead, and I hope you will take care of them."

"How very nice," exclaimed Minny, "to know everything! Mamma, how many teeth have you got?" "I have thirty-two, dear, altogether; those who are grown up to men and women have sixteen in each jaw, if none have been lost." "Is there any of the old tooth left in my mouth, ma?" "No, dear, it has, you see, a very short root, but those which are now coming will have larger roots; and if they are taken care of, may last you for forty or fifty years if you live so long." "How strong the bone must be then." "Yes, dear, we may see the wisdom and kindness of our Heavenly Father in every little tooth, as well as in every other part of your body; but although the teeth are very strong, yet if our wise Creator had not placed something stronger than bone over them they would soon wear out." "I do not see anything over them, mamma!" "There is something white and shining over them, dear, called enamel." "How wonderful, ma,

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that God could make us all, and everything in the world, without a pattern!" "Yes, my dear," said Mrs. Meek, "and wisdom of every kind comes from Him.—You would not imagine, perhaps, Minny, that these little teeth of yours have blood and feeling in them?" "Have they? do let me see it." "Though you may not be able to see it, dear, it is really true.—You cannot see the sap in the tree, can you?" "No, ma, unless I cut it." "Well, but sap is there all the time—so it is with the blood; you may not be able to see it there, but it is there. You must go to nurse, who is calling you now, Minny. I will talk to you again, before long, about teeth."

THE DYING SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHER.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

MY DEAR MADAM,—After reading some of the very interesting tales and anecdotes in your nice little work, *The Mothers' Friend*, I felt induced to offer you a short account of a dear child—a niece of mine; and as she was a Sabbath-school teacher, I hope it may be acceptable, and that you will excuse the liberty I take. This dear girl was an orphan, and was committed to my sister and myself to train—but we had to deliver up our charge in her early life.

As she had no companions of her own age, we placed her, at her request, at a Sabbath school, as an assistant teacher, till old enough to have a class of her own; and, through the kind providence of God, she was very useful, and greatly beloved among the children of her class. She was eleven years of age when she first entered the school, and continued till she had attained her twenty-first year, when it pleased her Heavenly Father to take her from the church below to the church above. Her death was most happy—often speaking of the precious truths of the Bible on her dying bed. Her disease was consumption. After taking leave of her aunts, she most willingly yielded herself up to that Saviour whom she had loved. She pressed religion upon the attention of all her young friends, saying, "Youth is the time to serve the Lord, and to study the

Bible." When the last hour drew near, she was heard saying, "Come, Lord Jesus!" The evening she was taken ill, she wrote the following letter to her class:—

"My dear Girls,—It is with great regret I am obliged to be absent from you to-day, especially as it is just one year this very day since I became your teacher. I had promised myself much pleasure in reviewing the past time, and trying to ascertain what is our position. You know, my dear girls, it is very important we should examine ourselves. *I*, to know whether I have been faithful as a teacher—and *you*, whether you have listened prayerfully to the instructions I have tried to impart; for we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, to give an account of all we have taught and heard. Do, my dear girls, before this day is past, put the solemn question, each one to herself, 'Where am I going?' And may God the Holy Spirit enable you to give faithful answers, is the prayer of

"YOUR AFFECTIONATE TEACHER.

"P.S.—If it is the Lord's will to restore me to health again, I hope to see you next Sunday. In the meantime, I hope you will be exceedingly attentive to those who may have the care of you."

Several very interesting papers were found in this young teacher's desk after her death, showing her devotional spirit, and anxiety to do the will of God. One of them will speak to many a young Sabbath-school teacher's conscience, we trust:—

"*June* 11*th*, 18—. My pastor has appointed me to a class. Oh, may I feel the *deep responsibility* of the charge of each dear child's soul, and labour as unto the Lord, and not unto men, knowing that to the Lord I must give an account of all I teach."

Allow me, Madam, to recommend mothers sending their children early to the Sabbath school, either as scholars or teachers. There they receive those impressions which prove blessings to parents and children. There they hear the Scriptures explained, and are taught the importance of prayer. Of this dear child who was placed under our charge, I can say, IN THE SABBATH SCHOOL *she learned the truth as it is in Jesus.* May teachers and children learn something from this brief account of a young disciple.

L. H. S.

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LETTERS FROM THE NURSERY.—No. V.

"Be instructed in all wisdom, and communicate that thou knowest."

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

My dear Madam,—As little children are sometimes kept awake at night by cold feet, it may be useful to some mothers to know what a comfort a flannel bag is; make it of coarse flannel or serge, long and wide enough to pull up to the throat, and allow of the little feet being moved about. This is particularly useful for poor people, who find it difficult to procure blankets sufficient to keep their children warm—it also helps to keep the child still. If you speak of the "nice warm bag," he will get in laughing, and cuddle himself up in it with pleasure, and he will not be so restless and unwilling to stay in bed. I am not speaking of those mothers who rock their great boys to sleep.

One day, I was out with my little boy, and on my return I found a gentleman in the sitting room. After the first salutation, I took away my child, undressed and put him to bed, and came back. "Your little boy is soon asleep," said he. "He is not asleep," I replied; "I should have enough to do if I stayed till then." "You are more fortunate than we are," he rejoined; "our little girl (a child of four or five) will never go to bed without a servant to sit up with her the whole evening till we go to bed." "When do you mean to break her of that habit?" I asked; "she will not cure herself."

I once heard of a lady, who agreed with her husband that he should manage all their children except the eldest; this boy was thoroughly indulged in all his whims—among the rest, in having some one to sit with him when in bed. It seems almost an incredible thing, but I have been told that when he was a young man of one-and-twenty (at the time I heard the fact from a friend), he was afraid to go to bed without a servant to sit in the room till he was asleep.

E. G.

[We have heard the praises of the "flannel bag," from a missionary, who told us his good wife found it a great comfort to their children on their return to England from a tropical climate.—Ed.]

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ALICE RAYMOND'S SECURITY.

BY MRS. E. JUDSON.

Long sat the young mother musingly; and thus her passing thoughts were fashioned :—

"Yes, I have a little greenhouse, it is true,—a dear, precious depository of exquisite blossoms, whose sunshine is my smile, whose refreshing dew my love, and over whose present beauty and future development a soiled finger, nay even the breath that parts my lips as I bend above them, has strange power. The blossoms are not really mine; they are lent me by a Friend dearer to me than my very life; to whom, indeed, I owe that life, and a million other benefits. They are lent me; and in a few years will be reclaimed. In the meantime, what shall I do for my blossoms, and to please my Benefactor? Shall I follow the example of my cousin Esther, and labour day and night to add conservatory to conservatory for their sakes, or to accumulate mountains of rich mould in which to crush and smother them? Oh, no; while bustling at these vain things, my tender little blossoms would miss my eye, and droop for lack of their accustomed sunshine.

"I have seen some sister florists, by way of gratifying a glad, strong feeling at the heart, besmear the simple little plants with gaudy colours; and really the pretty things so painted made a beautiful, brave show. But I am very cowardly about my blossoms. I have a thousand flutterings and doubts, and inexplicable misgivings, and it has been somewhere whispered to me that there is a poison in those fine colours which the delicate plant cannot fail to imbibe!

"Then there is Annie Deans, with her three graceful rose-trees. Nothing will satisfy her lively fancy but to trick out the boughs with gay ribands and threads of silver, and bits of gilded stuffs, all arranged in bows and

loops, and stars and streamers, and then calling on every passer-by to admire her handicraft. This may do for Annie Dean's roses, though I think even they would be more beautiful without; but my blossoms are less queenly, and their slender stems would scarcely bear such decorations. Besides, when the Owner comes, I well know He will strip the whole away; and then, if He should find a stem distorted, or a leaf mildewed, or a worm hidden under my tawdry adornments, what matter of sorrow will it be to me! And what, if by some such poor contrivances I should ruin one of these fair blossoms, so that it must be 'cast out as a branch that is withered?'

"Then, what am I to do? I am ignorant, and weak, and foolish. Turn I this way, I err from neglect; that way, from over-culture. Scarcely two florists are of the same opinion; and if they were, each of my tender, priceless blossoms has some peculiarity for which there can be no rule. It is a solemn, sacred thing, this charge of mine, and my very soul grows tremulous with awe as I think upon it. How watchful should be my eye! How gentle my touch! How faithful my pruning! I will not grasp at vanities, and so soil my hands; I will not mingle my voice with the loud tones of the world, and so bear the seeds of its scorching fever in my breath; I will never cheat my blossoms of the sunshine and the balmy dew, while I have lip to smile or heart to love; but what SECURITY have I against some fatal mistake that may mar their loveliness for ever, and shut them out of the celestial gardens?"

And so Alice Raymond mused on and on, till at length the cloud was lifted, and a look of serene, elevated confidence irradiated her face. Then softly she glided to her knees, and raised her white forehead with a new-born trust to the Owner of her blossoms. She had found the SECURITY!

[Begin early to train your plants.—ED.]

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PLAY-THINGS AND NEATNESS.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

DEAR MADAM,—The following circumstances came under my observation a short time back, which if you deem worth notice, I shall be happy in having forwarded them to you.

A short time ago the mother of a small family, who is a laundress, had occasion to call at my house, and seeing the nurse of my little boy picking up the play-things which he had been happily amusing himself with, exclaimed, "There, Master Willie, that's how you make litters for the servant to clear away." At the same time remarking, she could not bear to see her children's things upon the floor, and it always worried her to see their little things scattered hither and thither. It is customary for my little fellow to clear his play-things himself, but a domestic circumstance at that time prevented it. It is certainly much better for children to be taught to wait upon themselves. It inculcates habits of usefulness, and prevents much unnecessary trouble.

The mother to whom I have referred (and I dare say there are many such) is one who bestows many affectionate caresses, calling them her little darlings and pretty dears, but is unmindful to put those love-tokens into practical power. Many prefer seeing their children's toys placed upon the shelf, to be gazed upon as ornaments, rather than to amuse and delight the minds of their little ones. To you, dear mothers, I would say, cultivate by all means those habits of tidiness which make you dislike to see unnecessary articles scattered about your room; you will be teaching your children something right by so doing.

At the same time, strive not to think their play-things litters; they are by no means so, but on the contrary, necessary helps for their physical health, happiness, and improvement. They are so constituted that they must and will be in action. If you employ them not, they will themselves, by reaching something you do not like them to have off your table, getting up on your nice clean chair, moving things out of their places, and many other gambols, which might vex and be far more trouble to you than any innocent amusement with which you might furnish them, making manifest the truth of those lines—

> "That Satan finds some mischief still,
> For idle hands to do."

Respectfully yours, M. L. H.

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[We have always found it a good plan to allow the dear little children to have one place where they can play without being disturbed, or disturbing any of the home circle; but before they leave, we always like to accustom these little ones to return all the play-things to the *box*, or *cupboard*, given them for this purpose. Thus they early acquire habits of neatness which are very important in after life.—ED.]

FOR THE READERS OF "THE MOTHERS' FRIEND."

THE WAY TO GET GOOD AND DO GOOD.

IF any one would tell us an easy way to become rich, and have sufficient to impart to our children and relations, we should grudge neither time nor trouble in the attainment of such knowledge; but if we want something that will make us more happy than money, that is, wisdom and knowledge—if we want to know the best way to make our children obedient, kind, and affectionate, to secure our husband's love and company, and to make our homes happy, spend one penny a month, and take *The Mothers' Friend*, and when you have well treasured its contents in your memory, and acted in accordance with the advice there given (for it is in accordance with the Word of God), and so reaping a rich harvest yourselves, put some covers on them, and distribute them weekly in the locality in which you live; and if it should be a mile or two out of town, beyond the reach of tract distributors, and where religious advantages are few, how gladly will *The Mothers' Friend* be welcomed!

Then, when they have been their round, gather them all in, fresh cover them, give them to the town tract-distributors, or the town missionary, and so will you sow seed beside all waters, and reap an abundant harvest in the production of much good, and the prevention of crime and misery. I have tried this plan; Christian friends, will not you? Be persuaded to answer the question agreeably with the dictates of your own conscience. CLEMATIS.

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A VOICE FROM THE WORK-ROOM.

"Thou art in an evil case, it were cruel to deny to thee compassion;
Thou dost labour for the gay and the unthinking,
Year after year, unto death—yea, what a weariness is it."

"CHARLOTTE," said Miss Mary Clifford, entering the room where her sister was quietly conversing with a friend, to whom she gave a hurried morning salute, "Charlotte, do pity me; it is of no use asking Miss Stanley, but do *you* pity me. You know I am to go to the dinner party at D——, in a fortnight, and Mrs. Sutton was to have made my dress." "Well, Mary, has she refused to do so?" "Oh, no; she had begun it, and I believe sat up late last night to work at it, because she knew that I would not have it done by any of her workwomen—and this morning she is confined; so there is an end of my poor dress, for she will have her baby to nurse now." "I hope she is doing well," said Miss Clifford, calmly. "Oh, yes, I dare say she is; but I never asked: I thought only of my own trouble. But," she continued, "you do not pity me; and there is Miss Stanley positively looking pleased!" "I am pleased, my dear young friend; and you must not be angry with me for it." Miss Stanley paused, and looking sorrowful, continued,—"I am pleased that poor Mrs. Sutton has at length a respite from the incessant toil which is carrying her to an early grave. I hope it does not come too late!"

Mary Clifford was one of those fashionable, thoughtless girls who, looking at every one and every thing with a reference to self, was exceedingly annoyed and irritated when those who ministered to her luxuries and comforts experienced such a degree of personal infirmity, whether of body or mind, as interfered with her pursuing the round of dissipation and folly in which she delighted. Yet a pang of self-reproach shot through her as Miss Stanley closed the door. It was speedily lost in the strains of a new piece of music.

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a Stanley meanwhile pursued her way thoughtfully narrow street in which was situated the dwelling of ung dress-maker, whose exquisite natural taste and ad raised her to the rank of the most fashionable in the town of D——. Knocking gently at the t was opened by a neat old woman, whose face wore of deep anxiety. "How is Emma, Mrs. Sutton?" ill, Miss—very ill; you see she sat up last night te, working at Miss Mary Clifford's dress; for she en forbidden to leave it to any one else, and she has carcely fit for work for some time. She nearly l as Edward helped her up stairs; and now, the says, she is in a high fever." "And the baby?" it will die, I fear,"—and tears poured down the r's cheeks. "Oh, if the ladies knew," resumed the r, "how they over-work her!" Miss Stanley bade nd to her for anything that was needed, and left the with painful and mingled feelings.

ONE OF THE STANLEY FAMILY.

AGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

LOSSES.

s a great gain to suffer the loss of all things, that we earn to depend on Christ alone.—*Paley.*

DEATH.

ath pays respect neither to youth nor usefulness, but down together the tender herb, the fragrant flower, he noxious weed.—*J. A. James.*

THE LORD'S DAY.

e streams of religion run deeper or shallower as the s of the Sabbath are kept up or neglected.—*Calcott.*

YOUTH AND AGE.

uth is not like a new garment, which we can keep and fair by wearing sparingly. Youth, while we have

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it, we *must* wear daily, and it *will* fast wear away. The retrospect on youth is too often like looking back on what was a fair and promising country, but is now desolate by an overwhelming torrent, from which we have just escaped. Or it is like visiting the grave of a friend whom we had injured; and are precluded by his death from the possibility of making him an atonement. Time is the greatest of all tyrants. As we go on towards age, he *taxes* our health—our limbs—our faculties—our strength, and our features.

COMFORT.

It will afford sweeter happiness in the hour of death to have wiped one tear from the cheek of sorrow, than to have ruled an empire or enslaved a world.

FAULTS.

To hide one fault by another is both unwise and wicked. Sin is overcome only when by God's grace we repent of it, abhor it, and forsake it.

A MISTAKE.

To seek relief from doubt in doubt,
From woe in woe, from sin in sin,
Is but to drive a tiger out,
And let a hungry lion in.

ANALOGY.

An old stump of an oak, with a few young shoots on its almost bare top. Analogy:—Youthful follies growing on old age!

ADVERSITY.

Adversity, thou thistle of life! thou too art crowned; first with a flower, then with down.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Scripture Teacher's Assistant. By HENRY ALTHANS. London: Butt.

We strongly recommend this very excellent help to teachers and mothers.

Home Thoughts. July. London: Kent.

This miscellany continues to be a favourite.

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MY MOTHER'S PORTRAIT.

I was quite young when my mother died—a mere child, but I loved her dearly, and felt, when I saw her laid in the grave, that I had lost a friend whose place in my little heart no one else could fill. I had many kind relatives, but for a long time I could not be comforted, but cried for the return of her who lay in the silent grave. I missed the touch of her soft hand upon my head—for oh! whose touch is like a mother's?—and the sweet sound of her voice as she pronounced my name. It was the mother I missed, and the whole world could have given me nothing like her, nor equal to her.

But childhood is too happy and buoyant a season to be always sad. The dark clouds of grief cleared away at last from my sky, and the sunshine came back to dry my tears, and waken again my spirit to life and joy. The mother was not forgotten, but the boy who had lost her had ceased to pine for her presence. Three years rolled away, and the third from the period of my mother's death brought my tenth birth-day. I returned from school one afternoon weary, and in a fretful humour, for I had not recited my lesson well; as I entered the yard, behold! there stood my little cousin Alfred, with my new and beautiful kite nearly torn to pieces—his hands were full of fragments of it, which he was scattering upon the grass. Enraged at the sight, and blinded by anger and passion, I flung down my books and struck the little fellow a blow, which sent him reeling from me. He screamed violently, for the blow hurt him, but I was too angry to care. I ran into the parlour, and throwing myself upon the carpet, gave way to the tide of wrathful sorrow that flooded my soul.

By degrees I became a little calm—the parlour was cool and dark, for the shutters were nearly closed, to exclude the heat and light. After the hurricane of passion comes

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the still, but no less powerful, season of remorse; ungovernable fury always recoils upon itself, producing shame and regret. I raised my eyes, and looked around me. It was an old-fashioned house that I lived in, and the shutters had been made whole, with the exception of a little aperture cut in the shape of a heart in each one,—through these came a few straggling rays of light, falling upon me, upon the floor, and the furniture of the room.

Directly opposite the shutters, in the line of the setting sun, hung a portrait—the portrait of my mother; as my tearful glance fell upon it, the face seemed illuminated, and the large soft eyes looked lovingly down upon me, as they had done often—oh, how often, in years gone by; and I thought, as I gazed earnestly up at her, that there was a reproachful sorrow in the tenderness of her glance, such as I had seen before when I had given way to the violence of passion while she was alive. The words which she uttered at such times echoed in my ears with such distinctness that I seemed to hear her repeat them again—"Remember, my dear boy, never, never let the sun go down upon your wrath." The right chord had been touched in my soul, and I melted into penitence and tears. The memory of my mother's words—brought back with power at the sight of her countenance—subdued me, and my anger vanished away. She was dead, but she still had power over me,—for the memory of the words she had uttered, the counsel she gave me, the prayers she offered in my behalf, had been written on my heart in characters which would never fade. The sight of that dear face brought them all back, and the lion was transformed into the lamb. In obedience to her own advice I fell upon my knees, and prayed that God would forgive my passionate, wicked heart, and help me to control it in days to come. I did not like to leave that sweet face, so full of love, and to me so beautiful,—but when I did, it was to seek little Alfred, and try to atone for my unjust violence.

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My mother's portrait!—how often afterwards I sought the room where it hung, to gaze upon it, not only when a sense of wrong roused the slumbering passions of my soul, but when my boyish trials and griefs seemed a heavy burden, and I missed the encouraging smile and voice of her who would have helped me to bear them well, or shown me how they might have been cast aside! Even after I arrived at the period of manhood, the portrait was still as dear to me as ever, and from those loving, earnest eyes came forth the same mysterious power to soothe my waywardness, and cheer the sorrows of my heart. It existed not truly in the painting—there was no spirit or soul in the silent canvas; but the life I saw there was the reflection of that which existed in my soul, where her image was graven, and from whence it beamed forth in acts of love and self-control, the fruits of the seed she scattered before she passed from earth for ever. The good mother never dies—she will live in the sons and daughters she leaves behind her, and in those who come after them, till the end of time. Precious is the memory of such—more precious than a legacy of the finest gold.

A. M. E.

A VOICE FROM THE WORK-ROOM.—No. II.

"And pain is stamped upon her face,
While she wrestleth unequally with toil.
The last hurried struggle has broken the silken cord!"

A BRIEF but sharp struggle for life followed poor Emma Sutton's confinement; her baby died. Could quiet have been secured to the young mother, her recovery would have been hastened; but from her bed-room she could hear the repeated visits of her customers, the sharp, disappointed tones of voice, and the peremptory orders given to her civil, clever "first hand," who tried in vain to supply her mistress's place.

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"Mother,"—said the sufferer, on the thirteenth day after her illness began—"mother, I must sit up and work." She had done so, in her bed, several times. "I have just remembered Miss Mary's dress, and to-morrow she will want it." She rose, and, with the help of her mother, entered her work-room a short time before Miss Stanley called. "How is Mrs. Sutton to-day?" she asked. "Better, ma'am; but go in." "Surely she is not at work?" The mother shook her head, and pointed forwards.

The lady entered the room, and there, seated on the sofa, and deadly pale, save a deep crimson spot on each cheek, and half hidden by piles of gay dresses, whose bright colours contrasted painfully with her wasted figure, was poor Mrs. Sutton. "Emma, why are you here?" said Miss Stanley. "I cannot help it, my dear young lady; four or five ladies have been here, and want their dresses for to-morrow, and say they must go elsewhere if they cannot be served; and there is Miss Mary's dress, but it is nearly done." "But, Emma, think of your husband and your children." "That is one thing, ma'am, that makes me more anxious. Edward gains very little, and what should we do if I lost my business; there is your dress, ma'am—" "Don't touch it; your first hand will do for me, and I can wait a week, or longer, if necessary." "Thank you, my dear lady; would that all were as considerate as you are."

Miss Mary Clifford's dress was sent home that night, and Edward Sutton carried his wife to the bed, whence she never rose again. Too surely had fashion and selfishness pursued their victim, and in another week, with scarcely five-and-twenty summers over her head, the gifted young milliner sank into an early grave.

"Oh, ma'am," said and sobbed poor Edward, as he drew closer to him his motherless little ones, "they did not mean it, ma'am—the ladies, I would say; *they did not*

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think what they were doing; but, sure as possible, the selfishness of these ladies has cost my dear wife her life, and taken from me my best treasure on earth, and from my babes a loving mother."

Dear countrywomen, married and single, we have placed before you no highly-wrought tale of fiction; we are not conscious of the slightest exaggeration, either of incident or language, in our simple narrative. We have given you a plain fact, from personal experience, and we ask you, when you order your next dress, to give a sufficient length of time to prevent your incurring similar guilt to that we have depicted.

Work-women! let no inducements or threats lead you to neglect your duty to God, to your husbands and children, or others dependant on you; above all, whilst clothing the poor frail bodies of others, seek to have your souls dressed in the glorious robe of Christ's righteousness, in which alone a sinner can stand before a holy God.

ONE OF THE STANLEY FAMILY.

A WORD FOR THE FATHERS.

THE father is the representative of society at home; the mother only represents the interior of the house. The one brings home the cares of public life, the other prepares the pleasures of the domestic hearth. It is the father who should provide for the daily sustenance of the household; it is the mother who should elevate the hearts of her children to the love of God and man. Thus all the functions of the father, be he rich or poor, a tradesman, a mechanic, or a field-labourer, are exterior and public; while those of the wife and mother, be she a "great woman," or a working man's wife, are interior or private. Nature has so ordered it, for the morality of the children and the happiness of the father.

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If the sweet voice of the mother—if the grace of her gestures and the sweetness of her look penetrate into the heart of the child, the manly voice of the father, the seriousness of his manner, and his look, are better adapted, under difficult circumstances, for imposing respect and compelling obedience; they prevent the child from becoming enervated in the cradle of caresses, lavished in the arms and the lap of the mother. The part of the father, in the education of his children, can then neither be a lesson nor a labour. Let him improve his condition by his avocations; let him place his delight in fulfilling his duties as a man and as a citizen; let his actions be always in accordance with his speech, always expressive of generous thoughts, and he will have done more for his children than could the teachers of all the universities in the world. Society has established the education of youth in schools, nature has placed the morality of a people in the family circle. God has committed the training of the children in the right direction—in the road to a blissful immortality, to the parents.

Every day, on returning home, the father relates what he has seen or heard in the world; his relations with his work-people, if he be a master; with the State, if he be a public man; with his studies, if he be an artist or a literary man; with his work, if he be a mechanic, a shepherd, or a field-labourer. Then an affectionate exchange of thoughts and sentiments takes place between the father, mother, and children, in which questions of polity, morality, and piety are talked over. It is thus that the destinies of a country are influenced; thus are formed, by a sweet intimacy in the effusions of the heart, the opinions of a whole life. What an admirable means of enlightening the conscience of the child; of making him an honest man, a patriot, a God-fearing member of society; of raising his soul to the two passions which most strongly move youth—the love of the beautiful, and truth. This is an easy education, which in no wise alters the habits of life; which exacts no sacrifice,

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which requires no care, and the vivifying action of which will be exerted over the father as well as the children; and, indeed, what father will dare to praise vice, or even to boast of a bad action, when he knows that each of his words, being received into the young minds of the family circle, may become an opinion, and tend to form the character of his children.

In the home circle must our youth derive those principles which will isolate them from the forbidden practices and passions of the age. The father's and the mother's task will not be fulfilled, till they send forth from their home circles honest men, good citizens — God-fearing, Bible-loving men and women.

THE ACCIDENT.—No. II.

THE FUNERAL.

"Well, Mrs. Carr, I thought the funeral services this afternoon very solemn, did not you?" "Indeed I did, Mrs. Sims, and I think the feeling was general; and I thought the words of St. Paul so suitable—'We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body and present with the Lord.' How true were the remarks of the minister, that in all animated nature there is observable a fond clinging to life—from the ant to the elephant, from the child to the man of hoary hairs—it is manifest in all circumstances, and seems part of our very nature; it is the Gospel, and the Gospel only, which will enable a man to say, he is willing to be absent from the body; and this arises from a conviction of the truth, that to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord. How sweetly did he speak of this. Here is a great truth, said he, clearly set forth, and it is evidently no new doctrine to the Apostle's mind; it had long taken possession of his heart, and he was anxious that the Corinthian

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Christians should be comforted with the same consolation—to him it was a revelation from Heaven, and what a glorious truth it is! Just see—there lies the poor emaciated body, struggling with pain and suffering, torn almost asunder, yet the mind calm and composed, justifying the ways of God to man, cheered by the precious promises, and animated even to rejoicing by the thought that 'to be absent from the body is to be present with the Lord.' And this glory, too, all but within sight—the steps of mortal pilgrimage nearly finished—the eye, accustomed only to earthly things, is soon to open upon those which are eternal. Heaven itself is to be the abode of the liberated spirit, those wonders on which the earnest mind has long dwelt shall be realised, and earth indeed exchanged for heaven. Concerning the nature of the existence of separate spirits, the Scriptures are silent, nor would we pry between the folded leaves; it is enough for us that we shall be there conscious immortals, perfectly sure that we are safe—safe for ever—accepted in the Beloved; and our chief and supreme delight will arise from the fact, that we shall be together, and for ever with Jesus Christ, who loved us, who died for us, and who led us safely through earth's dangerous pilgrimage to the glory of His heavenly throne. How shall we then trace with delight the mysteries of His providence, and rejoice in the fulfilment of the promise, 'What ye know not now, ye shall know hereafter;' and how strong and bright will that promise burst forth—'For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory.'"

"Really, Mrs. Carr, what a memory you have!" "Well, the words were weighty, and made a deep impression on my mind, Mrs. Sims, and I think they did on many others, for I saw many a weeping eye. Poor Mrs. Pool and the dear children, their hearts seemed ready to break; but I must go. I expect we shall have a very crowded place, to hear the funeral sermon. Good afternoon." M. B.

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LETTERS FROM THE NURSERY.—No. VI.

"Scratch the green rind of a sapling, or wantonly twist it in the soil, and the scarred and crooked oak will tell of thee for centuries to come."

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

MY DEAR MADAM,—I suppose most mothers know how dangerous it is to warm children's feet by the fire when they are chilled. A lady, whom I knew when a girl, had been intimate from childhood with a gentleman who had scarcely any toes on his feet, and when a little boy he never liked any one to see them. The history of the matter was this:—

His mother was a young wife, suddenly introduced to the world, and very much taken up with visiting. She had, at that time, only one child; and when she thought how much she neglected him, she consoled herself with the reflection, that she had an excellent nurse, who was fond of him, and would take better care of him than she herself could. One night she awoke, and began to think of her child; she had been so very much engaged for some days that she had quite forgotten to send for him. She grew uneasy, she could not tell why, and at length got up, and resolved she would go to the nursery. "What, at this hour?" said her husband. "I have not seen him these two or three days," she replied. "The more shame for you," said the father; "but as you have waited so long, you can wait a little longer."

The mother lay down again but could not rest, so she crept very softly into the nursery. Nurse was not in bed, and seemed frightened to see her mistress. "Let me see my child, nurse." "He is asleep, ma'am." The mother looked at her baby, and would have taken him up, but nurse remonstrated. "I *must* look at him;" said the lady, stripping off the clothes and taking up her child. She examined him all over, and found his little toes were black!

Nurse, at first, said she knew nothing about it—but afterwards, with tears, she acknowledged that she had taken him into the park on a frosty morning, where he seemed very cold, so she brought him in and held his feet to the fire, when they were frost-bitten. She had done all she could, but they got worse instead of better. A doctor was called, who immediately cut off several of the toes; he said, if assistance had been delayed till morning, the child must have died.—Yours, &c. E. G.

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MY MOTHER'S GENTLE WORD.

My precious mother died when I was six years of age, and though long and weary years have gone by, and I have seen changes long and many, yet a little incident of my childhood, some two years previous to her death, will never be blotted from the tablet of my memory.

I had, one Sabbath morning, been taken to church by an elderly lady who resided with us, my mother being too ill to go out. I remember that it was the season of Christmas, and the little church of D—— was gaily decorated with wreaths of evergreens. To my childish eye it was beautiful, and I began playing with the sprig of myrtle which hung near the pew, and, despite the angry looks of my friend, I kept on plucking the leaves, and throwing them about the place, until at last I put some of the dried leaves into the stove to make a smoke.

Service being ended, my friend pulled me along, saying, "Now, you wicked boy, I shall take you to your mamma, and she must whip you." I made no reply. We reached home, and I was taken to my mother's chamber. She was seated in her easy chair, supported by pillows. The sweet smile with which she greeted my entrance faded from her lips as she heard the recital of my misdeeds.

After a moment's pause, being left alone with me, she sweetly said, "You have grieved your poor sick mamma." I felt her tears upon my cheek. There was no need to say more. I clung to her arms, and sobbed as though my heart would break. Her gentle words had done what punishment in my case could not have effected.

THE OUTCASTS.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR THE COMPASSIONATE.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

My dear Madam,—I am very glad to see you are taking up the cause of "The Outcasts." Mr. P. has been on the committee

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of an institution for reclaiming them for forty years, and has often heard of instances of great usefulness. The following letter is from one who has been benefited by such efforts, and is addressed to the matron under whose care she was for two years:—

"Honoured Madam,—Not only feeling it a duty, but also an unspeakable pleasure, I once more return to the Ladies' Committee my most grateful thanks for their kindness and for their very kind reward," (a guinea, for being twelve months in a situation as servant.) "I know not how to express my gratitude. It is, indeed, with great astonishment that I look at myself, when I think that such a sinner as I have been am thus favoured. Oh! it is of the Lord's mercy, who has indeed dealt graciously with me; who has preserved and led me by the kind hand of my gracious Saviour, and has, I trust, enabled me, through His divine mercy, to cast that burden of sin which I have so long borne at the foot of the cross. Oh, what a friend is Christ! I should, indeed, after all He has done for my soul, be worse than those who never heard His name, if I did not give Him my heart. Had I a thousand hearts, I find, by happy experience, that time, and health, and all are so delightfully spent in His service, that I could cheerfully give them all to such a Friend. My only sorrow now is, that I have been such a wicked and unprofitable servant, and that I do not now love Him more. My privileges are great indeed, and have been ever since I first entered your blessed Asylum, where the impressions I received will, I trust, be a blessing to me through eternity. May my kind benefactors have the happiness, at the last great day, to see a poor unworthy sinner like me presented with a crown of glory—and not only me, but hundreds who have been under their care. Dear Madam, you will excuse my troubling you with a long letter, but I could tell you a great deal more, if I were permitted, of the love of Christ. May I live near to Him, and be found in Him at last, and join the redeemed of the Lord throughout the countless ages of eternity. Permit me to present my duty to the Ladies' Committee, and allow me to subscribe myself,

"Your humble Servant,

"* * * *."

The following is from a sister of an unfortunate girl:—

"My dear Madam,—Permit me to return you our sincere thanks for the extreme kindness and heartfelt interest you be-

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evinced towards our unfortunate sister. We cannot sufficiently express our gratitude to Heaven for raising up such kind friends in her behalf. That she may be endued with grace and strength from on high to fulfil her duties, that the Giver of all good may return tenfold the mercy shown her in the hour of her distress, are the united prayers of myself and sisters."

May these letters, which prove that the vilest may be forgiven and restored to society, encourage others to seek their recovery, by directing and assisting them to gain admittance to such houses of mercy.

I remain, dear Madam, yours very truly,

A. P.

THE EMIGRANT MOTHER.

From my own native clime I took my way
Across the foaming deep; my husband slept
In his new grave, and poverty had stripped
Our lonely cottage. Letters o'er the wave,
From brother and poor sister, bade me come
To the new world, where there is bread for all.
So with my heavy, widowed heart I went,
My only babe and I.
Coarse curious eyes
Looked searchingly upon me as I sat
In the thronged steerage, with my sick, sick soul.
But at each jeering word I bowed my head
Down o'er my helpless child and was content,
For he was all my world.
Storms rocked the bark,
And haggard fear sprang up with oaths and cries;
Yet wondrous courage nerved me—for to die,
With that fair loving creature in my arms,
Seemed more than life without him. If a shade
Of weariness or trouble marked my brow,
He looked upon me with his father's eyes,
And I was comforted.
But sickness came,
Close air and scanty food. Darkly they pressed
On feeble infancy, and oft I heard,
As mournful twilight settled o'er the sea,

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The frequent plunge, and the wild mother's shriek
When her lost darling to the depths went down.
Then came the terror. To my heaving breast
I closer clasped my child, and all my strength
Went forth in one continual sigh to God.
Scarcely I slept, lest the dire pestilence
Should smite him unawares—e'en when he lay
In peaceful dreams, the smile upon his cheek,
I trembled lest the dark-winged angel breathed
Insidious whispers luring him away.
It came at last! that dreadful sickness came,
The fever—short and mortal! Midnight's pall
Spread o'er the waters when his last faint breath
Moistened my cheek—deep in my breaking heart
I shut the mother's cry.
One mighty fear
Absorbed me, lest his cherished form should feed
The dire sea-monsters, nor beneath the sods
Of the green, quiet, blessed earth await
The resurrection.
So I shuddering pressed
The body closer, though its deadly cold
Froze through my soul.
To those around I said,
"Disturb him not—he sleepeth." Then I sang,
And rocked him tenderly as though he woke
In fretfulness, or felt the sting of pain.
My poor dead baby! Terrible to me
Such falsehood seemed. But yet the appalling dread,
Lest the fierce scaly monsters of the sea
Should wind around him with their gorging jaws
O'ermastered me.
Nights fled and mornings dawned,
And still my chill arms clasped immoveably
The shrivelling form. They told me he was dead,
And bade me give my beautiful to them,
For burial in the deep. With outstretched hands
They stood demanding him until the light
Fled from my swimming eyes.
But when I woke
From the long trance, that icy burden lay
No longer on my bosom. Pitying words

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The Captain spoke,—"Look at yon little boat
Lashed to our stern. There in his coffin rests
The body of thy son. If in three days
We reach the land, he shall be buried there
As thou desirest."
Then from breaking morn
My eyes were fixed, and when the darkness came,
By the red binnacle's uncertain light
I watched that floating speck amid the waves,
And prayed for land.
As thus I kept my watch,
Like desolate Rizpah, mournful visions came
Of my forsaken cottage; while the spring
Of gushing crystal, where 'neath bowering trees
We drew our water, gurgled in my ear,
To mock me with its memories of joy.
My throat was dry with anguish, and when voice
Failed me to pray for land, I lifted up
That silent naked thought which finds the throne
Sooner than pomp of words.
With fiery face
And eager foot the third dread morning rose
Out of the misty deep, and coldly rang
The death-knell of my hope.
As o'er the stern
I gazed with dim eye on the flashing brine,
Methought its depths were opened, and I saw
Creatures most vile that o'er the bottom crept:
Lizards and slimy serpents, hideous forms
And shapes, for which man's language has no name;
While to the surface rose the monster shark,
Intent to seize his prey.
Convulsive shrieks,
Long pent within my bleeding heart, burst forth;
But from the watcher at the mast there came
A shout of "LAND!" and on the horizon's edge
Gleamed a faint streak, like the white seraph's wing.
Oh! blessed land! We neared it, and my breath
Was one continued gasp. Oh! blessed land!
A boat was launched; with flashing oar it reached
A lovely isle. Bent o'er the vessel's side
I saw them dig a narrow grave, and lay

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In the cold bosom of the quiet earth
The little body that was mine no more.
Nor wept I: for an angel said to me,
'God's will! God's will! and thy requited prayer, remember!'
To my hand a scroll they brought,
Bearing the name of that deserted strand,
And record of the day in which they laid
My treasure there. They might have spared that toil—
A mother's unforgetful love needs not
Record or date.
The ship held on her course
To greener shores. Then came an exile's pain
Beneath a foreign sky.
Yet 'twere a sin
To mourn with bitterness the boy whose smile
Cheers me no more, since the sea had him not,
Nor the sea-monsters.
Endless praise to Him,
Who did not scorn the poor weak woman's sigh
Of desolate woe.
No monument is thine,
O babe! that 'neath yon sterile sands doth sleep,
Save the strong sculpture in a mother's heart;
And by those traces will she know thee well,
When the graves open, and before God's throne
Both small and great are gathered.

L. H. S.

HOW TO BE A GOOD LITTLE SERVANT.—No. IV.

"Oh, mother! Polly Wildfire has been so dreadfully shaking and slapping the poor little baby, that I went up to her and spoke about it: she told me to mind my own business, but sure it is everybody's business, when they see poor little children treated badly, to take their part—is it not, mother?" "Certainly, my child; and if you should ever go out, as you wish to do, as a young servant, one part of your duty will be to be kind to all; avoid quarrels with everybody in the house, and always have a kind word, even for those who may not speak very kindly to you. There are

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always some cross kind of spirits to be found in every house, but if left to themselves they will soon spend their vengeance, particularly if they get a kind word for a cross one. Let us read the Bible again; find the fifteenth chapter of Proverbs and the fifth verse. 'A soft answer turneth away wrath, but grievous words stir up anger.'"

"Why, mother! I never did see anybody like you, for you always seem to be able to open the Bible and find a bit just suited to all we are saying!" "Well, dear! this is just what I should like you to be able to do—go to the Word of God as to a wise and true, and valued and tried friend, and you may always find direction there in every difficulty. But then, Carry, if you mean to be a good little servant, there is the one thing needful you must have, or you will never feel right nor act right?" "Ah! I know what you mean, mother. I must be *pious!*" "Yes, just so; this will include all the rest. You will then be clean, neat—doing all things in order—kind, obedient, careful, truthful, honest; indeed, this one word PIETY will include all that a mother wishes to see, or a mistress require." "Now, mother, for Mr. Sabine's 'Little Kitchen-maid,' you said you would read."

"THE LITTLE KITCHEN-MAID.

"And so to be a kitchen-maid
Our little Hannah wishes;
She says she's not of work afraid,
Of washing plates and dishes.
Come, then, my child, I'll tell thee how
With grace to fill thy station,
No matter whether high or low
Thy lot or situation.

"To set the Lord before thine eyes,
Be this thy first endeavour;
His favour seek, that matchless prize
Hold fast, and hold for ever.

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Be faithful, honest, just and true,
In this thy humble calling,
And trust the Lord, in all you do,
To keep you, dear, from falling.

"A little maid should careful be,
Of circumspect behaviour,
So act and speak that all may see
She loves her God and Saviour.
No matter what her service is,
Her duties, or her station;
So that her service all be His,
'Twill be a sweet oblation.

"He'll take it all as done for Him,
Although the work be lowly,
He loves the praise of seraphim—
The blazing sun—the glow-worm dim—
All precious, if all holy."

ORY FOR OUR JUVENILE FRIENDS.—No. V.

E LITTLE GIRL WHO WANTED TO KNOW EVERYTHING.

[AMMA, you said you would talk to me again about eth, and you know you always keep your word." ll, dear, I am quite at leisure now, and will gladly l to you; and while thinking on the subject, I have vith a page on the teeth, which I will read to you; gh I do not think you will call it very agreeable in- ation, it may serve to help you in remembering to those little teeth of yours." "Oh, thank you, ma; e read—I like to hear you read."

The gentleman who writes, Minny, has given direc- for taking care of the teeth, and then goes on to say ose who will not take the trouble to clean them, that persons have animalcules abounding in the matter h accumulates about the teeth—that their accumulating etons form what is called 'the crust of the teeth.' y are incredibly numerous, and, when examined under

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the microscope, are so full of motion that the whole mass appears alive." "Oh, ma, please don't read any more, it is so dreadful; I feel sure I shall remember it till I am as big as you; but, ma, what did you call the white, shining part?" "The enamel, Minny; now try to remember that word. If this gets broken, the air penetrates the tooth, and it becomes hollow, or decays." "Dear me, mamma, then I must not crack nuts, I suppose, like Hetty does?" "No, dear, certainly not; you should never bite any substance with your teeth harder than the crust of dry bread." "Oh, ma, do let me run and tell Hetty not to crack nuts." "Wait a moment, dear, I have something else to say to you. I want you to think, my little girl, about that glorious Being who is so kind to us, and who surrounds us by His mighty works; what a wonderful body He has made for man, and what a beautiful world He has given us to live in. There are, indeed, marks of sin all around us, yet it is still beautiful. How pretty the fields, with their green carpet, and the bright flowers growing on their brown bed, and the woods, and the hills, and the restless blue sea, and the sky with all its glories. I remember, when you were a little lisping child, you used to call the stars 'God's bright eyes.'" "Did I, ma? tell me some more."

"I was going to say, dear, that when man disobeyed God, and became a sinner, He might have caused everything around us to give us pain when we gazed upon it; He might have made everything disagreeable to our taste; He might have caused us to feel pain every time we moved these bodies of ours; but, instead of this, He has made everything agreeable around us, and all would add to our happiness but for these wicked hearts of ours within. Now I will read a very pretty piece to you, which is a great favourite of mine, and then you may run off to tell Hetty about your teeth." "Oh, ma, I like that pretty text at the top of the poetry." "Do you mean the words—'He hath made everything beautiful?' Listen, Minny—

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"Call not earth a barren spot,
Pass it not ungrateful by;
'Tis to man a lovely lot,
Though a lovelier rests on high.

"Were the woods, and hills, and streams,
Earth's soft green, and heaven's pure blue,
All the radiance of its beams,
Formed by God in vain for you?

"True, indeed, the stain of sin
We perceive upon it all;
And the best around, within,
Bear the tokens of the fall.

"We may wish for purer skies,
Fields celestial, springs of bliss;
Yet with grateful ardour prize
Such a lovely world as this.

"We may wish for souls as chaste
As the morn or mountain snow;
Yet each hallowed pleasure taste,
God has given to man below.

"Call not earth a barren spot,
Pass it not ungrateful by;
'Tis to man a lovely lot,
Though a lovelier rests on high."

"Oh, mamma, I do like that pretty poetry; may I learn it?" "Yes, certainly, if you like; but run away, and have a game of play now, dear Minny."

THE REPENTING BOY.

A little boy, about six years of age, one day manifested a disobedient and refractory spirit. His mother led him up stairs, and talked long and kindly to him; told him of the awful and sad effects of such conduct, and of God's great displeasure at disobedience.

This conversation had a most salutary effect on the mind of the child. The next morning he was in bed longer than usual. His mother asked the reason; he replied, "Mo-

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ther, I have been talking to God." "What about, dear?" "I have been telling Him I am very sorry for being so naughty, and I asked Him to forgive me, and to help me, that I may not be so wicked again." "And do you think, dear, that God heard you?" With joy beaming in his countenance he replied, "Yes, mother, and I believe He has forgiven me."

A Christian mother can easily imagine how these words fell upon the heart of this little boy's mother. Was there not prayer, repentance, and faith in his language? Prayer, "talking to God," pouring out our sorrows into the ear of a sympathising Redeemer; repentance, "sorry for being so naughty;" confession and contrition, accompanied with a desire not to offend again. Mother, teach your little boy this verse:—

"Repentance is to leave
The things we loved before,
And show that we in earnest grieve,
By doing so no more."

Then there was faith: "I believe He has forgiven me;" a simple trust in the pardoning love of God, through Jesus Christ. True it is, that the plan of salvation is so simple, that a little child may understand it, and though refused by the learned it is often revealed unto babes. Let us teach our beloved ones the importance of confessing their wrong doings to God, instead of allowing their sins to remain as a heavy burden on their conscience; and let us encourage them to tell us of all their little troubles, that we may go with them to the foot of the cross to receive pardons and blessings.

CLEMATIS.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

I've been Thinking. By Mrs. ROE. London: Clarke and Co.
An exceedingly interesting and instructive book for the young.

Ned the Tippler. By WILLIAM DREW. London: Horsell.
A temperance tale of interest, and pleasingly told.

Home Thoughts. August Number. London: Kent.
A pleasant companion for the family.

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PAGE FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.—No. VI.

"Remember the weakness of his thought, and that wisdom for him must be diluted."

"Come here, dear, and feel pussy's nice fur; stroke him gently, he likes kindness—pussy can feel as well as Willie. See how he likes to sleep near the fender—he looks happy. Willie must try to make everything that has life feel happy. Gentle Jesus is kind to every creature He has made, and He is always looking upon my little boy. He sees all he does, and hears all my little son says. Can Willie tell mother what the bright fender is made of?" "No, mother." "It is made of hard metal, Willie, and men dig it out of the earth. What is the cover of my little boy's book made of?"

There would be no end to our paper, if we imagined all the various things that the young mother can talk to her little boy about. If we can only help her to think while she nurses or sits by him, we shall have gained our point. A very clever physician asserts that the words, looks, and actions which infants see and hear in the first two or three years of their lives, do actually form the grand essential outlines of their future characters, and so indelibly are they impressed that it will be difficult to new-model them in future years. How careful, then, should the mother be, as to the kind of words her babe hears, and the kind of actions he sees! How wise should she herself be! How perfect, too!

That was a judicious mother who was heard to remark that she herself always took the chief care of her infants till they were two or three years old. Instead of a nurse she hired a housekeeper, saying, "If anything is wasted or broken it can be supplied, but if the dispositions of my children are injured there is no remedy." "Ah, but," say some, "*mothers* too often spoil them, and not nurses!"

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Yes, we admit this too, but then we are pleading for *wise* mothers. We would warn them of the danger of ruining these little immortals in the early morning of life. The mother must herself learn at the fountain of wisdom, and from her store draw forth all good things—and good ways—and good thoughts and words for the careful training of the helpless creature committed to her trust; it may be, indeed, but for a few brief summers, but that training stretches forth into the far-off future—even to eternity.

If thy boy is spared, young mother, to see thee laid in thy grave, he shall speak thy words, do thy actions, and quote thy maxims, till the flower of the grave blossoms on his head; and then in thy children's children you will yet live again, and prove a blessing or a curse to generations yet to come. Ponder these thoughts, as you teach that smiling boy now nestling at your side, young mother. You are working not only for time—even this is momentous! but *eternity* will tell of your present training.

THE WIFE.—No. VI.

"The soft smile of a loving face is better than splendour that fadeth quickly.

"If ye will be happy in marriage, confide, love, and be patient; be faithful, firm, and holy."

Life, and particularly the married life, is generally made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses, and little attentions, are the things that win and preserve the heart and secure comfort. Little attentions are the heralds of affection—units they are which lead to mighty products. They are often laid aside after marriage; but when this is the case there is some danger of the decline and fall of love's empire. And then, if we reflect for a moment how short the time may be, ere the tenderest ties of earth may be broken, how

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anxious should we feel to make those dear to us as happy as we can while they remain with us, that we may have no regret on this point when we weep over the remembrance of their love. How little things are remembered, sometimes with anguish, after the time has passed away when we might have made reparation!

"I went one day," says a lady, "while quite a child, to take tea with the mother of my nurse, who accompanied me. This poor woman was a widow, and often through life has the conversation of that evening recurred to me. She was very glad to see us, and brought out her best tea-things to give us a cup of tea. After tea she took up her knitting, while my nursemaid read a tract to us. Scarcely had she finished reading, when up starts the old lady from her arm-chair to take hold of the snuffers in a great bustle, for while she had been looking at her knitting, and her daughter at her little book, there had been a thief in the candle! 'Ah!' she exclaimed, 'that thief in the candle takes me back again many years of my life. It happened that one winter's night,' continued the poor old widow, 'when I had more than common to do with my needle, there was but one candle in the candle-box; and when I lighted it, thinks I to myself, if I am not in a bit of a bustle, as sure as I am alive my candle will be burnt out before I have finished my work. In about half an hour I left the table, intending to return in a few minutes; but, very foolishly, I began to do some trifling jobs in the chimney-corner, which might just as well have been done at another time. How long I was away from the table I cannot tell, but when I went back to it again I found there was a thief in the candle! It must have been burning there for some time in that manner, for one side of the candle, more than half way down, was melted. What made it worse was, that the wick had given way, and the candle would not stand upright. I tried all manner of contrivances, but all this time the candle was burning, and

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so much of it had been wasted, that before I had half done my work it began to flicker in the socket of the candlestick. I was sadly vexed at myself, and while I sat fretting and stewing, in comes my good man, as good-tempered as I ever saw him in my life. "Wife," says he, hanging up his hat on a peg by the stair-foot door, "wife, thee hadst better light another candle, or stir up the fire; let us look a little cheerful on this side the door, for it's gloomy enough on the other." While he said this in his joking way, the walls of the cottage were one moment lighted up, and the next covered with shadow, for the flickering flame threatened to go out every moment; but when I told him about the thief in the candle, and that the candle-box was empty, he shook his head, and sitting himself down in the chimney-corner, began to talk to me. "Wife," says he, and while he spoke he took up the poker and made the fire flame up afresh, "wife," says he again, with a smile on his face, "I am afraid 'tis no uncommon thing in most houses to have a thief in the candle." I felt the colour flush in my face, being more vexed at what he said than I had been before. "You need not say that to me," says I, "for we have not had a thief in the candle I don't know the time when before." I began to clear the round deal table, that I might set his supper before him, but all the while I was as snappish as the tongs. "Ah, wife," continued my husband, and a better never lived, "I have heard say, life is but a candle that flares away for a little while, and then sinks into the socket and goes out. Now, I take it, that if our lives are to be looked upon as candles, we have had a pretty many thieves in them in our time." I was too cross to say anything, so he went on talking just in the same way for some time. What he said began to mollify me, for it went to my very heart, but I did not interrupt him. At last, says he, "Wife, I can see that you are a little bit twisted at what I said about the thief in the candle; but I did not

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to apply it to you half so much as to myself; our
es will soon enough be burning in the socket, and if
isy ourselves about trifles, and neglect doing what
: to be done, we shall find, when we little think it, that
has been a thief in the candle." Since that night I have
n a deal of sorrow, for my husband has been taken
, and I have been left a poor lonely widow; but the
cup has been sweetened with mercy. I have been
ously led to seek and to know more of Him whom to
is eternal life. My prayer is, that my day may not
isted—that my life may be devoted to the glory of
tedeemer—that no thief may be found in the candle!'
so it often is; when our dear ones are gone for ever
our world, we regret many things which happened
i they were yet with us. This poor widow remembered,
i her kind husband was laid beneath the clods of the
y, that she was as 'snappish as the tongs' on the
ing when there was a thief in the candle!"
'ife! mother! soon the time will come when the last
l will have been spoken, and the tenderest and happiest
ns broken. Let, then, the law of love guide us till we
h that blissful shore where all we loved on earth, if
ed by faith to Christ, shall live and love again in the
t and joy of an eternal day. There infirmities shall
e—blessings be perfected—and the High and Holy One
l declare our reunion to be for ever and for ever.

SUNDAY EVENING OCCUPATIONS.

And Aaron shall lay both his hands on the head of the live
t, and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel."
EV. xvi.

My dear children, the subject which I have chosen for
s evening is about two goats. I suppose you have all
n a live goat—perhaps very often. When you have time

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I should like you to try and find some texts in the Bible about goats. You have read in it about the Tabernacle in the wilderness, and the priests who used to offer sacrifices for the Jews. Did you ever see a picture of the Tabernacle? It was divided into two parts: into the first, or holy place, any of the priests were allowed to go; but only the High Priest might enter the other part, which was called the *most holy place*—this, however, was only to be done once a year, and then the High Priest (whose name was Aaron) must take blood in with him, or else even he dared not go in. Can you tell why this was? To show us that if Jesus had not shed His blood, neither you nor I —no, nor the best and holiest man—could ever have entered heaven.

But we will go back again to the goats. Aaron the High Priest was commanded to take two goats, and draw lots for them; one was to be slain, and its blood carried into the most holy place—but what was to be done with the other? Aaron was to stand at the door of the Tabernacle by its side, put his hands upon its head, and confess over it all the sins of the Jewish people, and then send the goat away by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness.

Now, my dear children, this is a short story of what *really* happened long, long ago. Aaron is dead. The Jews who stood watching while he did all this are dead also. Why has God left the account of it for us to read and think about? There is a verse in the New Testament (in the Epistle to the Hebrews) which tells us that the *blood of bulls and goats* could never take away sin, neither could the goat when alive really bear away sin. No, dear children, this was all intended to teach us about One who suffered and died *for* us on earth, and who now pleads in heaven the merits of His own blood for all those who love him. Yes, He is gone, like Aaron, into the most holy place. By-and-by He will come out, as Aaron did, to bless His people. Shall you be among those to whom He

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will say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father?" If so, you will go and confess your sins to Him now, that they may be forgiven. None but Jesus could ever have borne the weight, the dreadful weight, of the sin of the whole world —none but Jesus could now appear in heaven to plead with His Father for all those who love Him.

Oxford. MARY.

CARE FOR THE OUTCASTS.

WE have received many encouraging letters since we dared to touch this delicate subject, and have also before us an account of an interesting case, with several letters, which we hope may prove a stimulus to the self-denying efforts of those who care for the poor erring wanderer. We will give a short extract from the letter of one friend, and then proceed to the case sent to us by another.

"MY DEAR MADAM,—I am glad you have taken up the subject of the Outcast, and I sympathise with the necessity of dealing with it carefully; yet, now that you are fairly started, do not, my dear madam, fail to pursue it thoroughly. It is, indeed, a melancholy subject, revealing, perhaps, more real misery, mental and physical, than any irregularity to which our fallen nature is prone. Whatever may be done as means of prevention should be done quickly and heartily. For many years it has been to me a subject of affecting meditation, and I have felt great interest in any remedial suggestion that has come under my notice; yet does it seem that the evil strengthens, and that the number of its victims is continually on the increase.

"There is one remedial phase of the subject in which it has been possible to make various experiments, beneath my own observation, though, alas! I grieve to say, they have not always succeeded. I allude to the reception of young women, who have strayed, into my family as domestic servants. I am aware how timid many Christian mothers and mistresses are of such a movement (and not without reason either); yet when no other course seems open, when erring woman pleads to be given a chance for recovery, and you can give it, the risk may be worth while. I am thankful to say the beloved superior of my domicile has often consented to commit all dangers to the kind

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providence of Him who weighs motives; and, though sometimes disappointed, her endeavours have not been wholly without good. In one case, especially, she has the delight to know that the object of her consideration was restored to better paths, and is now the respectable wife of a respectable man. I will endeavour to give you a brief outline of this case soon, as it may be a stimulus to you and to others.

"That this special object of Christian and motherly affection may meet with the special benediction of Him who said,—'Neither do I condemn thee—go and sin no more,' is the earnest prayer of Yours, very affectionately,

"J. O. V."

Our extract is longer than we intended to make it. We hold our friend pledged to go on, and be ready for us by the time our other case is ended, which we cannot now commence, or our paper would be too long. Mothers! we are looking to you to help us in the prevention and cure—ponder the subject.—Ed.

FLOWERS.

Mother! try to instil into the minds of the little immortals committed to your care a love of flowers. There is something so pure, so beautiful, and yet so transient in these denizens of the field, that they appear as if the sin of our fallen world had not reached them—they continue to blossom with all their unspotted beauty as remembrances of Eden, of the sinless state of our first parents. How gracious of our omnipotent Creator still to strew our path with flowers—we, who are so undeserving and forgetful of His mercies! Gather a snowdrop in the early spring, mother—that emblem of humility—call your bright-eyed boy to your knee—point out to him the delicate white petals so exquisitely pencilled, and the dark strong leaf so well adapted to protect the bud in its first stage of growth. While looking for fresh beauties in its fragile form, lead his mind to the hand that formed it; tell him how life is likened to a flower, by its being so

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frail, so uncertain; tell him that he must strive to become a flower in the garden of the Lord on earth, that he may one day be transplanted to a brighter garden in a better land; tell him, if God so clothes the lilies of the field, how much more will He take care of him!

There are many more important lessons to be deduced from this subject. It is remarkable how soon the attention of a child will be riveted, while speaking to him of a flower. It is very delightful to ourselves to be able to see creation's God amidst creation's beauties—to trace the finger of God manifested in His works—to view the working of His power in the minute vessels of the tiny flowers that besprinkle the field—to realise, with Cowper, that the One Spirit—His, who wore the platted thorns with bleeding brows—rules universal nature. How interesting it renders our walks, particularly in the country, to see God in all His works, whilst we are enjoying the infantine prattle of our little ones, and endeavouring to improve the time by words of instruction drawn from objects around us. Let us foster, then, a love of nature in the minds of our children. The contemplation of the works of Him to whom their minds are directed, must be improving and pleasant. We are taught in the Word of God to unite the admiration of the beauties and wonders of nature, to every other motive for devotion; for the God of redemption is also the God of creation. David, the sweet singer of Israel, after considering the works of God, exclaims—"What is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou visitest him!" ANNE.

TREES AND FLOWERS.

Not a tree,
A plant, a leaf, a blossom, but contains
A folio volume. We may read and read,
And read again, and still find something new;
Something to please, and something to instruct,
Even in the humble weed!

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FADING FLOWERS.

These few pale autumn flowers,
How beautiful they are!
Than all that went before,
Than all the summer store,
How lovelier far!

And why? they are the last!
The last! the last! the last!
Oh! by that little word,
How many thoughts are stirred,
That whisper of the past!

Pale flowers! pale perishing flowers,
Ye're types of precious things:
Types of those better moments,
That flit like life's enjoyments,
On rapid, rapid wings.

Last hours with parting dear ones,
(That time the fastest spends);
Last tears in silence shed;
Last words half uttered;
Last looks of dying friends.

Who would not fain compress
A life into a day—
The last day spent with one,
Who ere to-morrow's sun
Must leave us, and for aye!

O precious, precious moments,
Pale flowers! ye're types of those,
The saddest, sweetest, dearest,
Because like those the nearest
To an eternal close.

Pale flowers! pale perishing flowers!
I woo your gentle breath;
I leave the summer rose
For younger, blither brows;
Tell me of change and death!

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DRESSING DOLLS.

Do not smile, mother, nor think it beneath your notice to see to it how your little girl dresses her doll. If infancy and youth be the germ and promise of mature life, then it is of importance how your little daughter dresses her doll. The love of dolls is very early manifested by almost all girls, and who can tell whence the propensity has its rise? Who can say that the profusion of finery displayed on the person of the doll, and considered so necessary to make it look "smart," may not imbue the opening mind of its possessor with a love for similar adorning? Sometimes a child conceives an affection for her doll which is like a foreshadowing of maternal love, and a development of a woman's strongest instinct; and if she is encouraged to show her love and care, by due attention to the neatness and propriety of its attire, and taught as early as possible to make its clothes, and to be regular and punctual in attending upon it, much good result in after-life may follow; and when real duties and real cares, with advancing years, devolve upon her, she may find that from her mute baby she has acquired an aptitude and a habit of carefulness and assiduity which will then be of the greatest advantage.

On the other hand, if all a girl's love for her doll is expended in bedecking it with lace and ribands, and loading it with ornaments, we may expect to see in her own person a corresponding love of finery, and most probably an equal neglect of neatness and propriety. It was surely never designed by Him who painted the gorgeous colours of the rainbow, who covered over the most secluded recesses of the earth with a profusion of beauty, and constituted order Heaven's first law, that the loveliest part of His creation should not bestow due and fitting attention on their external appearance, or display a want of taste and care so ill corresponding with the other parts of His creation. But far—far removed from this is worldly con-

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formity and the study of fashion, which too often occupies the heart and the thoughts, stealing time from important duties and binding the affections down to earth.

Christian mother! see to the manner in which your little girl dresses her doll; and let your example be to her, in all things, just such as you will like to see her following, when you take your leave of her at the gate of the grave.

A. F. J.

AN IMPORTANT LESSON.

BY A YOUNG TEACHER.

I WAS making a morning visit with my little boy, when one of the ladies of the house very kindly produced some biscuits for the child. After receiving them he approached me, and very quietly dropped them all, one by one, into my pocket; then asking for them one by one, as he wanted them, he seemed quite as satisfied and happy as if they had all been in his own possession. What an important lesson to me—and what a reproach, thought I! —Am I always content that my heavenly Father should keep my worldly possessions for me? When I receive them, do I refer them all to Him, to have and keep them? Do I think them safe in His hands, and am I satisfied that He will supply all my need as it arises, or am I careful and troubled about many things? Am I fearful to give to the poor (in which I am but lending to the Lord), lest I should hereafter need myself what I am now called on to give?

Was I better pleased at my child's confidence in me, than if he had kept his treasures clenched in his own hands? And is not our heavenly Father pleased when we thus trust Him? The cakes were really much safer in my pocket than in his little fingers, through which they might very likely have slipped in the street, and been spoiled, if not lost. And so are our worldly possessions in the

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of Him, whose are the silver and the gold, and the upon a thousand hills, if we could only believe "Take heed and beware of covetousness," is the s injunction. "Be careful for nothing—cast all care upon Him." This you can only do by exer- the faith of a little child, and making your Father epository of your treasures, your superfluous wealth, ven of that which you at present need. Give all ave into His hands, that He may guide you in sposal of it, that you may not be careful about its ; and ask Him for it, and receive it from Him as eed it. If you look on it as His, you will not be so troubled if you lose it.

ave read of a child whose parents sent him to inquire poor family whose cottage had been plundered by d hands the previous night. The little boy tried in rtless way to condole with the poor woman. "My hild," she replied, "all that I had was not mine, but ent me by the Lord; if He has been pleased to permit be taken from me again, they were only His own s, and so I have no right to complain."

ave seen many rich burdened with the fear of poverty;
e seen many poor buoyed with all the carelessness of wealth;
r poor have the pleasures of the rich even in their own possessions;
many rich miss the poor man's comforts, and yet feel all his cares."

CORRECT YOUR CHILDREN RIGHTLY.

E day, two brothers, one about seven, the other nine of age, were disagreeing, when the younger one k the elder. The blow was instantly returned. The ier came forward and struck the elder boy for making his ier cry. After she had punished him she told him that e was the eldest he should not have struck his younger her, but kindly reproved him, and have given him a

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kiss for a blow. The child instantly replied, "Then, mother, why did you hit me?" The reproof was felt deeply, and had the mother acted agreeably with the advice given to the child she would have gained the conquest, for example goes before precept, and children notice far more what their parents *do* than what they say. The little boy afterwards read to his mother the third chapter of the 1st John, gave his brother a kiss, and went to bed. Much need have mothers to seek wisdom in the correction of their children. How very important, too, that they learn the grand secret of governing themselves. The task is arduous, but when once learned the result will richly repay for all the trouble. CLEMATIS.

A STORY FOR OUR JUVENILE FRIENDS.—No. VI.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WANTED TO KNOW EVERYTHING.

THE next day being Sunday, all the children were assembled around their mother, after their return from the Sabbath school, and opening their Bibles at the part they were reading in order — the history of Joseph— each read a verse in turn to the end of the subject; then Mrs. Mild requested them to keep open their books while she questioned them. "Now, then, my children, who can tell me in what Joseph was like the Saviour?" "I can, mamma," said Minny; "He was beloved of His Father, and I read the other day that Jesus was called 'Beloved Son.'" "Oh, I know something," said Charles; "Joseph's father made him a coat of many colours, and God made His beloved Son a body like our own, my hymn says, when He came down to our earth." "Yes, mamma," rejoined the earnest-looking John, "a body like baby-brother's, when He was in the manger at Bethlehem." "Oh, I know another likeness," said Hannah; "Joseph went in search of his brothers, and my text was this morn-

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ing that Jesus Christ came to seek and to save those who were lost."

"Well, now, try again," said the mother. "You tell us one, please, mamma," said Minny. "Was not Joseph hated by his brethren?" asked the mother. "Oh, yes, to be sure," replied Henry. "How stupid we all are; and the Saviour was hated by His brethren." "Who were the Saviour's brethren? I thought He was an only Son," said Minny. "Oh, Minny, don't you know," whispered Hannah, "that the Jews were His brethren; and ma, I remember, too, that the brethren of Joseph talked about killing him, and the Jews talked about killing Jesus Christ." "Very well; now go on." "It is rather difficult, mamma, and yet it is very pretty. What shall I find now?" asked Minny. "Joseph's brethren took off his coat of many colours." "Yes, ma, yes, so they did; and the Saviour's coat was taken off; His coat without a seam, and they cast lots for it." "Now, again, ma, please, help us out."

"Joseph went away from their fury to enjoy great honours in Egypt," said Mrs. Mild. "I see—I see, ma; and Jesus Christ went up to honours in heaven." "Very well; now, try again, little Minny. Joseph went to secure food and comforts for his family, by the kind arrangement of his heavenly Father." "Ah, I see it, mamma; Joseph had to take charge of the store-houses, that there might be corn to spare in the time of famine." "Yes, Henry," continued Minny; "and the Saviour is gone to Heaven to prepare a place for us." "For us, you say, my daughter; are you included, do you think?" "Oh, mamma, I hope we are all included," rejoined John. "I hope so, too, my dear children; and we need not be in any doubt about it with the Bible in our hands. What is required of us, my son, in God's Word?" asked Mrs. Mild. "Papa said, this morning," replied Henry, "that we must believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and we should

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be saved." "Yes, and what kind of belief is it, do you imagine? Most persons believe that Jesus came into the world, but this belief alone will not save us."

"Is it, then, mamma," asked Hannah, "to believe that Jesus was God and man too, and that He came down to die for us?" "Neither is this enough," replied the mother, "for the wretched beings who are shut up in hell believe all this, my child; do you not remember reading in James, 'The devils also believe and tremble?'" "Yes, mamma, but the devils don't love the Saviour; nor they don't keep His commandments like people on earth can." "Very well, dear; now we shall understand something about it soon. Your Bible says, 'By their fruits ye shall know them;' and again, 'If ye love me, keep my commandments;' and again, 'By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye love one another.' Now, my children, I wish to impress on your minds the importance of being made holy by the Spirit of God, and this Spirit is promised in answer to prayer. The Saviour said, when He was upon earth, to a Jewish ruler, that unless we are all born again we shall never enter the kingdom of heaven. Now the belief that the Gospel requires includes all this: we are to repent; believe or trust in the Saviour; love and obey Him, and take Him for our example. Now you can all try yourselves by these rules, and see if you have taken the first step towards the kingdom of heaven."

"What is the first step, mamma?" asked Minny. "To feel truly sorry from the heart, my dear, for our sins, and determine to forsake them, asking the Spirit of God to help us for the Saviour's sake." "I hope I shall soon take the step, then, ma." "I hope so, too, my Minny; then you will be able to say with truth, as you did just now, He is gone to prepare a place for *us*; and when we have passed through the dark valley of the grave, He will put on us a robe of righteousness and a crown of glory, and He will give us a golden harp, to help us in singing together,

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through eternity, of redeeming grace and dying love. It is now time for us to separate." The young party then retired to their own rooms.

HINTS FOR MOTHERS.

DEAR MADAM,—In reading the life of the Rev. Henry Venn, I have been so much struck by the justice and truth of the remarks in the following extract, that I submit it to your notice, thinking you may give it a place in your Magazine. It occurs in a letter written to a relative, on the birth of his first child:—

"I write now to congratulate you on the birth of your child. A Christian will receive it as a charge of inestimable worth; and, at the same time, as a patient, whose innate depravity must be guarded against, and its cure begun even from very infancy. The child is, at first, little more than an animal; afterwards, in a small degree, rational; and for some years, in general, is incapable of being treated as spiritual. Wisdom, love, and mercy call upon us to begin very early with our offspring, to oppose and subdue self-will—the plague of man—the disease of fiends—the enemy of God! And early and steadfastly opposed, it is, in most cases, very soon conquered, though not extirpated.

"No object is more pleasing than a meek, obedient child. It reflects honour upon its parents, for their wise management. It enjoys much ease and pleasure, to the utmost limit of what is fit. It promises excellency and usefulness—to be, when age has matured the human understanding, a willing subject in all things to the will of God. No object, on the contrary, is more shocking than a child under no management! We pity orphans, who have neither father nor mother to care for them. A child indulged is more to be pitied: it has no parent; it is its own master—peevish, froward, headstrong, blind;—born to a double portion of trouble and sorrow, above what fallen man is heir to;—not only miserable itself, but worthless, and a plague to all that in future will be connected with it. What bad sons, husbands, masters, fathers, daughters, wives and mothers, are the offspring of fond indulgence shown to little masters and misses, almost from the cradle! Wise discipline gives thought and firmness to the mind; and makes us useful here, and fit for the world of perfect subordination above."

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A MOTHER TO HER LITTLE SON.

WILLIE, my child, I want to talk to you—I want to tell you that you have something within that little body of yours that can never—no, never die—you are an immortal being. Your life came from God. You must live in heaven or hell for ever. Those sparkling bright eyes will be closed—those little hands and feet will cease to move, and all the body must go into the grave and return to the dust; but the soul, which now gives life and animation to the whole, can never die. The thought that my boy must live for ever, in happiness or woe, fills his mother's heart with deep anxiety. You are committed to her care—she has to bring you up for eternity—to regulate your passions—to instruct your judgment and lead you in the way of righteousness and peace. She watches over you by day and by night, in sickness and in health, and she loves you as herself. Ah, my son, none will ever love you as your mother loves you; and would you not like to live with your mother and your dear father in heaven? Ah, then Willie must love gentle Jesus. Willie must be a good boy, and do what the Bible tells him, and attend to what his parents say.

Was Willie a good boy when he cried and kicked, and would not try to go to sleep?—No; Willie made his mother's heart sad then, and she was ready to cry too, but she asked gentle Jesus to forgive him and make him a holy boy. Now, will Willie try to be a good boy because his mother loves him, and because Jesus Christ loves him, and is always able to see him and listen to his words. Now, Jesus Christ when He was upon earth took little children up in His arms and blessed them, and He loves little children now. I want my Willie to know and love this kind Saviour. He is God's only Son, and always lived with Him in heaven; but "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth

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im might not perish, but have everlasting life." Now, vould have all men to be saved, and I want Willie to : to Him that he may be saved. My boy has a wicked t, and often does what he knows to be wrong; and : is no pardon—no forgiveness but through the blood esus Christ. Willie must ask Jesus to give him His r Spirit, that he may be holy and happy on earth and in en. M. B.

A THOUGHT FOR OUR CHILDREN.

"This hand never struck me."

LITTLE boy had died—his body was laid out in a ened, retired room, waiting to be laid in the lone, cold e. His afflicted mother and bereaved little sister went look at the face of the precious sleeper, for his face beautiful even in death. As they stood gazing upon form of one so cherished and beloved, the little girl d to take his hand. The mother did not think it best, her child repeated the request and seemed very anxious it it. She took the cold, bloodless hand of her sleeping and placed it in the hand of his weeping sister. The child looked at it a moment, caressed it fondly, and looked up to her mother through the tears of affec- and love, and said,—"Mother, this little hand never ck me!" Brother! if you should die and be laid in r little coffin, and your sister should come and take r hand and kiss it, could she say—"My dead brother's d never struck me?" And if your sweet little sister uld die, and you should look upon her dead, pale face, uld you not weep more bitterly if you recollected having e struck her and caused her pain? Ah! yes, you uld, we are quite sure; then live together to-day as if morrow would separate you for ever. This may save many a bitter pang, and many a painful regret in ure years.

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LITTLE CHILDREN.

Who does not love little children? They are the poetry of the world—the fresh buds and flowers of our hearths and homes—little conjurors, with their "natural magic," evoking by their spells what delights and enriches all ranks, and equalises the different classes of society. Often as they bring with them anxieties and cares, and live to occasion sorrow and grief, we should get on very badly without them. Only think, if there was never anything anywhere to be seen but great grown-up men and women! How we should long for the sight of a little child! Lavater tells us to "beware of the person who does not smile on little children;" and certainly we must confess to the feeling of the heart drawing back from the person who tells us he dislikes children, and thinks them troublesome, disagreeable things!

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

THE MOTHER WHO SPOILED HER CHILD.

She will have her reward. She cultivates a *nightshade*, and is destined to eat its poisoned berries.—*John Foster.*

MEEKNESS AND MADNESS.

An old divine, overhearing a mother correcting her child in a violent passion, said—"Madam, if you do not learn *meekness* of the Lord Jesus, your child will learn *madness* from you!"

HINTS TO PARENTS.

Different dispositions require as various treatment as different physical constitutions; therefore, early study the dispositions of your little flock, and treat them accordingly. We would give this hint to *teachers* as well as mothers.

A contest with a child should always, if possible, be voided; but if commenced, be sure to carry it through.

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WHERE WILL YOUR HOME BE NEXT YEAR?

"Who knoweth when he may be hit? for great is the company of archers.
A man's life is a tower, with a staircase of many steps,
That, as he toileth upward, crumble successively behind him.
No going back—the past is an abyss; no stopping—for the present perisheth;
For ever hasting on, precarious on the foothold of to-day.
Our cares are all to-day; our joys are all to-day;
And, in one little word, our life, what is it but—to-day?"

Does it not seem a short time since "The Mothers' Friend" for December, 1852, was put into your hand, mother? "Ah, it does," you say. Yet it is a whole year; but there you are, sitting in your home still; the very same home as when our little messenger greeted you on the last month of last year. Well, is it not kind of your Heavenly Father thus to spare you to your beloved family? Your husband is not weeping over your grave; your children are not written motherless. But where will your home be *next year*, mother, can you tell? No, you cannot; you may have found a home in the grave for the body, but where will the spirit be? awaiting with joy the second coming of the Lord, or dreading the sound of the archangel's trumpet calling you to the judgment? How will your maternal duties appear to have been done, that morning?

Young man, full of health and vigour, hastening to the mart of commerce, the office, the study, the workshop, or the field, where will *your* home be *next year?* "Where?" I hear you say. "You ask me an absurd question; in some part of the world I shall have a home, to be sure, and a happy one, I hope." Ah! you cannot be sure of this; the house appointed for all living may be your next home, and eternity may reveal its wonders to your disembodied spirit next year.

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Daughter! beautiful and beloved! where will your home be next year? Are you sure it will not be said of that admired body of yours, as it was of the beloved and beautiful Sarah, "Bury my dead out of my sight?" Let us look at a few who have passed into new homes in the past year. A father tells the tale of—

THE LOST BOY.

"Never will the memory of his departure be effaced. The gloom of this first bereavement throws its shadows everywhere. The nursery is desolate—the broken toys—the empty chair—the leaves of the picture-book, are all there, alas! mute witnesses of the companionship and associations of the past, but bringing forward, in bolder relief, the crushing loneliness of the present.

"One lovely afternoon a group of merry children were gathered on the beach, and loudest in that happy throng rose the ringing voice of our dear one. Little did our fond hearts think the young voyager was so near the ocean of eternity. The children had gathered for him pure white stones and blue-veined shells, and as they filled his basket its stores called forth the ringing laugh that made all feel joyous. Those playthings of old ocean were his last sport in the world; that wee basket, with its stones and shells, is now the priceless treasure of a mother's heart. That night the mark of the destroyer was upon the high, pale brow; a few days—days of earnest prayer, deep anxiety and suffering—and the cherished one faded from our sight. A little white headstone tells that the young playmate has found a new home—the simple inscription,

'ACCEPTED IN THE BELOVED,
THIS FOLDED LAMB RESTS IN THE BOSOM OF JESUS,'

commemorates at once our faith and our consolation." Ah! the little shell-gatherer has found a new but a happy home.

We will now take you to another scene of removing to a

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new home, breaking up our paper into parts for the benefit of busy mothers.

THE DEPARTING DAUGHTER.

A pious and devoted young disciple is waiting patiently, on a bed of suffering, for the sound of her Good Shepherd's voice. Beside her stands her excellent father, motionless and like a statue. The being he is watching is his only—his beloved—his lovely—his devoted daughter, who is just now passing to her heavenly home. Not a muscle moved in the marble-like form of the father—not a groan was heard from his burdened heart—the anguish was too deep for such an utterance. The very strength of the storm sometimes stills the sea. So it was with him. But a tear glistened in his eye—a little tell-tale messenger of woe, which had arisen up to that window of the soul. He had not told her yet (though the truth was plain to his practised eye), that the dark foldings of death were gathering like night-curtains around her—that the hour-glass had been turned for the last time, and the sands of life were running feeble, few and numbered. How could he? She was his only one—his darling child. But she saw the tear in his eye, as it stood dimming with silent melancholy the smile of hope, and she readily divined the cause; she knew, she felt that the hour of her departure had come. She was dying, and *she was happy*, UNUTTERABLY HAPPY, *for Jesus was there.* "Father," said she, feebly, but with heavenly sweetness, turning her full eye upon him, "father, dear father, am I dying? Don't be afraid to tell me, for *I am very happy.* Oh, I was never so happy! If this be death, oh, I should like to die always. Death is sweet! *sweet!* SWEET!!!" With these, her last words, she passed to her angelic home.

We intended to take you to the side of a dying youth, a Sabbath-school teacher, and to the home of a departing mother, but our paper will be too long; one other scene, and we will rest our pen.

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THE OLD MAN CHANGING HIS HOME.

He was very rich, and his gold was his God. His heart was filled by the love of the things of earth; in these he had delighted for more than fourscore years. To the Sabbath, to the temple of God, and to the God of his mercies, he was an utter stranger; nor could his friends turn his thoughts from his earthly treasure. But the old home is to be taken down; he would not believe it; he lay struggling with the dark-winged messenger, talking of his riches. "Bring me," said he, "my bundle of *notes*." They were brought. While he was looking at them, he said, "I believe we shall not lose it." While holding his notes, and examining them in his withered hand, he died.

Where can *his* home be? He loved gold here, does he now walk the golden streets, or is he the companion of Dives? Well, we shall know, some day. But, mother, father, daughter, son, where will your home be next year?

LIFE AND DEATH.

"WHAT is life, father?"
"A battle, my child,
Where the strongest lance may fail;
Where the wariest eyes may be beguiled,
And the stoutest heart may quail.
Where the foes are gathered on every hand,
And rest not, day nor night;
And the feeble little ones must stand
In the thickest of the fight."

"What is death, father?"
"The rest, my child,
When the strife and the toil are o'er,
And the angel of God, who, calm and mild,
Says we need fight no more:
Who driveth away the demon band,
Bids the din of the battle cease,
Takes the banner and spear from our falling hand,
And proclaims an eternal peace."

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"Let me die, father! I tremble—I fear
To yield in that terrible strife!"
"The crown must be won for Heaven, dear,
In the battle-field of life.
My child, though thy foes are strong and tried,
He loveth the weak and small,
The angels of Heaven are on thy side,
And God is over all!"—*Household Words.*

TRUTH! TRUTH! TRUTH!

"Trust payeth homage unto truth."

"Little children are
Candid and curious; how they seek
All truth to know and scan,
And ere the budding mind can speak,
Begin to study man!"

MOTHER! father! did you ever think how confiding and trusting is the spirit of your little child? We presume, of course, that he has been trained according to the rules of "the Book" given for your guide by the "God of truth." That he has seen no double-dealing in his home—heard no words intending to deceive—seen no "acting a lie." Then, we say, how confiding is the young spirit! Why, if you told him with a serious countenance that you made the sun, or that the whole world was yours, he would believe you, and tell the fact to those around him, saying, "It is true—for my father or my mother said it!"

Some people are fond of saying things to little children, in joke, that often bewilder the little head, and cause the infant heart to doubt its truest friends. A gentleman was one day sawing some wood, when a little girl, who was on a visit to his house, ran by, very near the saw. "Ah! ah!" said he, "if you come so near again, I shall saw your head off." The child believed him, and ran terrified to the far end of the garden, and when she saw the gentleman near her after this, she would exclaim, "You shall not cut my head off."

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We knew a little girl who was told, when she went to bed one night, that if she did not remain still and quiet, and go to sleep, she would see frightful things in the dark. The child believed it, and, for years after, she was in the habit of straining her poor little eyes in the dark, to discover what these "frightful things" could be.

One of the best things in this way, which we have known a long time, came under our notice lately. A gentleman from London called on a friend in the country, who has a sweet, well-trained little boy; the gentleman entered into a chat with the little fellow, and presented him with a penny. At length he asked the child if he would go to London with him, "Yes," said the little fellow, with the greatest confidence. "Then run and get your hat," he continued, "and come along with me." The child, nothing doubting, was about to run off for the hat, when his mamma said, "No, my boy; the gentleman does not mean it; he is only joking." This seemed, indeed, a strange matter, and looking up, he asked very gravely, "Is he tipsy, then?" Oh, no!" the mother replied; but the boy had received a new impression of the gentleman's character, and opening his hand, and looking at the piece of money he had received from him, the child asked, "*Is this penny good?*" We should imagine the gentleman will never forget this question.

Mother! father! friend! never talk to little children so that you may leave the impression that you are either "tipsy," or are capable of passing base coin. Take for your motto, in all your intercourse with these little ones, Truth! truth! truth!

WHAT DID YOUR BIBLE COST?

'Tis all in vain for me to boast
How small a sum my Bible cost;
The day of judgment will make clear
'Twas very cheap or very dear.

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MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

DISCOURAGEMENT AND ENCOURAGEMENT.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

Y DEAR MADAM,—I was thinking one day of the ques-—"What is the chief end of man?" and I remembered nswer given in one of the catechisms to this important ry—"To glorify God, and enjoy him for ever;" but vation, however, teaches us that the glory of God, and appiness of men, are subjects which receive less attention the great bulk of mankind than any other; and, alas! sh mothers are very often indifferent to this great object—ast, as far as my experience goes. I have occasionally left ome for the express purpose of inviting mothers to unite me and a few others in prayer, and reading, and talking, he conversion of our children; and to ascertain the best e of training them for this world, and the world to come. although this invitation is given but for *one hour, once a th*, it is painful to any reflective mind to hear the trivial ses which lead many to absent themselves. I suppose the tle felt something of this when he said, "All seek their , not the things which are Jesus Christ's." The venerable rton, too, when speaking of the Marthas in *his* day, was trained to write—

> "How oft are we, like Martha, vexed,
> Encumbered, hurried, and perplexed;
> While trifles so engross our thought,
> The one thing needful is forgot."

et not, however, the *few* be discouraged, for—*thus saith Lord*, "If two of you shall agree on earth, as touching thing that they shall ask, it shall be done for them."

A. O. S.

While our friend is thus discouraged by the lack of operation among the mothers in her locality, we can dden her benevolent heart by telling her of many usands of mothers, in other places, who rejoice in the given them by these meetings, and of many who have n led by them to see the responsibility of their position, l to commence active exertions in their once-neglected ternal duties. We could tell her, too, of one good

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mother who was once as sadly cast down as she is, but who now has the pleasure of meeting two bands of mothers monthly, and of circulating among them *five hundred* of "The Mothers' Friend!" "FORWARD!" must be our watchword till we receive the command to pass over Jordan. We have yet a little more in store for our friend, which shall be forthcoming (D. V.) in our New Year's Numbers. —ED.

STORY FOR OUR JUVENILE FRIENDS.—No. VII.

THE LITTLE GIRL WHO WANTED TO KNOW EVERYTHING.

LITTLE Minny, who was so fond of asking questions about everything, grew up an intelligent girl, and richly rewarded her mother for all the pains taken with her in her early youth; and, having given her heart to the Saviour in the morning of her life, she became a blessing to the whole circle in which she moved. Some others of this happy family gave early promise of being lambs in the fold of the Good Shepherd, and departed to that better country, where knowledge and love are perfect. Some are now filling honourable places in society, giving proof of a pious mother's early care and teaching. And Minny—poor Minny!—when dark days came, and clouds of sorrow rested on her father's house—when riches took wings and flew away, and death came to lead her beloved father into the gate of his dark dwelling, she, the young Minny, helped to support her widowed mother by the laudable effort she made, in teaching to other little girls what she had acquired in her youthful days.

Dear young friends, never be ashamed to ask for instruction on subjects you do not understand, and never pass over a word in reading that you do not comprehend; and if you have no kind mother or friend near you, try to find it out by books: but, above all, seek that heavenly knowledge which is able to make you wise unto salvation.

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Ask the Saviour to send His Holy Spirit into your heart; remind Him of His promise, that those who seek for heavenly teaching shall receive it; and then, if you love and serve the Saviour here, walking in the way He has himself described, and in which He has gone before you, then will you be meetened, either to live and be useful on earth, or to die an early death and be happy for ever in heaven.

Little child, look up and pray,
Seek the Saviour every day;
Though He dwells in glory now,
With a crown upon His brow,
Yet He loves each little child,
Who is holy, meek, and mild.
Choose, then, Mary's better part;
Jesus asks you for your heart.
He will nothing less receive;
Seek Him, love Him, and believe.
Thank Him, too, for all you see,
Every flower, and every tree.
Earth is still a lovely place,
Where the Maker's hand we trace;
Yet there is a world on high,
Far more glorious in the sky.

A DEAD MOTHER SPEAKING.

"Have ye not confessed to a feeling, a consciousness, strange and vague,
That ye have gone this way before, and walk again your daily life;
Tracking an old routine, and on some foreign strand,
Where bodily ye have never stood, finding your own footsteps?"

HAVING an opportunity of exchanging a busy sphere of usefulness for one combining usefulness with relaxation, I passed a fortnight at Worthing. This was peculiarly pleasant to me, as I had not been in that neighbourhood before; and the weather being very fine, I was able to have some pleasant rambles through the fields and villages on to

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the Downs. One was my favourite walk, that through the fields at Heene, crossing the railroad, by the church at Tarring which is being re-built, and then for about two miles through fields to High Down Hill, where there is the celebrated "miller's tomb." This was a beautiful country stroll; but, beautiful as the country was, there was another charm, and it was this. As I was ascending the High Down Hill, and repeating the words on the miller's tomb, surely, said I, this is very familiar to me; I know something of this place; where have I heard of this? who told me?—it is a long time ago. At last I caught the thread—it was my mother. I had forgotten that my mother, whose spirit has been "present with the Lord" these nineteen years, had ever been in this part of England; but at once came back the scenes of early childhood, when I, a boy, would listen, at my mother's knee, to the tales of her journeyings; and so vivid was the remembrance, that as I stood by the miller's tomb, and surveyed the beautiful country round, I could hear her voice describing the scene, the lovely spot, and repeating the lines on the tomb.

Need I say I wept at the remembrance of my mother? To that mother I owe much, I cannot trace how much; those early lessons which she gave me, taking me aside and then pouring into my youthful mind, in such a way as only a faithful, loving mother can, some truth concerning God, heaven, hell, eternity. These lessons were never forgotten; and if I have been preserved amid the many snares of youth, if I have been useful in the Sabbath school, if useful in the Church of God, if a comfort to the sick and dying, and made useful in preaching the everlasting Gospel, it is through God's blessing upon the instruction of my blessed mother.

One circumstance, which I have often recalled of late, I would mention. My mother was sinking fast, and she called her boy to her, and asked him to read to her about Jesus—that was her comfort now. I read, but I did not

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feel what I read; I do not remember what I read; but this I know, that it was about Jesus, and it was a comfort to her. And this same Jesus is now my comfort; through that same precious death I have hope of everlasting life; and though that mother had no reasonable hope, when she passed from this life, that her son was "born again," yet, departing in faith, her prayer has been answered.

Mothers! do you take your children aside, and talk and PRAY with them alone? Your boy will remember you, if you do; lovingly remember you, when all else forget you. I meet constantly with men who cannot be restrained from the ribald jest, the coarse joke upon womankind; but NONE of these had a loving, faithful, praying mother. Mother, your son will be what your influence makes him. England's future will be what the mothers of England's sons now are. England! God expects every mother to do her duty.

CARE FOR THE OUTCASTS.—No. X.

ASSUREDLY, many a Christian heart will respond to this appeal. Who can look on them in public, and in imagination reflect on their history in private, without a feeling of agonising interest for their rescue from such an awful situation. Many have made efforts, and have failed; have exposed themselves to personal annoyance in their efforts to do them good. Many are deterred, from feelings we cannot but respect, yet such is its distressing character, that methinks the hope of success is worth great risk, whilst we are conscious of purity of motive. The following short account of one reclaimed wanderer may stimulate to effort many who read "The Mothers' Friend."

A. F. was the daughter of respectable persons in humble life, but her father being mentally afflicted, she was left to the support and guardianship of her mother. She was sent to a Sabbath school, and enjoyed the usual privileges of a Christian

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circle. At an early age she left home for service, and soon gave sad evidence of waywardness and folly.

The regulations of the respectable family she had entered were soon irksome to her, and she left it for a situation, to her more attractive, in a seaport town. Soon, alas! she fell beneath the baneful influences that surrounded her—forsook the house of prayer—neglected the instruction peculiar to her youth, and fell a prey to the wiles of the seducer. In this position she continued for a season, externally gay and glittering, till, as usual in such cases, a fresh victim usurped her place, and poor A. F., an outcast and a wanderer, was consigned to the miserable contingencies of the public streets. This horrid life she pursued for years, amidst privations and sufferings to be imagined, not expressed; till, at last, on a memorable evening, the kind providence of God guided the footsteps of two pious youths across her path. She accosted them in her usual way—they were passing on, when one thought he observed in her face a peculiar expression. There was affected merriment, but he saw, or thought he saw through it a saddened heart. He spoke kindly to her, the poor girl staggered—she had not been accustomed to kind words—she burst into tears, and entreated him to say no more. This softening of the spirit encouraged him to persevere, and the distressed wanderer confessed to her awful state, and her ardent desire to escape from its dangers and distresses. They parted with a promise to bear her case in mind.

On the following morning they sought her at her lodging, and found the hopeful appearances of the past evening strengthened, and her anxiety increased to be restored to her home and mother. Having placed her in temporary lodgings, the rest was easily effected, and, in a few days, they had the great delight to restore her to her sorrowing parent—a monument, as they fondly hoped, of sovereign mercy. Months passed, and time matured the good resolutions she had been enabled to form, and with her restitution to respectable society were added pleasing evidences of real Christianity.

One thing weighed on her spirits;—she was a burden to her mother. What could she do? Who would kindly open her a path to honourable servitude? At length, a neighbouring lady made the trial; she was received into her house. Nothing occurred to weaken the confidence of her friends, and a better situation was soon obtained for her, through the agency of personal connexions of her mistress. Here she filled an honourable

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post for a considerable period, when she formed an acquaintance with and was married to a respectable sea-going youth, became truly pious, and has, for many years, lived in usefulness and reputation.

Christian men! Be ready to extend Christian kindness to the outcasts; who can tell what a word in season may effect?

Christian mistresses! Be not too scrupulous. Pity them —pray for them. Give them a trial, and who can tell? Will not one such instance as this compensate for many disappointments? J. O. V.

"LITTLE PITCHERS HAVE GREAT EARS."

THERE is always some great practical lesson lying round about such proverbial sayings as that at the head of this paper. I am strongly reminded by it of my early days, and sent rummaging back to the time when I was a very little fellow, with my pinafore on, sitting beside my mother's knee, listening most attentively to the conversation which was going on between her and one of the neighbours, who had just called in, and who thus began:—"As I was passing your door, I thought I would look in, and ask you how you do, or it would seem very unneighbourly." Then, stepping a little nearer to my mother—which movement awakened a corresponding degree of curiosity in our little selves to understand the matter—she said, in a mysterious kind of whisper, "You have heard about Nanny Crow, no doubt?"

Now, this Nanny Crow was a near neighbour of ours, and one who spent a large portion of her time running from house to house, telling all, and more than she knew to be true. I had often heard her loud voice, and seen her excited countenance, in desperate quarrels with her neighbours, till my poor little heart trembled again; and the remarks which I heard—and I treasured all up—between my father and my mother, gave me no very exalted idea of her; so I was doubly attentive to this whisper, which was

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continued with a significant nod directed towards me. "I have been told, by those who know, that she is likely to be brought before her betters to answer for her evil tongue; you won't mention it, of course." The little pitcher's great ears had taken it all in, every word, and was deeply pondering what it could mean. Oh, ye mothers, take good heed what you say in the presence of your children, and in what temper you say it.

Another instance, when I was a little older. My mother had taught me never to loiter when I was sent on an errand, but always to make the best of my way back; this advice, accompanied now and then with a word of judicious praise, had so established the habit, that I never thought of stopping or looking at other boys at play, but ran as fast as I could, and was sometimes rewarded by the observation—"Dear me, child, are you come back? Why, I thought you could hardly have got there by this time."

One day another neighbour looked in, but a different character from the last, who thus accosted my mother—"How are you, Mrs. Carr? Well, I declare, how clean and comfortable everything looks!" "Why, Mrs. Law," replied my mother, "you know I expect my husband home shortly, and I always like to have things neat and tidy against he comes home; for you know he has been working hard all day, and returns weary and tired. I take care to have the kettle boiling, and a nice bit of warm toast ready for him; and a bason, with some warm water and towel, that he may make himself clean and comfortable. He then sits down in the arm-chair, and he soon gets refreshed, and I always make it a rule never to talk to him much at first, and he never wants to go out, but will take his book, and will read to us till we go to bed." To all this I listened with vast attention; moreover, I knew it to be all true, and children are keen observers of truth, and they instantly detect any departure from it, which is often one of the first stumbling-blocks in their way, and

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my mother's geese were always geese, never swans! Besides, my mother by this means raised my father in my esteem, and he would sometimes say to me—"My boy, be good to your mother; there are not many boys who have such a mother as yours. Don't you see how she strives to make us all happy?" So I was brought up to think no home like ours. All these things entered freely into the great ears of the little pitcher.

We must admit that there are very many different men and women in the world to my father and mother, and that to deal with the tempers of some people is next to impossible; and how to work a change in some households is hard to understand; but the thing may be done, and there is nothing so effectual as real godliness. Those who are unhappy, and sigh for a change, but don't know how to set about it, we entreat them to break off their bad habits —forsake evil and wicked companions—seek the friendship of those who fear God—go with them to the house of prayer—read the Scriptures, which are able to make you wise unto salvation—and, above all, earnestly pray to Him who is able and willing to aid you in all your efforts heavenward, for the sake of His dear Son Jesus Christ. He is near unto all them who call upon Him in truth and in sincerity. M. B.

LITTLE WILLIE'S SUNDAY.

A LITTLE boy, of three years old, came to town with his parents, having spent the previous year in a retired country place; this new home was in full view of a railway-line, and during the first week his interest in the continual succession of trains was intense and unwearying. This was not diminished by his parents having occasion on Saturday to take him a short distance in a railway carriage.

On his return, as he was going to bed, he said to his mother, "May I go in the train to-morrow, mamma?"

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She replied, "Not to-morrow, my boy—to-morrow is God's own day." He paused a moment—and then asked, "May I go to church with you to-morrow, ma?" "Yes, dear, I hope we shall go." "Shall we hear the singing, ma? Will they sing? I do like to hear them sing—I do like the music." "Yes, they will sing, dear; and they will pray. Papa and mamma will pray. Can you pray?" "No, I cannot, ma." "Would you like to be able to pray? I hope you will be able to pray soon. God likes to hear people pray. He likes to hear them sing, too—and so you would like to go to hear them?" "Yes, ma." "Then I will tell you what we will do. We will get up to-morrow morning, if God pleases to allow us; and when we have prayed, and had our breakfast, we will go to hear them sing. We will not look at the trains all day, because it is the Lord's day. We will look at them on all the other days of the week, but not to-morrow. Then, after dinner, we will see some pretty pictures in Mary's 'Scripture Lessons,' about Jesus and Samuel; and you shall have your letters to find me those that will spell 'Gentle Jesus,' and 'Samuel,' and 'Abel,' and some more. And now would you like to kneel up in your little crib while mamma prays for you?" "Yes, ma, very much!" So he knelt up, clasping his little hands, and looking at his mother. She prayed that a blessing might rest upon him, in few words, and on all dear to him; and especially that he might have a new heart, and love the Saviour.

After this she briefly turned the conversation into prayer, asking that he might pass the Sabbath so as to please God—that he might not wish to look at the trains, but might go to the house of prayer, and join good people in praying and singing, and listening to God's word; and that he might be happy in doing this. Willie listened in silence; and when his mother had finished he exclaimed, "Oh, that will be nice, ma!" "What will, dear?" "What you have been saying, mamma." She then bade him good

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and thus ended his first lesson on the subject, so regarded shutting out the world, and abstaining things—lawful at other times—on the day which as given us for His more especial service, and for vantage, both as it regards this world and the world ıe. Mothers! take your little ones by the hand, and get a Sabbath day's journey towards heaven.

SECRET FOR THOSE WHO ARE POOR.

THE SWEDISH COTTAGE.

WENT lately," says an agent of the Bible Society, "to the many small dwellings of poverty in the neighbod of Stockholm, where the poor wife of a sailor whose husband had gone to sea several years since, and ɔt again been heard of. Besides four little children om this poor woman had to provide, she has her own nother to support and attend to—but no complaint is in this dwelling! no murmuring!—and although hing in the little room bears witness to the greatest y, this woman's disposition for CLEANLINESS, DILI-, and ORDER, shows itself everywhere. But that especially makes this dwelling an abode of present is the circumstance that both she and her sick r have found the Pearl of great price—the blessed . A BIBLE, which I had the happiness of presenting m two years ago (and which now, indeed, forms the conspicuous ornament and only treasure in their poor ing), had, under the guidance of the Spirit of God, e the principal cause of this happy state of mind. now, we rejoice to say, no longer uncommon to find flocks (few in number indeed) gathering around the , God's own book, in order to learn from it the way lvation." Mother! Do you love the Bible? Do you it with your children? Then you know "the secret!"

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PASSING THOUGHTS FOR PASSING PERIODS.

"One generation passeth away and another cometh."

This beautiful reference to humanity in the aggregate is constantly illustrated in individual experience. The thought is—incessant change—a continual shifting of the scene—that which we clasp slides hastily away; again we extend the hand, only again to realise a delusion and a snare. Unsubstantial and fleeting are all earthly things, yet we have necessarily much to do with them. We are here—running along—passing—and shall soon be where there are no changes, no more uncertainty, but settled, irreversible, everlasting finality.

Mother! did you ever think of this? Is it not wise of us to mark each passing period, and from it, as a standpoint, review the past and ponder the future? Each day—each week—each month—and especially each year—a portion of our history, during which, ordinarily, many interesting and important events transpire with weighty bearing on our future experience. Will you permit "The Mothers' Friend," in its closing visit for the passing year, to aid you in a few retrospective and prospective thoughts?

First, observe the record on *earth*. Memory, that faithful remembrancer, will, at your bidding, mother, father, retrace the steps along which you have threaded your course. Has it been a year of bodily suffering? Ah! to some we know it has. Has it been a year of painful separations? Have ties, closely bound round your tenderest affections at its beginning, been rudely snapped? Mother — father — brother — sister — lover — friend — have they passed to eternity, or gone far—far away to distant shores? Have earthly expectations been sadly blighted? Have riches taken to themselves wings and fled away? or has God given you gold and silver in abundance? Is your domestic circle yet unbroken? Are your household bless-

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ings continued? Then ponder these things, and bear in mind, in connexion with them all, that there is a record made of them *above!* Start not! Dream not that you have been unobserved. The record is on high! How has the varied experience of the past year been met and dealt with? Do you trace regret for doing wrong—submission to the Divine will—patience under suffering—abiding confidence in God—constant desire to do His will—and by example and precept helping your dear ones onward to the heavenly city?

Now, to our stand-point. What is the record? Should you tremble to unfold the awful page—to read in the light of eternity the history of the past? "The Mothers' Friend" urges you earnestly, affectionately, to think, to ponder, with prayer—solemn prayer *now*, at our stand-point. But what of the future? You say, perhaps, we may never realise much, as far as this world is concerned; true, but what are your intentions? Time flies—days open and close—while you doubt and hesitate the record is progressing. What are your prospects? What do past reminiscences unfold? Misspent days—neglected duties—or a progression in faith and toils of love, with less of earth and more of heaven in the heart, betokening a meetness for a happier state of being.

Mother! father! close not another year till these thoughts have their proper weight, and are, with honest courage, tested well. Remember, again and again, "the record *is* on high!" Sin and folly may blind the eyes, deaden the conscience, stop the ear, blunt the feelings, absorb the soul; but the day shall declare it; and to such, an awful revelation it will be. But, Christian mother, *you* need not tremble to think of your record being on high—the unfoldings of the day that shall "reveal secrets," can be to you only happy; with sin and sorrow escaped, holiness perfected, and a mansion prepared for *you*, all must be well. May it be the honour of "The Mothers' Friend"

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to close 1853 amidst the joyous hopefulness of many such a heart, and may 1854 witness them increased a thousand fold.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

PASSING ON.

Years rush by us like the wind; we see not whence the eddy comes, or whither-ward it is tending; and we seem ourselves to witness their flight without a sense that we are changed: and yet time is beguiling us of our strength, as the winds rob the woods of their foliage.

QUICKLY PASSING.

What would you think of a railway passenger arranging bed and board, books and work, to make his abode in the carriage—when lo! his journey is at an end, and he must move out? Are we not passengers quickly passing? Have we a heavenly home at the end of our journey?

"*Now* is the constant syllable ticking from the clock of time; *Now* is the watchword of the wise; *now* is on the banner of the prudent?"

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Morning Dew Drops; by MRS. BALFOUR. *With preface by* MRS. STOWE. London: Partridge & Oakey.

A book full of truths well told; an epitome of abstinence principles, written in an agreeable and Christian spirit.

The Door in the Heart. London: Partridge & Oakey.

A book that will not only enter the door of the heart but claim a place there.

Band of Hope Review. London: Partridge & Oakey.

This little work for our children is cheap, good, and useful.

Home Thoughts. London: Kent & Co.

This little serial keeps up its character.

The Great Choleraic Visitation in Newcastle-on-Tyne. Newcastle: Barkas.

A useful little work, earnestly written, and so cheap that benevolent hearts may supply hundreds of cottages with its scriptural counsel.

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EDITED
by
ANN JANE.

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PREFACE

TO THE SEVENTH VOLUME.

On the bosom of Time's gentle and ever-flowing stream we are borne to the close of another year, reminding us that we have an additional word to say to our friends. Another year of our short life is closing, with all its responsibility and accountability. The Recording Angel is noting down the events of its last month. When the books are opened, on the day that will reveal secrets, what will be found written there of us? Shall it be read that we have done what we could?

Many who commenced the year with us, full of life and energy, ready with heart and hand to aid mothers, have left us on the way, and are gone to the rest of heaven; others are treading the border-land; and others, again, are gone to distant parts of the globe, and are asking to have our little messenger translated into the language of heathen mothers.

We could tell our friends many heart-cheering tales of success,—of grateful mothers' letters to us, of family altars raised, of little children brought to the feet of Jesus; but we would rather our friends should watch the progress of "The Mothers' Friend" for themselves. We are thank-

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ful that our heavenly Father has allowed us to travel so far, visit so many thousands of homes, cheer so many hearts, and help so many mothers and Sabbath-school teachers in their arduous work.

We present our best thanks to our friends who have aided us by the pen, and who have distributed from house to house so many numbers during the past year,—thus working with us in this wide and interesting vineyard; we earnestly ask a continuance of their efforts, and an interest in their prayers, that we may still work on beneath the smiles and blessing of Heaven.

To our friends who ask us for information on the subject of Maternal Associations, we refer them to the February, March, and April numbers of "THE MOTHERS' FRIEND" for 1853. They will find help also from "The Mother's Monitor" (Readings for Twelve Meetings), "The Mother's Hymn Book," and "A Friendly Invitation to the Maternal Meeting."

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THE

MOTHERS' FRIEND.

HAIL TO THE OPENING YEAR.

"There is a fairy skiff plying on the sea of life,
And charitably toiling to save the shipwrecked crews;
Within, kindly patient, sitteth a gentle mariner,
Piloting through surf and strait the fragile barks of men.
How cheering is her voice, how skilfully she guideth;
How nobly bending onwards, yet defying even death!
To-morrow is that skiff,—a wise and welcome rescue;
And full of gladdening words and looks, that mariner is Hope.
Often the painful present is comforted by flattering the future,—
And kind To-morrow beareth half the burdens of To-day."

We offered a few suggestive thoughts, pertinent, as we hoped, to the season, on our last visit. Allow us now to greet you on the new-born year.

We are aware that in many circles this is a season of enjoyments, pleasures, and amusements we have no wish to destroy, or even disturb. We like to see the buoyant light-heartedness of youth — the rational and chastened hilarity of the more matured. We are no ascetics. We only desire to drop a word in the affectionate hope that the excited spirits, with which each class regards the newly expanding scene, may be kept within the limits that, steadily pursued, will lead to that happy land where sorrows and disappointments shall be no more known. But while cheerfulness and happiness prevail, do not let us forget that time is rapidly hastening us to our

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great account—yet a little, and these flying years will stop, and all appear before the "great white throne."

Mothers! should not the new year commence by a grateful recognition of the hand which has showered upon us past and present blessings? Gratitude is a disposition that commends itself to our respect and esteem, wherever we see it; the reverse necessarily excites our dislike and detestation. If *we*, then, have strong feelings in reference to a grateful spirit, what may we imagine to be the views of *Him* to whom we are indebted for every thing we possess? View our heavenly Father's goodness from any point—be it temporal or spiritual—the thoughtful mind can have but one sentiment—GRATITUDE.

And should we not begin the year, too, with penitential acknowledgment for past errors, and earnest pleadings for forgiveness? In many things we all offend. Who has not failed in duties every day? What mother among us will not plead guilty? Who can count the faults of the past? Who can explore them in their height or depth? Shall we examine them? We are soon lost in shame and confusion of face; no course remains but earnest pleadings at the throne of the Eternal, with solemn resolutions to renew, with sincerity and ardour, vows of consecration to God's service—resolving to attend to every duty with the last day of the last year in view—when the past, the present, and the future shall meet us again in the opened books, and fathers, mothers, and children shall be face to face at the judgment-seat of Christ.

Fathers! allow us to appeal to you! The post you occupy as the presiding genius of the household, the head of the family, on whom the wife should be able to rest with confidence—to whom children should look with respect and esteem—of whom dependents should be unable to say truthfully aught but good—how inexpressibly responsible is your position! Do you realise your mission? Are the souls of wife, children, dependents, dear to you?

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Do you desire to meet the Great Judge in peace, when the disclosing day shall come? Then let the year 1854 be profitably commenced.

Mothers! (for we forget not our special vocation) we long to demonstrate ourselves unceasingly your friend. We enter on our duties with high hopes and expectations for you. Dear mothers! your home may be humble—your board may be scantily supplied—your family circle may involve many trials and afflictions—but cheer up! Look to the Fountain whose unexhausted supplies are ever flowing, and they are freely offered to you; begin the year with a sincere dependance on the Redeemer, and as your days your strength shall be.

Sabbath-school teachers! ONWARD must be your motto; take with you into your class every Sabbath one little sentence—WORKING FOR ETERNITY. Youthful readers!—we have many of your class—our thoughts are turned to you. What shall we say to engage *you* in the service of our blessed Lord? The very greatness of the subject straitens our expression. We can only say—Beloved young friends! if you desire a happy youth—a useful maturity—a peaceful old age—seek it of Him in whose favour is life, and who has said, "I love them who love me, and those who seek me early shall find me." We close our appeal. Bear with us; we long to do you good, and shall now, from month to month, through the eventful year (God helping us), heartily strive to furnish abundant evidence that we are, as we have ever desired to be,

THE MOTHERS' FRIEND.

WHAT IS A YEAR?

WHAT is a year? 'Tis but a wave
On life's dark rolling stream;
Which is so quickly gone that we
Account it but a dream.

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'Tis but a single earnest throb
Of Time's old iron heart,
Which tireless is, and strong as when
It first with life did start.

What is a year? 'Tis but a turn
Of Time's old brazen wheel—
Or but a page upon the book,
Which death must shortly seal.
'Tis but a step upon the road,
Which we must travel o'er;
A few more steps, and we shall walk
Life's weary road no more.

What is a year? 'Tis but a breath,
From Time's old nostrils blown;
As, rushing onward o'er the earth,
We hear his weary moan.
'Tis like the bubble on the wave,
Or dew upon the lawn;
As transient as the mists of morn
Beneath the summer sun.

What is a year? 'Tis but a type
Of life's oft-changing scene;
Youth's happy morn comes gaily on,
With hills and valleys green.
Next Summer's prime succeeds the Spring,
Then Autumn with a tear,
Then comes old Winter—Death and all
Must find their level here.

A MOTHER'S RESPONSIBILITY.

"Her house
Was ordered well; her children taught the way
Of life, who, rising up in honour, called
Her blessed."

Who among us has ever felt, as we ought, the fearful responsibilities of the maternal relation? Who has ever told us yet, the extent of happiness or misery which will result from our training the immortal creatures committed

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care? If we had only to guide the household group aths of rectitude and happiness for a few short years s life, and then could tell them that at the end of rief space they would cease to be, we might with a nxious heart sit by and fold our hands, as they e life's winding path; but when we reflect that we immortal spirits resting in our arms, or running by ide, we can find no words sufficiently emphatic to cterise the folly of that mother who can think lightly r duties. Let us reason the matter with you, young er.

at infant boy of yours, all feeble and helpless as he rs, possesses a rational soul—an intellectual power—it which all-devouring time can never destroy—which never die! It will outlive the splendours of the and the burning brilliancy of the host of Heaven! ughout the infinite ages of eternity, when all these have answered the end of their creation, and shall been blotted out from their positions in the regions of e, the soul of the humblest child, redeemed by the l of Christ, will shine with ever-increasing splendour e the eternal throne, filled with holy light and ne love, and ever active in the praise of its Creator. the other hand, if your child is trained only for earth, dies in unbelief, he will be dragged down by rebel ts to the dark regions of the lost; and in endless woe, ugh eternity, he will curse *you*—his mother, who e him birth—because you neglected to lead him into the ow road, ending in happiness with God. To bear nother's name, and not fulfil a mother's part! How ul!

but a mother who feels the value of her own immortal it, and ponders over the responsibility attached to the tion she bears, looks upon her infant with sensations gether peculiar to herself—with solicitude that is abso-ely unutterable; and she exclaims, with deep feeling,

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"Who is sufficient to fulfil the weighty obligations?" Such a mother said to us one day, while the tears were rolling over her pale cheeks—"I am sometimes tempted to regret I ever bore the honoured name of mother!"—so great was her sense of the maternal responsibility. As the pious mother gazes upon the lovely countenance of her household darling, she often exclaims—"My precious child, thou art an inestimable treasure committed to my charge, and I am accountable to God, our awful Judge, for the way I train thee. Truly, thou art fearfully and wonderfully made—thy delicate frame is more feeble than that of the beasts that perish, yet art thou ordained to survive the wreck of worlds—thou art born to witness the awful catastrophe of the stars falling useless from their orbits, of the sun being extinguished, and old Time himself expiring. While slumbering on thy mother's lap thou art peaceful and secure—her smiles are all the joys of earth to *thee;* but little dost thou think, all unconscious as thou art, of her solicitude for thy future welfare, and of her prayers for thine eternal salvation. Should thy life be prolonged to manhood—O what will thy character be?—what thy pursuits?—what thy influence among the sons of men? If I am allowed to behold thy career, shall I see thee a young disciple of Jesus? Shall my soul rejoice in knowing thou art a man of God? Wilt thou be a good soldier of the cross? Wilt thou fight the good fight of faith, and at last lay hold of eternal life? Full well I know, it were better far that my tears should fall on my infant's grave now, than that he should grow up a hater of God—an unbeliever—a haughty sceptic—dreaded by the wise and good, and dangerous to society—wretched in life—wretched in death—and wretched in eternity!" We must rest our pen, but we have not half finished our paper on our great responsibility.

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THE END AND THE BEGINNING.

"'A happy new year!'—is the wish that falls
From thousands of lips on this cheerful day;
And its echo on kindred hearts recalls
The thoughts of others which have passed away.
When wishes as kind, and hopes not less bright,
Have spoken our love and dazzled our sight
With their pleasing light!"

A LARGE circle were gathered around the cheerful fire of a Scotch family, as the last hour of the old year drew nigh. Our friends belonged to the class—now fast gliding away—who like to keep up old customs, particularly those they had known in their youthful days. The whole family, with their friends who were visiting them, were to bid the old year farewell, and greet the new year ere they retired. This was a home custom of theirs. We were a merry party and a large one, and there was something exciting about the season to all, so that even the young eyes which, on any other evening, would have been closed for hours, seemed as bright as the morning sun.

As the expiring moments of the old year drew near, we all became silent and thoughtful; only a few golden sands remained to run out, and we stood at its grave. Some of us retraced the events which had gone before it to eternity, and we thought of the ever-widening circles there—we remembered how, at the birth of this same old year, we stood with hushed voice and almost pulseless heart to gaze upon the pallid cheek, the quivering lip and heaving chest of the dying friend, and we thought—

How, for a little while
Time passes on—
Flowers, that our hopes beguile,
Fade one by one!
All that our love can say
Of those who blessed our way,
Is—that they passed their day—
Lived—and are gone!

Presently, amidst the most profound silence, the ol

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clock gave note that the last grain had run out. We all started, and one of the little ones ran across to her mother's knee. As soon as the tongue of time had ceased, the door opened, and an old servant, bending under the weight of a tray, entered and placed upon the table such warm Scotch cakes and other good things as the family had been wont to see on the table, at this moment of time, in the far-off home of their childhood. The gentleman of the house now arose, and shook hands with the whole circle, greeting all with a "Happy new year!" Then came the flute-like voices of the little ones, singing, "Happy new year! Happy new year!" We soon found ourselves on our feet, laughing and weeping as the past and the future seemed to blend together. It was like a resting-place in the journey of life, where we could stand and look both ways; backward to the joys and sorrows of the past, and forward to the uncertain future. Turning round, we perceived John, the faithful old servant, still lingered, and with bowed head he rested on the back of his master's chair. When the greetings were over, our host observing him, said, in a tone of inquiry, "Well, John?" as if to know why he waited now. "Master," said the good old man, "for a quarter of a century I have served your family, and yourself since you were a wee bit boy; this new year's morning completes the period. May you see many happy new years; but as for me, I shall soon enter where they do not measure time, but where I shall be thanking my heavenly Father for a God-fearing master, who has taught me the way there." The last words were scarcely audible, from the old man's deep emotion. Nobody saw old John walk out of the room, for all faces were covered.

After all had partaken of the Scotch cakes, Mr. and Mrs. Bruce, arm-in-arm, followed by all the children, who seemed to understand the movement, walked out of the room laughing and nodding "Good-bye" to all of us who were

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visitors. "Where are they gone? and what are they going to do?" we asked, but none could reply. In a short time they all returned in the same order, with very happy faces. "It is our old Scotch plan," said our friend, "to go down at this hour, and wish a 'Happy new year' to our servants in the hall, to shake hands with them all, and to present them with little presents, prepared by our children during the year; and they all look as happy down there as we do here." Well, we thought, this is a happy beginning of the new year; be it Scotch or English fashion, we like it right well. After the whole household had been committed to the care of Him who allows time to roll on for us, we all retired to dream of a "Happy new year," thus so very agreeably commenced.

Alas! where are those who composed that loving circle? where? and echo said, "where!"

THE ELDEST DAUGHTER.

For "The Mothers' Friend."

Laura Edwards was only fifteen years of age when, with three sisters, she was left an orphan. Her father, though not professedly pious, was moral and exemplary; but her mother was a zealous disciple of Christ, whose religion shone brightly in all her conduct. Aware that her end was near, she called her children and embraced them tenderly, saying, "How can I leave you, my darling ones?" but she meekly surrendered them, and with many prayers and tears resigned them into the hands of Him to whose embrace her spirit soon departed.

Laura now devoted herself entirely to the care and education of her younger sisters; her communications with them were spontaneous—what she said issued from the heart, as waters from an overflowing fountain. One of these dear children, Anna, was one day met by a friend—there was a tear in her eye. "Why have you been weeping?"

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the friend asked; "are you unhappy?" "There are other tears," she replied, "than those of sadness and grief; dear Laura has been talking such good things to us!" and Anna's tears flowed again. The three sisters and their foster-mother had been sitting under a tree in the front of the house; the eldest had been conversing cheerfully with them, while they, full of affection, were crowning her with flowers, and calling her their "May-Queen."

"Dear sisters," said Laura, "let me tell you a story about one who was crowned a great many years ago." They all listened—even Caroline, the youngest, manifested her eagerness. Laura told the tale of the sufferings of Christ—how He was crowned with thorns—how the sharp points of the thorns were thrust into His head—how He continued to suffer insult and pain until He was nailed to the cross. After she had finished, and while her sisters were bathed in tears, she told them that "Christ suffered and died for *us*, so that we might believe in Him, and have our sins pardoned and be saved." "But is not all this in your catechism, dear Anna?" said the friend; "you have heard it before; how came you to be so much affected by what your sister said?" "Oh!" exclaimed Anna, "sister Laura did not tell the story as it is in the catechism; she never talks to us in that way. Jesus Christ never seemed so dear to me before. He is *my* Saviour; I never thought of that till to-day?"

In this manner was the seed sown in these young hearts—seed which sprang up and produced plants which budded and blossomed, and brought forth fruit. These sisters are now all rejoicing with Laura *in the hope of eternal life*. Mother! what a lesson is here presented to *you*, to train up your children for God—to sow the seed of Divine truth *early*—a word from a dying bed is often powerful and effective; and what must be the joy of such a sister as Laura, who, treading in the steps of a pious mother, seeks a suitable opportunity to bring her dear sisters to Christ!

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The preceding account, extracted from an American work, and abridged for the sake of brevity, affords a striking illustration of the sentiment, that where there exists a desire to do good, the opportunity will not be wanting.

R. C.

A MOTHER'S UNDYING INFLUENCE.

Mr. J. B. Gough was delivering a lecture to young men, on the subject of "Habit;" and he alluded to the influence of habits contracted in early youth, and the lasting impressions likely to be produced by religious teaching. "I remember," he said, "the teachings of a praying, pious mother. That mother was very poor; but she was one of the Lord Jesus Christ's nobility, and she had a patent, signed and sealed with His blood. She died a pauper, and was buried without a shroud, and without a prayer. But she left her children the legacy of a mother's prayers, and the Lord God Almighty as the executor of her last will and testament. That mother taught me to pray, and in early life I had acquired the habit of praying. She, with the assistance of teachers in the Sabbath school, had helped to store my mind with passages of Scripture. We do not forget what we learn; it may be buried—it may be hid away in some obscure corner of the heart—but, by-and-by, circumstances reveal to us the fact, that we know much more than we dreamed we knew. After that mother's death I went out into the world, exposed to temptations. I fell; I acquired bad habits; for seven years of my life I wandered over God's beautiful earth, like an unblessed spirit wandering over a barren desert, digging deep wells to quench my thirst, and bringing up the dry, hot sand. The livery of my master had been to me a garment of burning poison. Bound with the fetters of evil habit—habit, like an iron net encircling me in its folds—fascinated with my bondage, and yet with a desire (oh, how fervent!) to stand where I had once hoped to

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stand! Seven years of darkness—seven years of dissipation—seven years of sin! There I stood. 'Ah!' says one, 'what is the effect now of a mother's teaching—of a mother's prayers—of Sabbath-school instruction, and of the good habits that you formed in early life?' Oh, I stood there, I remember it well—feeling my own weakness—feeling that 'the way of transgressors is hard,' and that 'the wages of sin is death'—feeling in my heart of hearts all the bitterness that arises from the consciousness of powers that God had given to me wasted—conscious that I had been chasing the bubble pleasure, and finding nothing—gaining nothing by it. There I stood—that mother had passed to heaven.

"I remember one night sitting with her in the garret—we had no candle—she said to me, 'John, I am growing blind. I do not feel it much; but you are young; it is hard for you; but never mind, John, there is no night there. There is no need of any candle there. The Lamb is the light thereof.' She has changed that dark, gloomy garret, to bask in the sunshine of her Saviour's smiles. But was her influence lost? No. As I stood, feeling my own weakness, knowing that I could not resist temptation, it seemed as if the very light she left as she passed, had spanned the dark gap of seven years of sin and dissipation, and struck the heart, and opened it. I felt utterly my own weakness, and the passages of Scripture that were stored away in my mind—buried, as it were, in the memory—came, as if whispered again by the loving lips of that mother into my ear. 'He is able to save to the uttermost.' That is what I want. I want to be saved. I cannot save myself. I want to be 'saved to the uttermost.' 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' This was the force and influence of a mother's teaching. It was the force—as it were—of a good habit, that had been utterly broken up, and destroyed by the acquisition of the evil habits of sin."

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Ponder these words, mother, as you tread life's winding path, leading your little group towards the celestial city; and when you tremble over the sight of blighted hopes, and are ready to stumble at discouragements, cheer up, while you think of the teachings in the little garret of John Gough's mother, and the glorious results.

TRUTHFULNESS.

Mr. Steady, at the time we write, had been five years managing clerk to the house of Messrs. Good, Raward, and Co., general merchants. He had spent the principal part of his life in the service of the firm, for he left his native village when a boy, with a recommendation from the brother of Mr. Raward, and was, in consequence, admitted at once into the warehouse; where, by diligence and good nature (for he was ever ready to lend a helping hand), he soon became a favourite, and on the first vacancy was promoted. He delighted to relate the following story to his friends, which he said was at the bottom of all his preferment.

"A stranger was once staying a Sabbath in our village, and being a kind man, and moreover a dear lover of children, he visited the Sunday school. The superintendent, observing a stranger, went up to him, and addressing him freely and affectionately, soon found a response. He then asked him if he would be kind enough to address the children. 'They like variety,' said he, 'and are generally pleased with strangers, and who can tell but you may leave a blessing behind.' To this request the stranger cheerfully consented; the great object he had in view in his address was to enforce the importance and show the value of truthfulness, and with great simplicity he told the following tale:— Charles Cobb was a dutiful little boy, and being very affectionate, his parents loved him much, and delighted to give him all the pleasure they could. One day they were

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going to drink tea and spend the evening with a sick and aged relative, and as it would not be proper to take him with them, they told him he might invite some of his young friends to take tea with him, and spend the evening in playing games. With this plan Charles was delighted, and several invitations were sent and accepted, and the young visitors were all punctual to the time.

"Mrs. Cobb, before she left, kindly arranged all for them, and said she hoped they would be very good, and then they would be very happy. The tea being made and served out by their own hands was doubly delicious—and there are but few except children who properly understand this enjoyment—to have seen their smiling, happy faces would have done your heart good. Tea being over, preparation was made for the evening games. Now their little chubby faces gathered around the table, and they beheld with delight the puzzles and games laid before them; many a little hand was stretched out, and many a sweet voice was heard crying—'Oh let me look at that.' After some time spent in this way, the young party began to weary; more exciting games were proposed, and they all started off to 'hunt the hare.' Now they were lively indeed, and scampered round and round the room like wild creatures. Billy Holmes in particular ran about, to the great danger of the things in the room. At last, being hardly pressed by one of the little girls, he dashed behind a table in the corner, which he knocked down, and broke to pieces an alabaster vase and glass cover. The noise at once alarmed them and put a stop to their mirth, and the distress of poor Charles was very great, for he knew it was a favourite of his father's. He began to cry, saying, 'Oh what shall I do? Papa will be so angry!'—'Don't cry, dear,' said Billy, 'I am very sorry, indeed; but you can say the cat was frightened, and jumped upon the table and knocked it down.' 'Oh no,' said Charles, 'that would be telling a story, and I would suffer anything rather than tell a story;

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and I am sure papa would be more grieved at my telling a story than breaking the vase, for he has often told me always to speak the truth, come what may.'

"The little story," said Mr. Steady, "was enforced by many kind observations, and to this story I owe all my preferment; it made a lasting impression on my mind, and soon after I entered this house, I was accidentally placed in circumstances which strongly tested my truthfulness. The story came to my aid, and I boldly avowed the whole truth —this so pleased my employers, that I soon rose in their estimation, and having practised truthfulness all my life, I now enjoy their entire confidence." M. B.

A PAGE FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.

THE RAW APPLE.

A short time ago I entered an omnibus, the occupants of which were chiefly females. Opposite me sat a clean, dark-eyed young mother, of pleasing appearance, evidently a foreigner. She held on her knee an interesting little girl of two years old. The child's eyes and complexion were dark, like her own; but its little fingers were sadly attenuated, and its countenance very sickly. The child held in its hand a hard, green, raw apple, which it appeared to enjoy very much. After a remark or two about the child, I said to its mother, "Why do you feed your baby with such unwholesome food? You cannot expect her to be healthy; you should not give her raw apples." The young mother replied, very innocently, "She likes them, ma'am, and she cries for them when she sees them." "Very likely," rejoined I; "but if you never gave them to her, she would never expect them. The stomach of so young a child cannot digest food of this kind. You might roast or bake them, and then they would be very wholesome." Very good-humouredly the mother said, "She is

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not well, and she would cry if she did not have them." Further conversation was not possible, for the conductor had forgotten to set her down at her destination, and she was in great trouble how to get back; she was eventually put into the first returning omnibus, and I saw her no more.

I have often thought of this young mother since. She was evidently a kind and careful mother. The child's clothes, and especially its under-garments, though old and faded, were scrupulously clean. She looked at her pretty baby with pride and tenderness. She was endeavouring to make it happy; and yet she was its greatest enemy, both morally and physically. She was ruining her child's health, by cramming it with indigestible trash, instead of wholesome food. She exercised no moral discipline over it; and if that child lives to grow up, it will probably have a sickly constitution, and an ill-regulated mind. Almost all mothers may give their children wholesome food. They may refuse to give them what they cry for. They may accustom them early to be denied what is not good for them; and these few apparently trifling things would go far as a foundation for a rightly ordered education. Few mothers are too poor, or too ignorant, to teach their children such little things as these. E. G.

We have more raw apples in store.—Ed.

FEMALE SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS.—No. II.

SARAH.

"And the name of Abram's wife was Sarai."—Gen. xi. 29.

What an important female character do these few words introduce to our notice. The "princess" of Israel—the mother of God's chosen people—she was, as we learn from Gen. xx. 12, the half-sister, as well as the wife of Abram. Such marriages were common in the East and in Egypt;

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that they were, however, contrary to the will of God, we gather from their being strictly forbidden to the Jews by the laws of Moses. Abraham and Nahor might be led to take their near relations in marriage, to avoid any connexion with idolatrous nations around them. Under the clear light of Christianity they are plainly repugnant to the Word of God and the interests of morality and society.

The companion of her husband's heaven-appointed wanderings, we find Sarah sharing his temporary sojourn in Egypt. It appears that the eastern custom of veiling the face was practised even at that early period; and we cannot, therefore, acquit Sarah of a measure of personal vanity, or at least of a neglect of what was *considered* womanly delicacy, in exposing her beauty to the gaze of the voluptuous nobles. Mark the consequence of her conduct—she was taken into the palace of Pharaoh, to add to the number of his wives, and only preserved from dishonour by the direct interference of God. We grieve over the equivocation of which Abram was guilty; before God—who looks to the motive and intention of an act—it was a lie. How easily does man's corrupt nature turn into sin even the purest and noblest affections of the human heart! Young wife, has God bestowed on you a fair outside? Seek not the admiration of society; be satisfied with that of your husband, and let your beauty be to him a fire-side light.

Surrounded by wealth, servants, and possessing her husband's ardent love, Sarah had still one bitter ingredient in her cup of life—she had no child. True, the promise had been given of a numerous race; but, as year after year rolled away without its fulfilment, Sarah, whose faith was far inferior to Abram's, became impatient at the delay, and she foolishly resolved to take her own means for accomplishing the Divine decrees. Do we speak to any who, like Sarah, sit by a lonely hearth, and, it may be, from amidst luxury and splendour, envy the cottage mother the

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rosy children who cling around her? Ah! try to believe that your fire-side would not be silent, if there were not a needs be for it; the longed-for gift has been withheld in mercy—perhaps to keep you from idolatry.

The blessing refused as yet to the mistress was bestowed on the young Egyptian, and the wishes of Sarah seemed to be fulfilled; her joy, however, was of short duration. Hagar was unable to conceal her pride; and, in her elevation to be the second wife of her master, she forgot her respect for her mistress. Would that we could pass over the painful scene which followed. Sarah's haughty spirit could ill brook the insults of her rival, and she unjustly accuses Abram as the author of her trouble. Yielding to his love for her, he permits the woman he ought to have cherished to be exposed to Sarah's rage, until the afflicted Hagar flees from them. Assured and comforted by an angel, she is commanded to return and submit to her mistress—a seemingly hard task; but Hagar obeys, and we do not read of any further violence.

Foiled in her attempt to forestal the providence of God, by His direct refusal to accept Ishmael as the promised seed, Sarah is, however, again assured that *she* should have a son—the gracious promise was received, not with humble faith, but with scornful laughter. Is she alone in her unbelief? Are there no mothers who, instead of resting on the faithful word of God for themselves and their children, look only at the obstacles—to *their* eyes, impassable hindrances—to the accomplishment of that word. It would seem as if Sarah's unbelief gave way after the reproof of the angel, for we are told of her "*faith*" in Heb. xi. 11. Our pen must rest now, or our paper will be too long.

L. T.

"MOTHER, I AM DYING NOW!"

Who does not wish to be in a world where all is perfection, and love, and happiness—free from all sin, and its

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equences? There is something very soothing in the ight, when looking upon a dear little suffering child, it will soon be happy and perfect, in the fold of the l Shepherd.

pon one of these "little ones" some friends were ng. She was a poor little girl, crippled and deformed n her birth. She was now seized with a disease which eatened to remove her from a world where she had ered much. She was a very affectionate child, and no d of complaining had ever passed her lips. Sometimes tears would come into her eyes, when she saw in her sence children more physically blessed than herself, at thought of her deprivation; but that was all. She s so gentle, so considerate of giving pain, and so desirous please all around her, that she had endeared herself to ry member of her family, and to all who knew her. length the progress of the disease was so rapid, it was en she could not long survive. She grew worse and rse. One night, in an interval of pain, she called her other to her bedside and said, "Mother, I am dying w. I hope I shall see you and my brothers and sisters heaven. Won't I be straight, and not a cripple, other, when I get to heaven?" And so the little sorrow- g child passed for ever away.

Mother! did you ever thank God that your children are rn without deformity? Or, if you are nursing a little flicted one, can you not rejoice in the thought that it all be perfect and beautiful, when it walks the golden reet, in the company of angels, and the angel's Lord? re you training it for that happy, perfect place? Are ou going there yourself? You have a map of the country, ith a description of its travellers; examine it, and by its id examine your own walking; the road is "narrow," ut wide enough for two—you, and your Saviour.

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FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

THOUGHTS BY AN OLD DIVINE.

Lord, I find the genealogy of my Saviour strangely chequered with four remarkable changes, in four immediate generations. First, Abia was Roboam's son—that is, a bad father had a bad son; secondly, Asa was the son of Abia—a bad father and a good son; third, Josaphat was the son of Asa—a good father and a good son; fourth, Joram was the son of Josaphat—a good father and a bad son. I see, Lord, from hence, that my father's piety cannot be entailed—this is bad news for me; but I see, also, that actual impiety is not always hereditary—this is good news for me.

ATTRACTION AND REPULSION.

There is hardly any bodily blemish which a winning behaviour will not conceal or make tolerable—and there is no external grace which ill-nature, pride, or affectation will not deform.

COURAGE, PIOUS MOTHER!

A great and good man said, just before he went to heaven—"The early religious impressions made on my mind by my godly mother, have followed me in all my wanderings through life." Courage, then, good mother! You think your sphere of action humble and obscure, perhaps; but you may be moulding a character that shall influence the world through distant ages—work on in faith.

HAPPINESS.

Inward peace of mind, consciousness of integrity, and a satisfactory view of our own conduct, are circumstances very requisite to happiness.

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ADDRESS AT A MATERNAL MEETING.

REMINISCENCES.

" Life is a slender thread,
Like filmy gossamer,
That floating over head,
The slightest breath may stir.
The waving bough—the autumn wind—
But moves—and who the thread shall find?"

OURTEEN years ago, dear friends, we met in this very —a little band of mothers and teachers—to form ourres into a Maternal Association. Well has the poet g—

" We take no note of time but by its loss."

rom how many lips will the words issue, "How fast years have glided by!"—and the question is asked, *an* it be so long?" How varied are the events by ch we measure this space of time. One will say, "Ah, ıust be as long; for my dear girl was an infant then, now she walks by my side as a bright companion. , it must be so." Another will say, "Ah, I do reıber my precious boy was with me then, but from time he has lain in the tomb it must be so." Then t mother goes back to the scene of years flown by, as ugh it were an occurrence of yesterday. Oh, what a ld of hopes lies hearsed within his quiet grave! "I ed he would have been my comfort as I passed down vale of time. Yes, I well remember—it must be so."

" And for the loved and lost,
Their memories move us as nought else may move."

Another will exclaim—"Ah, both my dear parents e alive fourteen years ago; but my revered and affecnate father passed away from earth soon after our first eting." Another tells us, "I was a girl then, and ha

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a loving mother; but she is gone to heaven, and I am a mother now myself. Yes, it must be so long."

"Ah, many a gentle word
Of precious counsel, all too long despised,
By memory now is stirred,
And must be thought upon, and weighed and prized."

Then one in sable garb will say, "I was then a happy wife; but now I am written 'widow,' and my children 'fatherless.' Yes, it is fourteen years since we first met."

"Sorrow hath laid its hand on thee,
Lone mourner of the dead!
And blanched the glow upon thy cheek,
And bowed thy stricken head.
Widow! thine is no common woe,
That briefly doth subdue
The young soul's buoyant happiness
With thoughts of saddening hue."

Alas! how many have fallen by our side since the commencement of our Association. We gathered strength by numbers as we passed along, and hundreds of mothers' and children's names stand on our book—but where are many of them? They have glided, one by one, from our midst; and now, in looking over the list of mothers, we find scarcely one who—if herself living—has not lost some dear ones. They are gone down to the dust of the grave; and some of them, whose lovely, beaming countenances would have told us of anything but of darkness and death fourteen years ago. How many bright young spirits are gone through the shadowy vale, leaving to us only the remembrance of their love and loveliness! Many a bitter cup has been put into the hands of some of us; we have often been called to weep with those who weep, and to go down to the brink of the dividing river, cheering the passing voyager, as long as our voice could be heard, and in our hearts wishing them joy of their bright inheritance, when they had passed over; and we have gazed, saying,

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"How beautiful they look!" even when death had dashed the bloom from the young cheek, and placed his marble hand on the fair brow.

"Face to face we have gazed on death,
In his regal pomp and sway;
When he had snatched the wavering breath
From the lovely form of clay.
We have looked on him when nought was there,
To waken fear or dread;
We saw no terror nor fierce despair,
As we stood by their dying bed."

We delight to dwell on the memory of some mothers, whom we hope to meet in heaven, who came here at our first meeting, careless and unconcerned as to themselves and their children; but who with dying lips thanked God for Maternal Associations. At these anniversaries the dead seem to claim a share in our recollections, and we do not like they should be forgotten. Why should they? They live yet—far or near, they are living still; and for aught we know, may be taking a deeper interest in our meeting this evening, and longing for some heart to be touched, so as to be from henceforth prepared to dwell with them in their heavenly home. They are only passed into another state of existence. The dream of life is over with them, but they have awakened in everlasting day.

Some of us can say, "Joseph is not, and there is no Benjamin;" but we shall have them restored to us again in the city of the golden streets.

"Oh happy—happy land! in thee
Shines the unveiled Divinity;
There happy souls, whom death may sever,
Shall meet to mingle joys for ever."

But why were our dear ones taken? Ah! why? There is no voice to answer; but listen, I will read a page to the point.

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THE HAND THAT SAVES US.

Two painters were employed to fresco the walls of a magnificent cathedral. Both stood on a rude scaffolding, some forty feet from the floor. One of them was so intent upon his work that he became wholly absorbed, and in admiration stood off from the picture, gazing at it with intense delight. Forgetting where he was, he moved slowly back, surveying critically the work of his pencil, until he had neared the edge of the plank upon which he stood. At this critical moment his companion turned suddenly, and, almost frozen with horror, beheld his imminent peril. Another instant, and the enthusiast would be precipitated upon the pavement beneath. If he spoke to him it would be certain death; if he held his peace, death was equally sure. Suddenly he regained his presence of mind, and seizing a wet brush, flung it against the wall, spattering the beautiful picture with unsightly blotches of colouring. The painter flew forward, and turned upon his friend with fierce upbraidings; but, startled at his ghastly face, he listened to his recital of danger, looked shuddering over the dread space below, and with tears of gratitude blessed the hand that saved him.

Just so it is with us. We sometimes get absorbed upon the pictures of our homes, and in contemplating them step backwards, unconscious of our peril; when our heavenly Father dashes out the beautiful images, to draw us into His arms of compassion and love. We had household gods, but we did not know it till they were taken away; or we were resting upon an arm of flesh, and our heavenly Friend would not that we should have the "curse" of those who do this; therefore He dashed out the beautiful from our pictures, causing us to stand still, and remember that He is God.

But, dear friends, let us speak to our own hearts. Here we are, still spared. Let us praise our God, and resolve in His strength to be more alive than ever in our work; and,

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oh, let us train our tender plants that remain to us *upwards*, that they may shine in the life-giving rays of the Sun of Righteousness. We seem to be on the eve of sifting and momentous times. Our sons and daughters—yes, and our Sabbath-school children too—will be the men and women of those times. Let us, as mothers and teachers, train our charge to endure hardness, as good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Let us fix firmly in their young minds the simple, saving truths of the Bible, that when the battles of life are over, we, with them, may join the Captain of our salvation, and shout—victory, *victory*, VICTORY, on the plains of the celestial city, through the blood of the Lamb.

THEY ARE PASSED OVER JORDAN.

THEY are gone to rest—
They have gone o'er the dark deep tide,
Which the earth and heaven divides,
Through which we too must go.
Down to the Jordan's brink we went,
Cheering the loved, the dying saint;
They passed—and felt no woe.

They are gone to rest—
Some lovely infants reached the tide,
Sinking as into sleep they died,
Nor grieved, nor felt a fear;
One farewell smile, and they were past;
One gentle sigh, it was the last;
They sailed without a tear.

They are gone to rest—
A lovely youth, with earnest brow,
Drew near the dark, deep river now,
Nor mourned his shortened race.
"Jesus is mine," he nobly cried,
"Mine the adored—the crucified—
I go to see His face."

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They are gone to rest—
A mother to the river's brink,
Bound to earth by many a link,
Came down with kindling eye.
A blood-stained cross she held and pressed,
Which stilled the throbbings of her breast—
She passed to joys on high.

They are gone to rest—
The victor's wreath, on many a brow,
Appears amidst the glories now
Of heaven's eternal rest;
While palms of victory they wave,
They sing of triumph o'er the grave;
With Jesus they are blest.

December, 1853.

THE FIRST YEAR OF THE MARRIAGE.

"In the beginning of your journey neglect not the favour of heaven."

"You are later than usual, Henry," said the young wife, as she looked up at her beloved and good-looking husband, who had just entered his neat cottage. "Am I, Polly? Well, maybe I am; one cannot be answerable for a few minutes one way or another." Mrs. Judd looked up again at her husband, evidently surprised, and a flush passed over her cheek.

"You seem a bit put out, Polly," Henry continued; "now we had better begin as we intend to go on, as the people say; so, as the anniversary of our wedding is not come round, we can form any plans we like." "Plans, dear," exclaimed Polly, "I thought we had made all our arrangements for years to come, unless Providence caused us to alter them." "Providence, eh! why, no, not just like that; I think I shall spend an hour or two of an evening, now and then, among some of our men; one can't, as they say, be tied-up to one's wife's apron-strings!" "Oh, dear Henry, I am sorry to hear you say this," replied the young

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wife, taking up a book that lay by her side, "I thought you would have liked to finish this to me this evening; I have not even peeped into it since I sat down, though I longed to know the ending."

"Well, well, there is no time now for reading; 'tis too late, and I want to talk to you. In the first place, there's a present for you—a bright half-crown to put in your pocket for your own use; the great folks, I think, call a wife's own money, 'pin money;' but you can buy anything to eat, drink, or wear with it, Polly, for one does not like just to be selfish; and if I like to spend a shilling all to myself, why, you can do the same you see, and I like to see my wife a little matter smartish too, particularly if one's comrades happen to call; so you can get a new cap or ribbon." "Thank you, Henry, I do not want anything; I have plenty to last me." "Well, you are to have it, and spend it as you like; and I will spend mine in a mug of porter with Sam and Charles, and get a chat about business at the same time."

"Oh, dear! what has come to you, my dear Henry?" said Polly, and a tear rushed to her eye, "your wages will never allow of this, and our happiness will be at an end; who can have been persuading you to do this?" "Ah, as to that, nobody. Now let us have supper and be off, 'tis getting late." "Won't you read a chapter first in the Bible, as you are accustomed to do, Henry?" "Why, no, I don't think I will to-night. I shall go up stairs soon, and then you can read it to yourself if you like—one's mind is not always just fit to read Bibles." Silently the astonished wife prepared the supper, and saw her husband depart "up stairs." She felt like one in a dream, who has suddenly lost a beautiful vision, then awakes to a sense of overwhelming disappointment, almost amounting to agony.

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A PAGE FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.

MORE RAW APPLES.

I was relating last month how I met a poor German woman, who was feeding her child with unripe fruit. I dare say many a mother has said, as she read of it, "How could she be so foolish! I never do such things!" Are you quite sure? You feel, I doubt not, that while your baby is weak and tender, you should not only feed it with wholesome food, but that you should give it nothing of a contrary tendency. But your child has another life to be fed, besides its bodily life,—the soul needs food. Your child's mind is opening day by day; with what are you feeding it? Most children that I have known have had their infant minds stored with trash of all sorts. I knew one large family, where the under-nurse was fond of singing songs, and the first thing the children learned was to lisp them too—were not these like raw apples? My own earliest recollections are connected with trite and foolish nursery ditties heard from the nurses, and fairy tales related by visitors, who knew no better how to amuse me; —these raw apples, I doubt not, did me much harm.

I knew a little boy, whose father was a gentleman of most fastidious delicacy and propriety, and yet, from getting occasionally into company with the stable-boy, he learned to use the most profane language, before he was old enough to know how wicked it was—this was worse than green fruit, it was downright *poison*. And yet, how many mothers let their little ones stray for hours in the streets and lanes, where they know not what company they keep. Mother! do your utmost to keep your little child's mind free from sin and folly, and to fill up the room thus gained with God's Word and hymns, with good principles, and, above all, with good examples. Wisdom is required, and judgment. Begin with little stories from Scripture. Give them at first in your own language, if you can.

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Make them very short and simple. Repeat them over and over again. Sometimes read them in Scripture language. Make it a treat to hear of Jesus. Choose principally such hymns as speak of Him, such as these:—

"Jesus, who reigns above the sky."
"Jesus, that condescending King."
"Jesus Christ, my Lord and Saviour."
"Lo! at noon, 'tis sudden night."
"There's a message of love,
Come down from above."
"When Jesus Christ was here below."
"I think when I read that sweet story of old."

Several of these hymns, with many more, may be found in a little penny book, prepared by Mr. Curwen; and in another, called "Hymns for Children." Choose your times; make the food pleasant; sweeten it with smiles; speak of Jesus with love and pleasure. You may say, "I fear my child is not converted—these things would be distasteful." Not so, if you begin soon enough—the infant mind, before sinful habits and an evil conscience are developed, feels not the enmity which is often brought out later. You may feed the young mind and infant imagination on these things, and your child will like them. But if you make the mistake of thinking it is too soon to begin with spiritual teaching, and that you had better pave the way with nursery rhymes and other trash, you will find not only that you have lost the fairest and most favourable opportunity one human being ever has of influencing the mind of another, but also that you have been cramming it with sour apples till its appetite is lost for wholesome food. I was reminded of this yesterday morning, on being awakened by a little fellow at my side, who had crept out of his crib at daybreak—"Mamma," said he, "what is that about 'Heigh diddle diddle, and the cow jumping over the moon?'" I said, "Do you believe that

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story, dear? Do you think that cows ever can jump over the moon?" "Yes, I do, ma." "And do you suppose that dishes can run away with spoons?" "Yes, mamma." "What a stupid child!" you will exclaim. Very well, your children may be wiser; but what I should think of great importance is—are you wiser than to teach your children all the nonsense you learned when you were a child? Time is short. Your child may die this year. Do all you can for him while you have him. Work while it is day, lest darkness come upon you; and pray for God's blessing on your labours and mine, in teaching our little ones.

E. G.

THE HIDING PLACE.

My dear children, do you know what is meant by a hiding place? Perhaps you will wonder why I ask you such an easy question, and will answer—"Oh, yes. It means a place to hide in. We all know that, because we often play at hide-and-seek." Well, I want you to find me all the texts in the Bible about hiding—people who hid away, and the places in which they were hidden. I am sure you cannot think how many passages you will be able to find, until you look for them. However, before you begin your search, let us talk a little while about hiding places, and especially about The Hiding Place of whom I am going to write.

A little boy was one day walking with his mother through a back street, in which were a number of empty carts, when he suddenly asked her whether, if a wild bull were to come in their way, she would get into one of the empty carts for shelter? His mother replied, that she did not think an open cart would be a good hiding place, and after they returned home, she found him a text in Isaiah (I dare say you will look for it) which says, "The rain shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters

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shall overflow the hiding place." Surely this was a very unsafe hiding place, for it would be swept away in the very first storm.

Again, I remember reading in the Bible of some kings, who hid away in a cave, and were taken out and put to death. That was not a safe hiding place.

You have read of the flood which destroyed the wicked, and of Noah who was preserved in the ark. Now, you will agree with me, that this was, indeed, a safe hiding place.

My dear children, we are all sinners—yes, all of us. It is written in God's holy word, that He is angry with the wicked every day, yes, and that He will punish them too. Yet, God is merciful as well as just, and He himself has appointed a hiding place; so you may be *sure* it is a safe one. Jesus Christ, God's well beloved Son, He is the "Man who shall be for our Hiding Place." Yes; and who is, and has long—long been the only safe hiding place. There are some persons who know that they have sinned, and deserve the anger of God, and yet they will not go to Jesus for safety and pardon. They hope to be saved by their own good works; but do you remember poor Christian in the "Pilgrim's Progress," when he was going to try this, and was so frightened by the flames which burst from Mount Sinai? No, dear children, we have not kept God's law, and we can never be sheltered by our own obedience. "And justice cries with frowning face —this mountain is no hiding place." There is but one *safe* hiding place for sinners, and that is Christ Jesus.

"On Him the tenfold vengeance fell,
That must have sunk a world to hell;
He bore it for the sinful race,
And thus became their hiding place."

We read, in the book of the Revelation, that there will be some, by-and-by, who will call on the rocks and mountains to fall on them and hide them "from the wrath

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of the Lamb." Yes, dear children, from the wrath of the blessed Lamb of God, who shed His blood for us, that we might be safe in this very storm of God's anger, which will be so dreadful. May you and I be safe in this Hiding Place now, even now; and then no storm, no tempest, not even the last of all, can hurt us.

Oxford. MARY.

HOME SUNSHINE CLOUDED.

"Boast not of to-morrow."

THE morning of the third Saturday in November, 1853, dawned as usual on the peaceful home of a pious pair—the self-same sun which had cheered them for fifty years peeped in to give his usual welcome. The fire blazed—the kettle sang—the family gathered round the domestic altar, and then separated, each going to their usual employment, familiar indeed as household things—the same duties had been done for years. The scenery around had grown under their eye, and the hedge under the window had become tall and thick, so as almost to shut out the smiling meadow from the other side; the tops of the fruit-trees, planted as saplings by their own hands, now towered high, and often had they hailed the spring buddings with joy. The little study, too, of the good man, hung with portraits of departed worthies, looked still the same. A neat cottage of a wedded daughter stood hard by, all just as usual, where tears of sympathy and sadness had often mingled.

The day passed on; there was nothing to distinguish it from other days; yet was it soon to become the saddest of all days to that family. Cheerfulness and apparent better health marked one who had long been the joy and the binding hope of the family. Yet were the feet of the still messenger of woe hard by. He entered the house

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unseen, unheard, and stealthily followed his victim to her chamber, and in a moment dealt the blow which finished mortal existence, but opened to the wife and mother eternal life. The first intimation the dear ones below had of the great dark cloud that had alighted upon them was from the sound as of a heavy fall;—they hastened up, but only to view a lifeless corpse. Most effectually had the destroyer done his work;—not a muscle moved—not a single sigh escaped;—the heart beat not;—life was extinguished in a moment, and the spirit stood before the throne! But it was prepared; the beautiful consistency of a long life gave good assurance to the stricken mourners that it had entered one of those mansions which the Redeemer prepared for His faithful followers,—absent from the body, present with the Lord.

Mother! Father! we have set before you a solemn scene—a truthful reality. The bereaved husband still survives, a faithful ambassador of the cross, whose head is whitened by eighty summer suns, who for forty-nine years was comforted and encouraged by the affection and counsel of the deceased. A few days after her death he writes thus:—"I am now a man of experimental knowledge. I am cut in two. The union is dissolved; the knot is untied; the spirit is fled, to return no more; the separation is accomplished;—I am not friendless, but alone,—smitten, wounded, and in anguish. You will give me credit for saying, it is the greatest trial I have ever known; but I would not alter the thing if I could. The hand that did it was guided by wisdom and goodness." Say, would sudden death be sudden glory to *you?* Are *you* prepared to die? You know not, any more than the individual of whom you have been reading, what this day may bring forth. Put not away the solemn question, we beseech you. Resolve this awful doubt, and ever remember that Jesus Christ is able to save unto the very uttermost all who come to God through Him.

M. B.

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A MOTHER'S RESPONSIBILITY.—No. II.

WHAT responsibility rests on us as mothers!—and how important that we should constantly and earnestly, both at home and at our Maternal Meetings, implore help from heaven to enable us to train these dear ones in the right way! Mothers have to guide these immortal beings during the most important period of their lives. They are to live in a world of intelligence to all eternity. For a time—perhaps through a long life—they are to dwell on the earth, continually exerting an influence for good or evil on all around them. They are exposed to sin, vice, and disorder on every hand; their characters are formed in the midst of many evil influences; they will grow up blessings or curses to themselves, their friends, their race; and when they have passed away from earth they are to live through an unknown period of retribution, according to their work on the earth.

What characters they shall form—what general course they are to take—what dangers they shall experience or escape—what good or evil they shall do in the world—what blessings or curses they shall be to mankind—what death they shall die—what happiness or misery they shall experience after death—depends in a great measure on their early training, their education, the manner in which they are treated by their parents, but more particularly by the mother. We are the natural teachers and guardians of these immortal beings during the first years of life, and we *are* teaching them ALWAYS—every moment in the day, by our words, looks, actions, and example. God has placed them in our hands, and He requires us to take proper care of them,—not of their bodies only, but of their souls; and among all the other accounts which He will call us to render of our stewardship, this is one of the greatest importance. In our next papers on this subject we shall glance at the characters of two mothers, and the result of their different and varied training.

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SERVANTS AND MASTERS.—No. I.

MUTUAL DEPENDANCE.

"ORDER is heaven's first law," sings the poet; and, says the apostle, "Let all things be done decently, and in order."

Were it not for this mutual understanding amongst the inhabitants of the world, how could its multifarious transactions progress with any approach to regularity and comfort? But so it is, and the various grades of society, with more or less of occasional grumblings, find their respective places. There are the high and the low—those of station, rank, wealth, and influence; and those of industry—the sons of toil. One occupying the position of employers, the others of employed. It is one of the most interesting studies that can occupy the benevolent and philanthropic in their thoughtful moods — the mutual dependance of these two classes; they seem to form as close and necessary a connexion as the members of the human body. "The head cannot say to the hands, I have no need of thee; nor the hands to the feet, I have no need of thee;" all are necessary to the well-being of each, and it is when each is enabled to discharge faithfully its peculiar function, the machine works harmoniously, with ease and comfort. So is it with society; and he shall be a benefactor of his race who can contribute in the least degree to effect this object, and induce both sections of the population to feel as the members of the body in the Scripture illustration. This is partially recognised, but it is to be feared only partially—too often masters are regarded as tyrants, and servants treated as slaves; the one wrings from the unwilling labourer the extreme of his claim—the other withholds as much as possible the master's due. But how sad is such a state of things! Neither party is happy in his position — cannot be; — when

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suspicion and distrust exist on either side, or on both, misery is the result.

How different the theory of a benevolent master and faithful servant! The one anxious to do what is necessary to make his servant happy—the servant reciprocating the feeling, and carefully filling up his measure of duty. And why is it not so? The employer is essential to his servants. Where can the labourer look for means to pay his labour? He must look to the man who has money. Equally dependant is the employer; for money would be unavailable, were it not for the muscle and sinew of the working man: this is his capital—equally respectable and equally necessary to the good of all. The industrious, pains-taking working man has it in his power to fill a station commanding as much sincere esteem from his contemporaries as his wealthy employer, whilst the employer has it in his power to conciliate, by kindly interest in his welfare, his dependant's good will.

Why should heart-burnings exist? Why, at every change in public affairs, should these classes be found in fierce antagonism—too often ready to proceed to deadly injury? It is because this mutual dependance is not recognised or thoughtfully regarded. Could each but see their own interest in peaceful solutions of their disagreements—less of commercial avarice on the one hand, and less of contemptuous distrust and suspicion on the other—it could be done; but it is human nature, and the only effectual remedy is the Gospel of the grace of God—this is the grand panacea—the precious solvent. Let but this oil be poured on the troubled waters, we should soon hear of peace. A kind feeling of mutual interest would spring up—and all would feel their interests identified with the prosperity of each other. May the Lord hasten it in His time!

We shall hope to give illustrations in our next.

J. O. V.

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SYMPATHY FOR BABIES.

I HAVE obtained the name of "Fidget," just because I cannot bear to have my darling jumbled on the knee until the room shakes again; or because I must place a little pillow at its back in the cradle; or because I must have it handled gently; or because I could not let it lie on its arm until it was numbed. I remember, when I was very young, dropping in an unexpected visitor at my elder brother's—a *baby* had also become a sojourner the day before.

There was for me no alternative but to share the nurse's bed for that night. The babe was restless, and never shall I forget the *thumps* it received on the back, while the nurse, half asleep, sat up in bed!—No doubt the child was ill. I begged, next night, to take it to my own room; and though it was not quieter, yet it was spared the jar of back-patting, and the mother heard not its cries. It died in a few days.

Not many evenings ago I was in a sick chamber, where a nurse had taken an infant eight or nine days old out of bed, to undress and dress it for the night. "Do stay and see the babe undressed," whispered the anxious mother. I did so, and should have been sorry to see mine handled after that fashion at six months. "It wants rubbing," said the nurse. "Yes, but it is very tender," said I. "Is its skin whole?" said the trembling mother. It was not actually broken, but it was red, and looked as if it must smart, while the little creature was held over a basin to wash, and then was dried with a towel almost as coarse as huckaback. Oh, poor infants! how often has my heart ached to see how little those who have the care of them sympathise with their feebleness and their delicacy.

A "Fidget!" I deprecate the obnoxious name, yet I never could, since I have been a mother, let little children alone, no matter whose they may be, if they are suffering only these "little inconveniences," as they are called. Mothers, could you only see what your little ones often suffer!

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How important, if you have a nurse-maid, that she should be a well-trained young woman, to help you to mould the bodies of these little supple things, and then, perhaps, she would help you to train the mind also. How careful most families are to have a first-rate cook! while those *dishes* which are to last *for ever*, are committed to the care of inferior "artistes." Mothers! ought these things so to be? S. S.

While we sympathise with the babies, do not let us withhold our sympathy from baby *nurses;* as a specimen, read the following:—

THE FAT BABY AND ITS FRAIL NURSE.

A little boy—still little—was trotting to and fro, bent on one side, and considerably affected in his knees by the weight of a large baby, which he was supposedly hushing to sleep. But, oh! the inexhaustible regions of contemplation and watchfulness into which the baby's eyes were then only beginning to compose themselves to stare over his unconscious shoulder. It was a very Moloch of a baby, on whose insatiable altar the whole existence of this particular young brother was offered up a daily sacrifice. Its personality may be said to have consisted in its never being quiet in any one place for five consecutive minutes, and never going to sleep when required.

This baby was as well known in the neighbourhood as the postman. It roved from door-step to door-step in the arms of little Johnny, and lagged heavily at the rear of troops of juveniles, who followed the "tumblers," or the "monkey," and came up all on one side, a little too late for any thing that was attractive, from Monday morning till Saturday night. Wherever childhood congregated to play, there was little Moloch, making Johnny fag and toil. Wherever Johnny desired to stay a little, Moloch became fractious, and would not remain. Whenever Johnny wanted to go out, Moloch was asleep, and must be watched. Whenever Johnny wanted to stay at home,

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Moloch was awake, and must be taken out. Yet, Johnny was easily persuaded it was a faultless baby, without its peer in the realm of England; and was quite content to catch meek glimpses of things in general from behind its skirts, or over its limp flapping bonnet, and to go staggering about with it, like a very little porter with a very large parcel, which was not directed to anybody, and could never be delivered anywhere. C. D.

[This picture of Johnny and Moloch makes one laugh outright; but, alas! who has not passed many such frail little nurses in the streets, and deeply sympathised with them? Mother, young, busy mother! your little boy or girl may be deformed and injured for life by constantly nursing the heavy fat baby. Give your little Johnny some rest and play.—ED.]

"TWO IN HEAVEN."

"You have two children," said I. "I have four," was the reply; "two on earth—two in heaven." There spoke the mother. Still hers, only "gone before!" Still remembered, loved, and cherished by the hearth and at the board. Their places not yet filled, even though their successors draw life from the same faithful breast where their dying heads were pillowed. "Two in heaven!" safely housed from storm and tempest—no sickness there—no drooping head—nor fading eye—nor weary feet; by the green pastures, tended by the Good Shepherd, linger the little lambs of the heavenly fold. "Two in heaven!" Earth less attractive—eternity nearer—invisible cords drawing the maternal soul upwards. Still small voices ever whispering "Come!" to the world-weary spirit. "Two in heaven!" Mother of angels! walk softly! holy eyes watch thy footsteps!—cherub forms bend to listen—keep thy spirit free from earth-taint—so shalt thou go to them, though they may not return to thee.—*From Fanny Fern's "Portfolio."*

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FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

TRUTH.

Seize upon truth where'er 'tis found,
Among your friends, among your foes;
On Christian or on heathen ground,
The flower's Divine where'er it grows.

CLOUDY DAYS.

The clouds that intercept the heavens from us, come not from the heavens but from the earth.

VERY ANGRY.

Hannah More says—"Be certain that whenever you are very angry, you are very much in the wrong."

HOME.

There blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief;
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits when most brief.

Then dost thou sigh for pleasure?
O, do not widely roam!
But seek that hidden treasure
At home—dear home!

We one day saw a little school-girl's pocket-book, and at the top of one of the pages was written "HOME," in large letters, and underneath a number of figures to be crossed off, as the time of being at school decreased. Ah! we thought, here is a lesson for the Christian mother. First, she should make "Home" the happiest place on earth; secondly, she should write "Heaven is my home," at the top of every page in her daily pocket-book.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The following books, received as we were going to press, will be noticed next month:—

Miss Corner's Scriptural History.
Autobiography of a Five Pound Note.
Journal of Health.
Banner of Hope Almanac.

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A MOTHER'S RESPONSIBILITY.—No. III.

Mrs. Rayless had herself been brought up by a careless, thoughtless mother; and no marvel that, when she became a wife, she walked in her foot-prints. Our motto is, "They walk in the way of their mother." Her infants, as they were given to her, one after another, to the number of seven, were "*dragged up*," as Lamb calls it, instead of trained; there was no training in her house, (save, indeed, in the ways of wickedness.) The little creatures moved around her, full of activity, inquiry, energy, exertion, motion,—with retentive memories, and attention easily roused in the new world of their fresh existence; but there was no wise guiding hand for them, no prayer went up from that mother's heart for them, and no lisping voice was taught the name of Jesus in that home. Nature's wild commoners they roamed abroad, ignorant as the wild ass's colt.

Again and again did the Sabbath-school teacher, as he passed her door, looking after the outcasts, beg her to allow some of the poor little wanderers to enter his class; but the only reply he could get was,—"Mind your own business; my children don't want any of your learning." When the tract-distributor called to leave one of his little messengers of mercy, she would say, "There's no use leaving your trash here—though you are paid for it; for none of us can read, nor don't mean to learn." When the good minister called and expostulated with her on her duty to attend a place of worship, the reply was, "I am as good as my neighbour." No marvel that, with such a mother, the poor children were as destitute of right feelings as herself;—they were early accustomed to all sorts of deceit and pilfering ways, and often would she commend them when fragments of wood were brought home from the neighbour's hedge or pile, without asking as to where they had procured it; and if the father ventured a remark

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on the subject, she would silence him by saying, "Eat your morsel in peace, my good man, by a good fire, and ask no questions." And so great was her influence over her husband, that if the little ones asked him to solve any difficulty for them, he would reply, "Go and ask your mother."

At the age of fifty, Mrs. Rayless became a widow, and, like a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke, she cried and murmured at her "lot," as she called it. She had never sought God, either for herself or her family, and now she was tossed about on the ocean of life like a vessel in a storm, almost a wreck. Now, indeed, might it be said that her sorrow commenced; a home of poverty and wretchedness, filled by disobedient and ungodly children, was almost more than she could bear, and often would she leave all in confusion and take her seat for an hour's gossip at a neighbour's house. There was no recognition of the hand of God in any of her troubles, nor would she listen to a word of counsel from those who would gladly have led her into a better path.

It was not long after her father's death that Sally, her eldest daughter, after a few months' reckless living, ended her days in a hospital. The boys became the dread of the parish, and in order to drown reflection and the voice of conscience, which would now and then be heard, the wretched woman became a drunkard. Another phase of her history next month.

THE FIRST YEAR OF THE MARRIAGE.—No. II.

"Yet one thing he lacketh—the Mentor of the mind."

The next morning, Henry appeared with a shaded brow, and complained of headache. "You did not sleep as well as usual, dear," said Mary, in a gentle tone. "I don't know about that," he replied, rather pettishly; and then,

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making an effort to talk, he asked, "did you finish the book last night, Polly?" "Oh, no; I have not opened the book since we read together; I will wait till you have time to join me." "Don't do that, Polly—you had better go on; I may not be home very early." "Do you expect to be late again this evening, then?" asked the young wife, in a low voice. "Maybe I shall; but you can enjoy yourself. Buy something *you* like, and I will call at mother's, as I go along this morning, and tell Rosey to bring down her work."

Mrs. Judd could not reply, but set about clearing away the breakfast things, turning her face from her husband, to hide the unbidden tears that *would* come! Henry worked for half an hour, as he was wont, in his garden, till he heard the accustomed tap at the window that gave notice to him of all things being ready for their usual reading before they parted; but, instead of hastening to join his wife, he stood leaning on his spade for a moment; then, going to the window, he said, "You had better go on without me, Polly, as I am finishing a bit of work, and then I must be off." This was a dreadful blow to poor Mary. She went up to her room, and poured out her full heart to Him who is ever ready to listen and to answer.

Henry was working at a mansion some distance off this day; therefore, taking some cold meat, he left his pretty, neat home, calling out at the bottom of the stairs a cold "Good morning." All Mary's bright visions of domestic happiness seemed to depart as her husband closed the door, and her bursting heart found relief in a flood of tears; then, again asking wisdom from heaven, she went on with her usual employment.

In the afternoon, Henry's sister brought her work, and as they were chatting she remarked, "We did think it so very odd and queer that Henry should call to-day and tell me to come to tea; for, to tell you the truth, Mary, although I have often enjoyed an afternoon with you, *he* has never

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asked me, nor any of us, down since you were married, and our John says Henry wants you all to himself; but we certainly thought him rather selfish in this, though contrary to his usual ways." "I do not think Henry is selfish," rejoined Mary; "but no doubt he took it for granted that you would all come to see us when you were inclined." "Well, bless you, Mary, so we do, to be sure; but Henry came to-day so *determined* that I should not say no. By the way, Mary, we hope he won't get into any scrape up at the great house; for some of the men, who come to work there from a distance, they say, are not better than they should be." "Do they, indeed?" said Mary, with a look of alarm. "They do; but we say, *you* have no need to fear; for you have such influence over Henry that, although some of our neighbours seem alarmed, *we* don't think Henry will be drawn into mischief. So don't frighten yourself,—why, dear me, you look as pale as death!—we won't talk of them any more. Here, look, I have brought a little book in my pocket," continued Rosey; "we were laughing, when *The Mothers' Friend* came, to see a paper headed, 'The Wife;' so, says I, this shall go down to Henry's."

When the tea-things were removed, and the hearth swept up, Rosey read the article; but poor Mary could not keep back all her tears, and a few that would break forth were observed by Rosey, who exclaimed, "Why, bless the woman, what makes you cry? To be sure, we all say that not a shadow of a trouble has ever passed over your face or Henry's since your wedding; but there goes the church clock, telling me it is my time to go. I wonder Henry is not come; but no doubt he will be here soon. I will run up and put on my bonnet, and by that time maybe he will come, for they say, 'Love has wings,' though I think he sometimes flies the wrong way! *I* may say and think so; but *you* cannot say so, Mary."

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CARE FOR THE OUTCASTS.

THE following short account with some interesting letters were sent to us some time since by a friend; we now gladly find a place for them, and trust they may act as a stimulus to those who are going out of their usual course, and making benevolent efforts for the restoration of the wanderers.

A young woman who had fallen was brought by reflection to a state of mind bordering on despair. Alas! for the wretch who had allured her from the paths of virtue! She knew not how a lost character could be regained, but she saw in her wanderings a building on which was inscribed "Female Penitentiary;" she ascertained its purpose, and longed to become an inmate, but shame made her afraid. At length, one night she resolved to try if it were possible to be received, and after walking before the door several times, ventured, with a trembling hand, to ring the bell. The door was opened to her, she rushed forward, and was met only with kind expressions and tender looks; she gave herself up to the trial.

The first letter we will give is from the parents of the young woman to her. The matron had written to the father, telling him of his child's rescue, but from motives of delicacy she did not mention that she was in the Penitentiary. The father begins thus:—

"MARY,—Some kind heart has, in your name, spoken comfortably to us. Shall we be so happy as to find that friendly and consolatory letter verified in you? May we again hope that your welfare is desired by yourself as well as by your friends? Are you, indeed, sick of folly, and do you begin to see the beauty of holiness? This is joyful news—God grant it may be true! You request forgiveness of your much-injured father and mother; the moment we find you seeking pardon of your gracious God, we will acknowledge you, even as the glad father did his prodigal son. Let not shame or distress keep you from coming to us. We request nothing more from you than to find

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your principles changed; whatever has been amiss we will readily forgive. To the worthy family whom you are now with, we consider ourselves to be under the greatest obligations, and desire you will give them our heartfelt thanks. May the blessing of Him that was ready to perish come upon them, for it seems they would make the widow's heart sing for joy.

"I am not informed whether you continue with this benevolent family, but shall observe that it is a great blessing, and highly honourable, to be even but a doorkeeper where God is worshipped; therefore write us word concerning your stopping, and how it came about that you were admitted into this house of peace, and let not your past indiscretions discourage you, for we cannot turn our backs upon you.

"From your affectionate father and mother,

"* * * * *."

[Another letter next month.—Ed.]

ARE YOU KIND TO YOUR MOTHER?

"What a question!" some one will be ready to exclaim; "of course, every child is kind to a mother!" No; it is not really so: there are some in the world capable of being unkind, even to a mother! This does not say much for the "inherent goodness of human nature," does it? So it is; and our hearts have been grieved, many a time, by hearing sons and daughters speaking roughly to mothers. We have sometimes been called to comfort, or, at least, attempt to comfort, bereaved daughters, who have been overwhelmed by the recollection of past unkindness, when regrets have been vain. One we knew who, for years after her mother's death, would walk her room, weeping, night after night, at the remembrance of a little unkindness to a mother who died almost suddenly, nor did she ever recover the effect of her sorrow, but fell weeping into an early grave.

Another bereaved daughter once said to a friend: "Oh! if my dear mother could only come back, how differently

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would I act towards her. I see now she was my best, my truest friend; disinterested in all her conduct to us. But we did not believe it then, and now it is too late. I wish I could obliterate the past—at least, many parts of our home history—would that my mother could return!" "No, this may not be," the friend replied; "but your mother is far too happy now to think of anything *painful* in the past. She left all her sorrows this side the gate of the dark valley, and could she speak, she would say, I freely forgive, for I have much forgiven." But all was vain; dark visions of the past clouded all the sunshine of youthful days, nor has there yet appeared any "bright light" there.

But a still more distressing case lately came to our knowledge. We trust, not a common case, in our home circles. A widowed mother and two daughters resided together. One of the daughters, who was a pious, well-conducted person, was a comfort to her mother; while the other was so unamiable and unkind, that the mother's days were rendered miserable. At length her last days came, and she lay on a dying bed; but so painful were the recollections of the sufferings she had endured from her unnatural child, that she refused to see her ere she passed away from earth. And thus the mother died. Now came to the daughter the remembrance of her unkindness, and remorse of conscience followed, which was like a serpent coiled about the heart, producing after a short time decided madness!

Daughters, allow no unkind word of yours to fall on a mother's heart, lest too late you find that such a special crime must bear a special penalty. The remembrance of unkindness to parents, when they are sleeping in the tomb, must be

"Like wreathed adders crawling round the midnight conscience."

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MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

COURAGE—EFFORT—REWARD.

A LADY, who is a tried and faithful friend of mothers, persuaded another lady to establish a Maternal Meeting in a very neglected locality, near London. One evening a poor woman attended, who had never thought of her maternal responsibility, nor of the world to come. The paper read was the means of leading her to ponder her ways, and, ultimately, bringing her to the feet of Jesus. She had now to take up her cross; for those who ought to have hailed the change with delight became her persecutors. But she cheerfully attended to all her varied duties, amidst much difficulty, and pressed on in the narrow road, looking forward to the heavenly rest. Her pilgrimage was soon ended. One day, she was in her usual state of health—she was ever delicate—and had prepared the dinner for her family, when she fell down in a fit, and before the sun had gone his round, she was in a world of everlasting day. Her affliction was, indeed, but for a moment; and, as she entered on her eternal weight of glory, she could bless God for a Maternal Meeting. Mother! would you like to read the paper that first impressed her mind? You shall do so; for we have some notes of it kindly sent to us. May you read, and ponder, and resolve, and obtain a like blessing.

REMARKS ON THE MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN; FROM A WORK ON EDUCATION, BY THE REV. T. SCOTT.

On the subject of establishing authority, which Mr. Scott would have accomplished early, he used to observe, that it generally cost him a sharp contest, sometimes more than one; but that when it was once settled who was master—the parent, and not the child — the path was ever after comparatively smooth and easy.

On *correction*, he was decided as to its propriety and

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necessity, as the appointment of God; at the same time he thought it need by no means be frequent, if it were properly administered. He would not have it applied for small faults—those resulting from childish levity and inconsideration — but only things wilful, rebellious, or immoral. "A child," he observed, "should be punished, not for being a child, but for being a *wicked* child." Of course, he taught that chastisement was to be applied coolly and deliberately, to fulfil a duty painful to the parents' feelings, not for their gratification.

It was a rule with him, that from the time children became capable of making their wants known in any other way, they were to obtain nothing by crying for it, or by any other misconduct. He much lamented to see parents so often inverting the proper course to be pursued, leaving their children almost without restraint when young, and then attempting to impose too severe restrictions upon them when grown up. Each error was highly pernicious; the combination of the two, of most ruinous consequences.

A lady, who was for a considerable time residing in his house, and who has very successfully brought up her family by rules principally derived from him, mentions in a letter two circumstances in his management. One was, his "never resenting misconduct in any way when the contest was over. He was very soon kind again to the offender. The other, was his plan of allowing his authority to pass away imperceptibly as his children grew up. In this he excelled even his management in childhood, and observing many unhappy cases arising from a contrary course has convinced me of its great importance. He would have been a wise father, even if he had not been a religious one; just views were too obvious in his wise mind. I take the opportunity of speaking of him in every circle where a young mother is present."

The same friend gives the following rules as laid down by him. "Fix authority very early. The only way

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dealing with children is to convince them that if they disobey, they are sure to be punished. Never let an offence pass unnoticed, under the fatal idea that they will know better when they are older."

A young man who lived in his house many years remarked—"One thing that struck me was Mr. Scott's behaviour towards young people. He never teased and worried them about little things. The contrary conduct gives to many parents the appearance of always finding fault; their children are uncomfortable in their presence, and confidence is destroyed. When I had been at Aston two months, I had more confidence in Mr. Scott than many sons can ever feel towards their own father. He steadily showed his disapprobation of things, in proportion to their contrariety to God's law, and not to the effects which happened to follow from them. For example—a child is doing what is forbidden, as throwing stones; little notice perhaps is taken till he breaks a window, and then he is punished for the mischief he has done, and not for his disobedience. This Mr. Scott condemned, but he himself never seemed to be betrayed into such conduct."

The mother whose mind was first led to ponder her maternal duties by hearing these remarks read, said she had endeavoured to follow the advice given, and found the plan very excellent; that her children were more tractable than by using the method she before adopted, which was, to "be very angry, and get into a passion with her children, not considering what their faults had been." She was spared many months to try her new and better training, and we trust her children will remember the way she desired to lead them in her last days. To those of us who conduct these interesting meetings, this instance of usefulness should prove a stimulus to press onward in our labours for the welfare of mothers and children.

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ALWAYS TOO LATE.

[T was a lovely morning, early in the month of Sep-ıber, in the old days of coach-travelling, that I left eltenham by the well-known coach called the "Berkeley ınt," on my return to town. I was seated on the box :h the coachman, and, by way of opening up conver-ion, began to descant upon the beauties of the surround-; scenery. He soon proved to be an intelligent and ınmunicative companion. We were slowly winding up ıt long and trying hill on the Cirencester road, about ree miles from the town, which lay scattered in the valley low, in all its sylvan beauty. The pretty village of Charl-ı Ring was on our left hand; the more celebrated source the Thames, with its seven springs, on our right. This a general resort of tourists, as few come into the neigh-ɔurhood without going to see the beginning of that far-med river. As we were thus jogging along, a sort of ıdistinct sound seemed to be heard, which yet led to no ɔservation; but as it increased, I turned round to see if ıere was any cause for it, and behold, half way down the ill, was a carriage commonly called a fly; the driver was olding up his whip and shouting at the top of his voice ɔr us to stop, at the same time urging his poor jaded steed ɔ its utmost efforts. "There you are! somebody behind, I eckon," said my companion, "but they must just come a ittle farther, for I shall not stop till I get to the top of the ill, and then the rest will be acceptable to my own ıorses."

When they came up, the head of a stout lady was thrust ɔut of the window of the fly; her face was more than a ittle flushed with anxiety, whilst she exclaimed, with a full strong voice, "Here I am; I am always too late!" What a confession, thought I, "Always too late." What an unenviable notoriety, and, in this case, what vexation it involved; what inconvenience; what expense; what cruelt-

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But, I fear, the lady in question is only one of rather a numerous class; how far the present system of railway travelling may tend to improve them is doubtful, but it is very fair to imagine that they sometimes have to wait for the next train, seeing the old plan of overtaking is quite out of the question. No experience seems to suffice for these people; and, alas! there is too much reason to fear the principle extends to higher and far more important matters. Some are halting and hesitating about the things which make for their everlasting peace. Sermons have awakened them; afflictions alarmed them; they have solemnly resolved, but still are undecided; trembling upon the borders of the grave, heaven or hell at stake, how awful would it be if such persons were taken away suddenly, and at the last moment find they were "too late."

M. B.

A HINT FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

DEAR MADAM,—I passed through much sorrow of mind one day, fearing my little boy, of about six years of age, had told me an untruth. On the previous evening I promised that he and his little sister should have a piece of cake the next day; accordingly I placed a piece for each within their reach. The little boy was the first to think of it, and went to get it; he found only one piece, and took half of it, taking the other half to his sister. I was present, and immediately said, "I am afraid my little boy is naughty, and has eaten part of his sister's cake as well as his own." He replied, "No, mamma, I have not; there was but one piece." I told him how grieved I was he should tell a lie; he again said, "Ma, there was only one piece."

My first impulse was to punish him severely, but I said sorrowfully, "Go alone, love, and ask God to forgive you, and help you to tell the truth." On returning to my room, he said, with tears in his eyes, "Mamma, I *feel* just the same—there

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was but one piece." I still feared he was naughty. The little fellow went to kneel down to pray, once or twice during the day, and seemed very unhappy. I resolved not to punish him until I had asked an individual, who was absent, if *he* had taken it, not knowing it was put there for the children. I did so, and, to my great joy, he *had* taken it. Oh, if I had punished my dear little boy, how sad it would have made me. Mothers! we have need of caution, patience, gentleness, and great wisdom, lest we punish our dear little ones wrongfully.

M. L. E.

OLD WOMEN.

It is the fashion to speak very lightly of "old women," even the Apostle talks of "old wives' fables;"—but I feel sure the old ladies who annoyed St. Paul must have been very different to the respectable dames upon whom I stumble wherever I go. I will relate anecdotes of two or three, and you shall judge if I have not reason to think "old women" a very nice portion of our race.

First I must take you to a little dark room up a dirty yard, the fire-grate has been lessened by bricks, and an old screen half conceals a bed at the farther end of the room—the few chairs are broken and worn, the crazy drawers look as if they had done duty for centuries; but the hearth is always cleanly swept, the table wears a polish, the saucepan, which usually contains a few potatoes, relished only by salt, is as bright as scouring can make it, and with a stick by her side sits the aged inhabitant of this poor alms-room. She rises as I approach, totters over her brick floor as I descend the steps to bid me welcome. Responding to her warm and kindly greeting, I sit down, and taking up the worn Bible, which is always beside her, read some sweet record of Him who had not where to lay His head—sometimes interrupted by the exclamations of the hearer, as some promise of more than ordinary beauty falls on her ear. She was more than

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eighty-two before she had learned to read, but, nothing daunted, she procured an old horn-book, and would, with the assistance of some better-educated neighbour, spell out the words. One sentence fairly conquered was a treasure reserved for my next visit, and her aged eyes would glow as in youth, when she felt herself able to spell out a few texts of Scripture.

Her conversation was much of other days, and always with thankful reference to the guiding and preserving power of Him in whom was all her delight. She had grown to woman's estate ere she experienced the work of regeneration, and she would advert with many tears to the unhappiness she endured while without God in the world; every little present she received was shown me—every mention of her neighbours was to tell me of some deed of disinterested kindness—I knew she received far other treatment from many—but of that, from her own lips, I never heard. In her truly might be discerned those marks of a disciple—those fruits by which they are known—gentleness, forbearance, long-suffering, and loving her neighbour as herself. Weary oftentimes of the sorrows of life, I never stole away to spend half an hour in the old almsroom, without feeling refreshed and instructed, and *reproved too*, by the patient endurance of what seemed to me sore privations; for not only patient, but rejoicing, was the old woman. FELICE.

SERVANTS AND MASTERS.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF NO. I.

"WELL, I *am* glad it is Friday night," said Tom Spriggs, "I shall find master at home, that's a comfort, to pay my money—last week's pay is gone—and then Sally may go to shop and provide for another week."

"Tom Sharpset tries it on, and says he'll make me pay what I don't owe him; he thinks, because I am a poor

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man, he can tread me down; but master says he'll stand by me, and if Master Sharpset aint careful he'll find himself in the wrong box,—for, though I am weak, master's strong; and then to be sure, as master says, poor men ought to pay up all their score before they go on again, or how can the shopkeepers live—honesty is the best policy."

"Mary," said Thomas Smith to his pale and tired wife, "that poor little girl is very poorly, go up to mistress and ask her if she can help you to a little something nice; she could eat that, but our poor bread and pork is too hard for her."

"You can't go to work to-day, George," said Mrs. Prior to her husband, "that rheumatic pain will be made worse with the wind and rain. I am sure master will take it into account; at all events, wait till noon."

"'Tis precious hard times, Susan," said John Ralph, "and our club money ought to be paid, but I can't spare three shillings; I'll ask master to let me have it, and stop back sixpence a week." J. O. V.

FEMALE SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS.—No. III.

SARAH.

Before the birth of Isaac, we again find the Patriarch and his family driven by famine into another country. Sarah's beauty, even at her advanced age, again becomes a cause of alarm and sin to Abraham;—once more is she guilty of exhibiting her charms, and again becomes the object of a monarch's choice. There is nothing in this part of Abimelech's conduct contrary to Eastern customs; the will of the king can at any time command the hand of any of his unmarried female subjects. We feel his behaviour on the whole was that of an upright man, and one ruled by the fear of God.

It is believed by some critics that the money given by

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the king to Abraham was to purchase a veil for his wife, as a rebuke for her neglect of that generally-worn appendage. Never let fashion or vanity lead us to adopt an immodest or unmatronly style of dress. We think there ought to be a marked difference between the costume of the maiden and that of the wife; and we cannot see with any degree of pleasure the mother of a large family dressed just like her young and blooming girls.

At length Isaac is born; the hearts of the aged couple laugh for joy. We can imagine Sarah's rapture, as she hung over her long-sought blessing, and the thoughts which must have crowded into her mind as she pondered his high destiny. About two years of peace passed away, and then, at a time of family rejoicing, the tranquillity of the mother was clouded by the scoffs of the Egyptian's son. Ishmael doubtless felt that his hope of being the heir was lost for ever. Though overruled by God for His own purposes, we are shocked at the cruelty which expelled Hagar and her boy, and left them to wander in the wilderness.

Of the subsequent life of Sarah we have no record. We gather from Isaac's grief at her loss that she was a beloved mother. It is a singular fact that she is the only female whose age at her death is recorded in Scripture. Sarah died at Kirjath-arba, and by the pious care of Abraham was laid to rest in the cave of Machpelah. There the once beauteous body has long since become dust, to be restored when the promised seed of the woman shall come again in glory, and she shall behold the seed of Abraham after the flesh, and the Son of the Most High God.

L. S. T.

TWO WAYS OF DOING A THING.

We were passing along one of our streets the other evening, watching a group of children at play, when our ears

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were assailed by the sharp, angry voice of a woman calling out, "Here, you John Smith! come into the house this moment." One of the boys just turned his head, and then went on with his play.

"Do you hear what I say, John Smith? March in quick, or you'll catch it, I tell you!" We heard, as we passed, a jerk and a slap, and the door was violently slammed.

We went on our way, doubting whether this was the best way of managing children.

As we were thinking on the matter, we turned the corner, and came upon another group of lads, in front of a house, the door of which was at that moment opened. "Willie!" said a mild and pleasant voice. "Did you call, mother?" asked one of the boys, coming on to the side walk. "Yes, my son; it is getting late. Have you not played enough to-day?" "I should like to stay out a little longer, if you please." The mother patted the child on the head, and smilingly said, "I should not mind if it were not past your bed-time. Have you forgotten, Willie, the lines you repeated to me this morning?—

'Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes one healthy, wealthy, and wise.'"

"Yes, mother, I remember them. Good night, Tommy. Good night, Harry." And, taking his mother's hand, he went cheerfully into the house.

This set us again thinking. What would be the effect on these two boys of their mother's treatment? Would not the one spoken to with gentleness, and treated with kindness, grow up kind, amiable, and obedient; and the other, accustomed to rough words and harsh treatment, become obstinate, ill-tempered, and disobedient? Mothers, remember, you can lead better with the gentle hand, than drive with the rod.

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LIFE IS SWEET.

"Oh, life is sweet!" said a merry child;
"And I love, I love to roam
In the meadows green, 'neath the sky serene;
Oh, the world is a fairy home!
There are trees hung thick with blossoms fair,
And flow'rets gay and bright;
There's the moon's clear ray, and the sun-lit day:
Oh, the world is a world of light!"

"Oh, life is sweet!" said an earnest youth,
As he conned the storied page,
And he pondered on the days bygone,
And the fame of a former age;
There was hope in his bright and beaming eye,
And he longed for riper years;
He clung to life—he dared its strife—
He felt nor dread nor fears.

"Oh, life is sweet!" came merrily
From the lips of a fair young bride;
And a happy smile she gave the while
To the dear one by her side.
"Oh, life is sweet! for we will live
Our constancy to prove;
Thy sorrow's mine, my trials thine,—
Our solace in our love."

"Oh, life is sweet!" said a mother fond,
As she gazed on her helpless child,
And she closer pressed to her gladdened heart
The babe, who unconscious smiled:
"My life shall be for thee, my child,
All guiltless as thou art;
And who would dare my soul to tear
From the tie that forms a part?"

"Oh, life is sweet!" said an aged sire,
Whose eye was sunk and dim;
His form was bent—his strength was spent—
Could life be sweet to him?

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Oh yes; for round the old man's chair
His children's children clung;
And each dear face and warm embrace
Made life seem ever young.

Thus life is sweet, from early youth
To weak enfeebled age;
Love twines with life, through care and strife,
In every varied stage.
Though perchance the path is rough,
And dark the sky above;
In every state there's something yet
To live for and to love.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

1. When we commence the day, we may be quite sure our wishes will be crossed before the end of it. Let us prepare for it.

2. Everybody in the house has an evil nature as well as ourselves, and therefore we should not expect too much.

3. Try to learn the different temper of each one of the family, and suit yourself to it.

4. When inclined to give an angry answer, lift up your heart to Heaven.

5. Observe when any are suffering, and speak a word of kindness and sympathy.

6. Watch for little opportunities of pleasing, and put little annoyances out of the way.

7. Take a cheerful view of everything, and encourage hope.

8. Be gentle with the little ones, and treat them with kindness and respect, remembering you were young once, and that there is an eye observing all things.

ALWAYS HAVE TWO BOOKS ON HAND.

A book always within reach may be taken up at any odd moment. One book should be in reading of a character to

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suit the mind when thoughtful and bright; the other, to suit it when tired or vexed.

A TEXT.

Try always to get a short text on the mind in the morning; it will help you to meet troubles, and to get over them, through the day.

THOUGHTS.

Store the mind with good and valuable thoughts; they take up no room. You may labour or travel with them without any inconvenience.

TWO THINGS.

There are two things which ought to exert a great influence upon us—the first is, a thought of duty; and the second, the thought of usefulness.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Miss Corner's Scriptural History. London: Dean.

A very comprehensive and useful book for parents and teachers.

Journal of Health. London: Simpkin and Co.

A cheap serial of useful hints to families.

Autobiography of a Five-Pound Note. By Mrs. Webb. London: Clarke.

An instructive book for our sons from home.

Band of Hope Almanack. London: Partridge and Co.

A delightful sheet of information for young and old.

Sabbath Lessons for a Year. By Rev. S. Martin. London: Ward and Co.

A treasure for Sabbath-school teachers, helping them to think and to teach.

The Lamp of Love. Edited by Rev. C. H. Bateman. London: Houlston.

The name of the editor will guarantee a warm reception for this beautiful book of tales by all our young friends.

A Home Book for Children of all Ages. London: Ward and Co.

A very attractive and interesting book to young eyes and hearts.

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COMMON MERCIES.

"Then praise God for Sabbaths—for books and dreams—and pains!"

"Common mercies!" what are they? Health, food, raiment; the light of the glorious sun and the stillness of the night; household blessings, with love and friendship sweetening every hour of life; the green spots of this beautiful world, looking as though the curse had passed very lightly over them; flowers and music, and the flute-like voices of the dear little children. Oh! should we not be thankful for these? But is it not true, that the blessings of Providence are so richly, thickly, and freely scattered around us, in every winding and turning of life, that we count them as things of course, and almost claim them as a right? How often do we see a young wife and mother tripping along life's pathway gaily and joyously, the bright sun shining over her head, and the green velvet sward beneath her feet; the birds singing in the high heavens, and the lambs of the fold and the lambs of the household gamboling at her feet. Suddenly the scene is changed: she draws near a dark and tangled wood; she looks back, but there is no returning; there is a narrow path through the gloomy glade, covered with thorns and prickly plants, but she must enter it, for it is the appointed way to a city beyond. Thin and delicate slippers served her before to tread the soft path; but now she needs shoes of iron and brass, aye, and promise too that they shall last, it may be, some forty years, to travel in the wilderness.

The voices of the household prattlers no longer cheer her way. They are singing, indeed, loud and long, but their song is in another language, and in a celestial country; the guide of her youth now has joined them, and she must travel on alone. Ah! she ponders now over all those common mercies of which she thought so little, or received as common things: they are now remembered as blessings

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rare and rich, and she marvels that she valued them so little while in her possession;—and is it not even so with the every-day blessings of life? We receive them as matters of course, and forget the Giver, and the possibility of His withdrawing them.

"Oh, mother, mother!" said little Jane Rowe, "I am so glad Mrs. Teachwell let me lead home poor tiny blind Susan, so that she did not fall into the gutter again. Oh, mother, how sad it is to be blind!" "Yes, my child, it must be; to have this beautiful world shut out from our view, and to see the beloved countenances of our dear ones no more." "Yes, mother, don't you mind how poor Mr. Teabort put his hands on his little Emily, and said, 'Oh, that I could see your pretty face!' How he must wish to see all his little children, like father can see us." "Yes, he must, indeed, poor man, and a very little thing it was, my child, that deprived him of the blessing of sight; only a little cold after taking medicine. And I knew a gentleman who was brushing his coat, and happened to knock one of the buttons up into the eye, and he could never see with it again. I knew a little boy, who by accident pierced his eye with a fork, and he became blind. So, you see, we are always in danger of losing our common mercies."

Mothers! who amongst us ever thanked our Heavenly Father as we ought for every-day blessings—for being able to gaze on the glorious sunshine, the enchanting scenery of this still-beautiful world, the hills and dales, the blue sky and the cheering green meadows, the everflowing sea with its crested waves, the ten thousand tinted flowers blooming on the rich brown earth for our gratification, the blessings of sleep which He gives his beloved when He has drawn the curtains of darkness around us, and the light of the new morning when the household awakens to assemble around the domestic altar, and none are found sleeping the sleep of death!

Mothers! do you store your little children's minds with

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texts of Scripture and hymns? The day may come when they may be blind! And did you ever think of this? Perhaps you never thought such a thing possible, that you or they could ever lose the blessing of sight; yet it may be, and the writer of this little paper, knowing from experience that there is a possibility of losing this common though great mercy, would say, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might;" "work while it is day," for the night of darkness, or of death, may be close at hand. Forget not every day to thank your Heavenly Father for common mercies.

THE LITTLE BLIND BOY'S THOUGHTS ABOUT DYING.

"MOTHER! the sun feels very warm, oh, lead me to those bowers;
I long to sit and think amid the perfume of the flowers,
Where I was wont to play; oh, how I loved the glorious light!
The tears will fill the eyes sometimes to think I've only night.

"Mother! I never used to think how nice it was to see
The lovely world and all around, till blindness came on me;
Oh, could I see you, just once more, my heart would leap for joy,
To look again upon your face—but I'm a poor blind boy!

"Mother! when you are leading me, I feel quite bold and strong,
Even when we pass the market-place amidst the busy throng;
But I think, what can your blind boy do when you are called away?
Oh! I must pray to go with you—on earth I could not stay.

"Mother! I think sometimes, when my day comes to die,
That I *must* see the way, through 'the valley' to the sky—
I mean the way that father went, when he bid us "Good-bye!"
Oh! I feel I *must* have eyes to see the journey to the sky.

"And when my spirit flies away, upon the waves of air,
What *shall* I do unless I *see*?—for *you* will not be there.
It must be very far to go up to that better land;
What can a little blind boy do, without his mother's hand?"

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The mother dried her streaming eyes, and clasped her blind boy's hand,
"Jesus," she said, "will be thy guide to the holy, happy land;
And He will lead my blind boy to the realms of endless day—
Cast all your care on Him, my son, and wipe your tears away."

February, 1854.

THE FIRST YEAR OF THE MARRIAGE.—No. III.

"Be kind to the friends of thine husband, for the love they have to him."—"Have not a friend more intimate, O husband! than thy wife."

Sorrowful days, weeks and months passed over poor Mary's home—Henry ever returning late, flushed and half angry; evidently an altered man, yet every now and then presenting his wife with money, saying, "Use that as you like, Polly; I don't wish to be selfish." The uncomplaining wife did everything in her power to make her husband's home comfortable, ever hoping to win him back to his early habits and kind ways, pleading with God for herself and for him; but he went on, recklessly giving up all that once made him peaceful and happy.

One evening Henry returned earlier than usual, bringing with him a young man of doubtful appearance and rough manners, though he had evidently been accustomed to good society, and had read a good deal. "I have brought a gentleman to sup with you, Mary; a friend of mine, so, of course, of yours," said Henry, as he laid his hand on the shoulder of Mr. Gaylove. "My husband's friends must be mine," said the astonished Mary, keeping down her beating heart as best she could. "Really, Mrs. Judd," said the stranger, "I have heard so much of you and your kind ways from a certain person that I shall not name, that I have been wishing to see you for some time, and if you had a sister like yourself, I should almost have fallen in love without having a meeting!" "You might have made a sad mistake, Sir," rejoined Mary, plucking up her

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courage, "but there is no danger, for I was early an orphan, and knew not the comforts of a happy home of my own till I married!" The last words all but choked poor Mary, but she went into the pantry to prepare supper. "I have not anything particularly nice to place before you," said the gentle woman, as she laid the white cloth, "only a little cold pork." "Ah! but some of your nice pickle, Mary," said her husband, "and, I'll answer for it," he continued, "a bit of pie always saved for me!"

Much chat passed over the frugal supper, and many compliments paid to Mary's housekeeping. After supper, Henry said, turning towards his wife, "What do you think, Mary, we have done up yonder?"—"I do not know."—"Well, I will tell you; we thought, as so many are going to the gold diggings, that those who are left behind should be better paid for their work than they are; so, when we were in the very middle of the most particular things at the great house, when they could not do without us, we all struck for more money, and we are told to-night, as the work is done, we may all be off to the diggings, if we like! But I have no notion of going among tents and pistols; what say you, old girl?"—"Dear me," exclaimed poor Mary, turning dreadfully pale, "are you really turned off, Henry?"—"Why, yes, I suppose we are, and no mistake; and the worst of the matter is, that our purse is too empty to carry us over the water, I'm afraid."—"Mrs. Judd," said the visitor, "I fear this sudden information about business has alarmed you; it has made you look as bloodless as an angel!" Pale, indeed, poor Mary was, and very ill she felt; so ill, that she was obliged to retire to her room, leaving her company and her supper-table to the care of her misguided husband.

A FATAL ROCK.

"I must do as others do," is a dangerous rock, on which many have been lost.

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ALFRED; OR, THE BLESSING OF EARLY PARENTAL INSTRUCTION.

Although much has been written in commendation of early instruction, and the blessing attendant upon a mother's pious efforts, it may be truthfully said, "the half has not been told." The following anecdote, founded upon fact, will afford an additional testimony:—

The mother of a child, whom I shall call Alfred, was exceedingly desirous that he might be brought up in the fear of God. She devoted some part of every Lord's day in teaching him the principles of religion. It was her practice, when he first began to speak, to hear him repeat some prayers for morning and evening, enjoining him at the same time to offer them up to God! From her lips he learned to repeat nearly all Dr. Watts's "Divine Songs for Children." As he grew up, he continued the practice, and by this means the habit of prayer was acquired and confirmed. In process of time, his mind was impressed with the importance of Divine things. He sought, at an early period, an interest in the salvation obtained by our Lord Jesus Christ. The ministry of the Gospel was greatly, although very gradually, opened to his understanding and blessed to his soul. I have heard him say that he never recollected the time when he did not delight in sacred things, and always attributed this, under God, to the early instructions he received from his mother. It was seed sown in good ground, which, under the influence of God's Holy Spirit, germinated, flourished, and produced the fruits of righteousness. His life and conduct proved the reality of grace in his heart. Sometimes he doubted whether he was a child of God, from the circumstance that he could not fix on any time, or refer to any place, when and where he was born again; but this was removed by a discourse delivered by a late excellent minister from the words, "I am the Lord's."

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The thoughts of Alfred were fixed on the Christian ministry, and he laboured in the blessed work of preaching the Gospel of salvation for more than half a century,

"Telling to all around
What a dear Saviour he had found."

Always ready for his work, and always engaging in it with pleasure. His dear parent lived to see him thus engaged, and heard from his lips the tidings of salvation, the offers of mercy to sinners, and the promise of pardon to all who come to Jesus.

Fathers, mothers, listen! Train up your children for Christ and heaven. Begin early to tell them of their ruin by the fall, and of the remedy provided in the atonement and righteousness of Christ. Follow your instructions with your *example*. Be in earnest for their salvation. Tell them that God invites *them;* that He says, "they who seek me early shall find me;" that in Him they will have a guide to direct them in the way, a counsellor to advise them in difficulties, a friend that will never forsake them, a father that will provide for them, a covert to protect them, a physician to heal their maladies, a benefactor that will enrich them with the blessings of His grace on earth, and crown them with His glory in the heaven of heavens.

R. C.

MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

REPORT FROM CARR'S LANE, BIRMINGHAM.

HAILING with delight this fourth anniversary, the past, the present, and the future call forth gratitude, humility, and trust. The consideration of the basis for work laid by our esteemed pastor, at the commencement of the year, of which we would not lose sight—first, the inspired prayer, "Lord, what wilt thou have us to do?" secondly, the maternal motto, "And these words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart, and thou shalt teach

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them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up,"—reminds us of unfaithfulness, weakness and deficiency, though at the same time we are conscious that we have been uplifted and stimulated thereby.

The various subjects on which we have held conference this year, have served to instruct, profit and edify all whose happiness it has been to attend. We cannot resist this opportunity of urging upon others to unite in these useful meetings. We would say, "Come with us, and do good, and get good." Our hearts bound in sacred gratitude as we move onwards under the sunlight of our Heavenly Father's smile, we would now testify our gratitude for the past by implicit trust for the future; and so go forward with new energy of soul and loyalty of heart, looking to God, under the happy assurance that omnipotent strength will be granted to aid us through all our future course. Though for the most part we have been brought through "green pastures," and led beside "still waters," we have not passed on without clouds and darkness.

Disease and death have cast their shadows, and bid us "weep with those who weep." Though several have been bereaved, we record with profound gratitude that only one of our number has been removed during the past year, and for that one we "sorrow not as those that are without hope," resting confident that she has been called by Infinite Love to exchange the work and associations in which she delighted upon earth for the noble and more blissful ones in heaven.

"Grieved we view the vacant place,
Miss the kindly beaming face;
Listen for the voice in vain,
Ne'er to aid us here again."

We number eighty-five in this Association, but the attend-

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ance at our monthly meetings is not so numerous as we could desire. We work on in hope.

BALSALL HEATH ASSOCIATION.

Gratefully we acknowledge the encouragement afforded in the review of the past year,—the number of members, the regularity of attendance, and the unabated interest, combine to enliven our hopes that a silent influence is at work, contributing to benefit many domestic circles. In addition to a small library of books lent for the instruction of mothers, a fund has been formed for the sick, by a subscription of one penny a fortnight from each member, which we find, by being regularly maintained, though small in itself, will enable us to administer to the comfort of the afflicted amongst us in times of need. Number of members in this Association, 70; and 247 various Mothers' Magazines are taken in monthly.

Five other Associations are named in this neighbourhood, numbering 303 members; and two mothers are mentioned as having departed from earth, rejoicing in hope of eternal life.

A MOTHER'S RESPONSIBILITY.—No. IV.

At this stage in Mrs. Rayless's history, a Christian friend found access to this abode of misery. There sat the unhappy, prayerless mother, with no comfort as it regarded this life, and no hope for the future. She had cared not for her own soul, nor for the souls of her children; she had never thought of the dread account which would be read against her when the books were opened; she had forgotten alike and altogether the claims of her God, her soul, her family; she had lived without God, without Christ, without fear, without hope; and now disease and death are come, and she has no refuge. She had never felt a mother's responsibility, never performed a mother's duty. She was a wicked, prayerless mother. Her children

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treated her with contempt, and left her in her affliction to the mercy of strangers.

There she lay in a wretched room alone. The Christian friend tried to lead her to the bleeding Saviour, but she replied by asking for the intoxicating draught. A married daughter, who lived near, was asked to watch by her mother's bed, but all she could be constrained to do was to look upon her for a moment; there was no love in that child's heart for the dying mother. But she was only now reaping as she had sown; she had walked in the broad road during a long life, and had led her children with her, and now, too late, she found it was the wrong road. She sank into a drunkard's grave without a tear falling over it, save that of the Christian friend who had tried in vain to lead her to the cross.

The mother is dead, but the contagion of her character is alive. Her form is beneath the earth, but her voice is still heard, and the immorality and sin she exhibited in her life is seen in all the circle formed around her while on earth; every godless son and daughter she has left will appeal to the doings of their deceased mother for indulgence in sin; and one after another, if Divine grace prevent not, will be driven away to join her in the dark regions of endless woe, heaping curses on that guilty mother's head. Thus will our sins as well as our virtues survive us, and live again in our children, and in generations yet unborn.

Other illustrations yet to come.

A SCRIPTURE FRAGMENT; OR, A SIGHT OF BOTH WORLDS.

It was amidst the awful sublimities of Sinai's mount there dwelt in the wilderness an eminently holy man of God. For forty years he had been familiar with its grandeur, he had trodden its sandy deserts, climbed its granite rocks, and been sad and joyful by turns. A good work was

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given him to do, but he had help such as no mortal man ever before enjoyed. In difficulties he could at once repair to the mercy-seat; and in that awful place, a voice would be heard from between the cherubim, giving forth almighty and unerring wisdom.

Eighty years had passed over him, yet was he vigorous—nor was his natural force abated; one long-cherished hope was unfulfilled—the Jordan flowed between him and the promised land. The thousands of Israel's sons were encamped in the wilderness, the times of the vengeance of the Most High had nearly passed away; the carcases of the doomed generation had been left behind, and now he pleads, "O Lord God, thou hast begun to show thy servant thy greatness, and thy mighty hand; for what God is there, in heaven or on earth, that can do according to thy works, and according to thy might? I pray thee, let me go over, and see the good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly mountain and Lebanon. But the Lord was wroth with me for your sakes, and would not hear me. And the Lord said unto me, Let it suffice thee; speak to me no more of this matter. Get thee up into the top of Pisgah, and lift up thine eyes westward, and northward, and southward, and eastward, and behold it with thine eyes; for thou shalt not go over this Jordan." The good man ceases, he pleads no longer, but cheerfully acquiesces, and yields up his will to the Divine will, whilst his soul is filled with the thought that God has had mercy on him.

He now gives his last blessing to the people over whom he had watched with such anxious solicitude, casts his eyes for the last time upon the goodly tents of Jacob, and lingers upon the tabernacle and the cloud, the special tokens of the Divine presence, and then bends his steps towards the mount; no fear—no alarm—but with perfect self-possession and composure, he goes his way. May we not suppose that something like this would have been the dismission of men from the earth, if sin had not entered

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our world? He stands upon the top and casts his eyes around upon the goodly land and Lebanon, which was typical of heaven—he gazes upon the loveliest spectacle that earth could afford—he sees Jericho with its green plains, Lebanon lifting up its snow-clad summit to the skies, Hermon glistening with the dew that covered it, and Jordan winding through the rich landscape, and the sea of Galilee; his eyes were strengthened to behold the sight, and doubtless he felt it to be a special favour from heaven. And whilst his soul was filled with delight and rapturous joy, a sudden dimness comes over his eyes, the vision gently fades away, when lo, another, and a brighter far, dawns upon him—the spirit has left the body, and finds itself surrounded by attending angels, the shouts of myriads welcome him to the skies, and he recognises the voice to which he had often listened with holy awe, saying, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord."

Thus we think that God is often with His believing people still; whilst their bodies are on beds of suffering, surrounded by weeping friends, their spirits are permitted to enter within the veil, and see and hear things unutterable. Oh! who would not be a Christian? Who would not cherish such a hope? Who would be an infidel? or who would be an unbeliever? M. B.

THE LITTLE WORSTED HAT LAID ASIDE.

"TAKE it away, Mary," said the young mother, "I cannot bear to see it now." And the faithful nurse laid the now useless hat carefully away. Ah, young, stricken mother, sitting alone in your silent nursery, you *cannot* bear to see it now—and many, many days must pass before you will be able to look calmly on the cunningly-looking little worsted hat, whose jaunty air and pretty plume-like trimmings have so often made you smile. There will

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no smile play over your features now, when it reaches your eye—dear little memento of the past!—too distinctly and too touchingly does it speak of the cherub form and bird-like voice, that have passed away from your dwelling for ever. You cannot bear to look upon it, for at the sight your yearning to behold the little one who wore it grows more painful, and you miss that angel-presence with a keener agony. Bitter are the thoughts that now crowd chokingly upon your heart.

Upon the stainless brow, above which that hat once lightly rested, the grave-dust is gathering—gathering slowly, day by day, and amid the brightness of those golden curls it lies heavily; dampness is in the cheek and lips that were late so rosy, and the sealed eye of the little one has lost its glorious beauty. Ah! you are ready to say, sometimes, "The grave should not demand such things as *these!*"—and to wish that some art were discovered by which, when the spirit departs, the fair casket it leaves could be changed at once into marble or alabaster, and so be kept as a sacred thing in its accustomed dwelling; but this may not be, and we *must* lay our treasures *down amid the dust.*

Oh, that amidst these earthly sorrows we may all, at all times, be able to turn our thoughts away from the dark grave, and follow the rejoicing spirit as it ascends to its native heaven; and as we lay the young and the lovely and beloved away, to rest in the chambers of the grave, to say,

"Weep not for the early dead,
Sleeping in their narrow bed;
They are happier far than we,
Howsoever blest we be.

"Happy are they who die in youth,
Ere the fountain-springs of truth
Have been sullied by the rains,
Leaving dark and deadly stains."

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SUNDAY OCCUPATIONS.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

MY DEAR MADAM,—* * * * I have often thought that other children might derive pleasure and profit from a game which for many years was a favourite Sabbath-evening occupation in my mother's family, besides happily occupying a portion of our mornings in preparing for it. We were six boys and girls, varying in age from seven to fifteen years, and I can testify, from my own experience, that from the memorable evening on which our much-loved pastor initiated us into this game, the children, especially the younger ones, were led to study their Bibles more attentively than they had done before, and to take much more interest in sacred history. If you should think it likely to be useful, I send you an account of the way in which it is played. Many mothers find a great difficulty in getting through the winter Sabbath evening. I would gladly tell them how they may make a portion of it, at least, short and pleasant to their little ones. It is almost needless to say, the mother must enter into it with spirit and life herself, or her children will not take an interest in it. She must play fairly herself, and make them do so; and she must not continue it long enough to allow them to grow weary of it, but rather reserve it for a treat when they have been good, said their Sabbath tasks well, or been attentive at their place of worship, &c. Half an hour is enough for most children.

* * * *

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS.

One child thinks of any Bible character he pleases; the rest endeavour by their questions to draw from him such information, as to the period at which the object of his thoughts lived, the circumstances in which he was placed, his character, conduct, &c., &c., as may enable them to discover his name. Whoever can do this first, is entitled to think of the next character. Twenty questions are allowed, and *no more*, but it often happens the character is discovered before half that number have been asked. The players ask alternately; generally in the order in which they sit, conceding to the little ones the privilege of asking the commencing questions, which are always nearly the same, and require no inventive genius. Should any child be at a loss what to ask, his turn passes to the next, and so on. Each may have three guesses; if no one can find out, they yield, and the

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same child may think again, if he can prove that he has answered correctly and fairly. Leading answers ought never to be given, as they destroy the interest of the game, and leave no scope for the exercise of the reflective powers. For the same reason, except with very young children, characters familiar to all, such as Noah, Joseph, and Adam, had better be avoided, as they are found out almost at once.

Thus, for example, suppose the family seated round the fire, some dark, wet, Sabbath evening. The mother asks, "Well, children, how shall we employ ourselves till candles are lighted, for we shan't be able to go out this wet evening?" Several voices exclaim, "Oh, do, mamma, let us have a few rounds of Scripture characters." One or two will probably add, "I have been looking in my Bible this morning, and I have found some nice ones, that even you won't find out very easily." Consent being given, and a child selected to begin, he says, "I have thought of a character."

[We must reserve the various questions for next month, or our paper will be too long.—Ed.]

PAGE FOR YOUNG FRIENDS.

BE GENTLE—BE LOVING—BE KIND.

Every look you give, every word you speak, will live in some heart as a blighting shade or cheering spirit. Every act of yours, though it be smaller than the dewdrop that trembles on the flower, will cast its light or its shadow over your heart—will mingle in the dreams of joy that bless you by night, or be the grim spectre of your waking hours.

You look bitterly at a friend—years may not blot it out—tears of love may not efface the impression. That sensitive heart is still vibrating under your harsh touch; and the sad memory of the wrong you yourself have no power to bear. You wake in the night to weep as you listen, not to the joyous song, but to the echo of a mournful strain; and it may never die away! It tells you that you have stolen away gladness from a happy heart, and may never again meet the blessed glances of faith and trust. You still pour into that heart strong and

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holy affection; but it is returned to you sparingly and with fear. What a doom! Oh! be gentle—be loving—be kind.

It may be, that with thoughts of your childhood there come sad memories. A brother struck you in boyish heat. A gentle spirit whispered in your ear: "Little sister, be kind; put your arms around his neck, and love him—he wants you to!" The tears are in his eyes, and he says that if you'll show him where he hurt you, he'll kiss it and make it well. You resisted that loving spirit, and your brother stole away from you and cried. Your mother told you to go and find him, for the dew was falling. You took your sun-bonnet, and went out with a heavy little heart. You found him asleep on the grass, and a tear was on his face. You wanted to wipe it away with a kiss, and tell him you were sorry. You didn't do it; for there came an angry thought—he was an ugly boy; and he sha'n't kiss me, and I won't kiss him. You awoke him, and he went into the house with a grieved little face. The next morning your mother told you that he was sick—that he had lain down on the grass and fallen asleep, and she thought him very ill indeed—you had better not disturb him until he was better.

When you saw him again, you told him you were sorry; but he didn't understand you. He tossed his little head on the pillow; and, with eyes that could never know you more, looked at you wildly, and asked you to show where he hurt you, and he would kiss it and make it well. Oh! in that hour, how your little heart was bursting! He kissed you; but he did not make it well. Your mother gently led you away; and, uncomforted and alone, you went to your little bed,—you went without your brother's kiss or sweet caress; and there were thorns in your pillow that night.

Another night, and you sat by that brother's coffin; the fading sunlight shone on it, but it didn't shine into your heart. No: there was no light there! and

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your tears fell fast on that little face you would not kiss. The coffin was nailed up — it was lowered into the ground—the dirt was thrown over it, and the grass grew over it—and you sat on the grass and wept. You have grown to be a woman—the sorrows of your childhood are nearly all forgotten; but, amid the gaiety and joyousness of life, you wake in the night to see a spirit, and you mark its coming by day. It is a reproachful spirit, and it says to you, "Show me where it hurt you, and I'll kiss it and make it well!"

Oh! be gentle!—be loving!—be kind!

SERVANTS AND MASTERS.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF NO. I. CONTINUED.

"Now, Sam," said the busy Farmer Thrifty, "the field on the hill must be planted with potatoes, at two feet apart in the drill, and three feet in the rows. Remember, Sam, the crop will be entirely dependent on the attention you pay to my instruction; if you are careful to plant as I order, the sets will not be rooted up by vermin, and each set will, with kindly weather, produce its crop.

"The dairy depends on your close attention, George, to the regularity with which the cows are milked, and the gathering out of all drippings from the teats, whilst the cow's health depends on cleanliness and good feeding.

"You know, Thomas, these valuable horses are in your care, and beyond my eye. If you neglect them, I shall, indeed, discover it by their depressed appearance; but the mischief will be done.

"Be careful, Dick, that the corn from the barn-floor does not fly out at the doors, or run through crannies in the floor, or much will be lost.

"Now, remember, my men, keep your time—each hour of the day is mine—if you expect your full wages."

J. O. V.

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MY FATHER'S AT THE HELM.

A LESSON OF CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

'Twas when the sea, with hideous roar,
A little bark assailed,
And potent fear, with awful power,
O'er each on board prevailed—
Save one! the captain's darling child,
Who fearless viewed the storm;
And playful, with composure smiled
At danger's threatening form.
"Why sporting thus?" a seaman cried,
"When sorrows overwhelm?"
"Why yield to grief?" the boy replied,
"My Father's at the Helm."

WORKING MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

To the Editor of "The Mothers' Friend."

My dear Madam,—It will, I am sure, afford you pleasure to know that, rather more than a year since, we formed a Maternal Association, when nineteen mothers enrolled their names as members. A short time since, we held our annual meeting, when the mothers, with their husbands, met our pastor and several of the friends who interest themselves in our Association, and partook of a social meal. After tea, we read our first Report; and much hope is felt that our meetings will be blessed to many of our friends. We have now fifty members; the usual fortnightly attendance is encouraging; and several have been induced to attend the public ordinances of God's house. Our young friends distribute about fifty numbers of your valuable magazine, and both fathers and mothers hail its arrival each month with delight. One poor woman writes thus in reference to it:—"Soon after Divine light broke in upon my soul, and I was brought to feel what a sinner I was, I was thirsting after wisdom, when Miss R. presented to my notice *The Mothers' Friend*, which I received, and derived much instruction and comfort from it; it was like 'rain upon the tender herb.'" Sincerely do I hope, my dear Madam, that

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you will often have your heart gladdened by hearing of the good effects resulting from your work of faith and labour of love.

A MOTHER.

THE TWO HOMES.

"FATHER is coming!"—and little round faces grow long, and merry voices are hushed, and toys are hustled into the closet, and mamma glances nervously at the door, and baby is bribed with a lump of sugar to keep the peace, and father's business-like face relaxes not a muscle, and the little group huddle like timid sheep in a corner, and tea is despatched as silently as if speaking were prohibited by the statute-book, and the children creep like little culprits to bed, marvelling that baby dare crow so soon, now that *father has come!*

"Father is coming!"—and bright eyes sparkle with joy, and tiny feet dance with glee, and eager faces press against the window-pane, and a bevy of rosy lips claim kisses at the door, and picture-books lie unrebuked on the table, and tops, and balls, and kites are discussed, and little Susy lays her soft cheek against the paternal whiskers with a fearless abandon, and Charley gets a love-pat for his medal, and mamma's face grows radiant, and the evening paper is read (not silently but aloud), and tea and toast and time vanish with equal celerity, for jubilee has arrived, and *father has come!—Fanny Fern.*

THE HOUSEHOLD OF SYMPATHY.

"HAPPY, thrice happy the families in whose narrow circles no heart can grieve or rejoice alone—no glance, no smile can be unreturned—and whose friends say to each other daily, with actions rather than words—'Thy joy, thy happiness are mine too.' Beautiful is the peaceful, the quiet home, which protectingly encloses the weary victim of earth; which collects around the friendly

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blazing hearth, the old man leaning on a staff, the strong middle-aged man, the loving wife and happy children, who dance and sport around in their blessed earthly heaven, and who finish a happy day with grateful prayers upon their smiling lips."—*Frederika Bremer.*

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

NOW.

"Now," is the little word constantly heard ticking from the clock of time. "Now," is the watchword of the wise —"Now," is on the banner of the prudent—"Now," is the only time we have. Let us not put off for to-morrow what we can do *now;* saying, "*then* will I do it." "*Then*" may never be—*now* is our working time.

AN ACROSTIC,

COMPOSED BY A BOY OF TWELVE YEARS OF AGE, TO HIS SISTER AT SCHOOL.

J oin thyself unto the Lord,
A nd flee the sinner's way;
N or dare God's holy law to break,
E 'en to thy latest day.

T he Lord will watch and guide;
H is hand will help thee through;
O 'er this waste howling wilderness,
R ight through the vale of woe.
N ow pray that God may give you grace,
S o faithfully to seek his face.—J. S. T.

MOTHER'S WORK.

A mother labours not in vain. She may drop into the grave, but she has left behind her influences that will work for her. The bow is broken; but the arrow is sped, and will do its office.

THE LITTLE SUNDAY-SCHOOL GIRL'S ARROW.

"Mother, my teacher says everybody ought to pray—is this true, mother? You never pray—do you, mother?"

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THE TRIED MOTHER.

"Show me a child undutiful, I shall know where to look for a foolish father."

"I WILL tell father, that I will; he said I should always tell him when you scolded me. Ah! he'll pet me up when he comes home." This speech was made by a pert little girl of some seven years of age. Her mother, who was a gentle and amiable woman, had been well trained in her own early youth, but the want of co-operation on her husband's part, in regulating the high spirit of little Mary, cost her many a bitter pang. "Do not say that to me again, Mary," she replied, "or I shall send you to your room for the rest of the day, and your food will be bread and water." The firm tone of the mother's voice, and the sorrowful look that glanced upon her, caused the child to feel that her mother was in earnest, and with a quick step she retreated from her presence.

"How naughty Mary is, mother!" said Frederick, who had been a silent spectator of the scene, laying his lesson-book on the table, while he gazed sorrowfully on his loving mother's face. "I wonder why it is that father always takes Mary's part, when she is naughty. Ah! I saw a tear in your eye, mother, at breakfast time, and I knew it was all about that little pert Mary." "Little children, my son," replied the mother, "are either a great trial, or a great comfort to their parents. Do you know your lesson, my son? I should like to hear you repeat it before you go to school. I like you to be properly prepared with your studies; it is a great trial to a good master when his pupils bring him imperfect lessons." Frederick went through his lessons with his mother, and then, "with shining morning face," and satchel of books over his shoulder, he trudged off cheerfully to school.

In the evening of the day, when Mrs. Harcourt and her five elder ones were assembled around the tea-table, wait-

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ing for the father of the family, she asked John, her eldest son, if his lessons were ready for the morrow. "Part of them, mother," the boy replied; "father says, Mr. Lexicon is too severe, and gives us too long lessons, and that I only need learn part of mine." "But, my son," replied the mother, "you are quite capable of learning and understanding the lessons set for you, and it is very important for you to acquire all the knowledge that you can now, in your early youth; if your father is spared, and has his health, he can only afford to send you a very few years longer to school; our income is very small, and all these little ones must have some education as well as my elder children." "Well, mother," said John, tossing back his head, "father says I need not learn so much, and I want a game of those spellicans." The end of the controversy next month.

WHAT IS GLORY?

Is it glory to cause the widow's tears
To roll o'er her fading face?
Is it glory to watch the orphans' grief,
And the cause of their sorrow trace?
Such glory is caused by the battle-plain,
Where the husband and father lie with the slain.

Is it glory to break a mother's heart,
And from her home to tear
The only one who worked for her,
In this weary world of care?
Then carry her son to the battle-plain,
And bury him there mid the thousands slain.

Is it glory to drive the soul in haste
To a world of black despair,
Midst the fearful din of cruel war,
Without one single prayer?
Then trample the youth amidst the slain,
I rejoice in death on the battle-plain.

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Is it not glory to follow Him,
Who said that brotherly love
Must reign in the breast of those who wish
To dwell with Him above?
The "Prince of Peace" will smile on those
Who the sword and the battle-field oppose.

THE FIRST YEAR OF THE MARRIAGE.—No. IV.

"Now this is the sum of the matter—if ye will be happy in marriage confide, love, and be patient: be faithful, firm, and HOLY."

THE next morning found Mary very ill, and utterly unconscious of all that was passing around her; both mind and body had received a shock, and, for more than a week, she lay at the very gate of the grave, not once recognising her husband the whole time. Henry sat by her side with a pained conscience, weeping most of the day, but allowing none to do any office for his wife that he could perform. He was her constant and untiring nurse by day and by night. The faithful monitor within was at work, and this, with present anxiety and weariness consequent on sickness, caused him to look very ill, and his mother remarked, "Henry will soon be as ill as Mary; and if she dies I am sure we shall bury both of them!"

"What do you think of my wife, Sir?" asked Henry, as the medical man entered the little parlour to give his orders to the female attendants. "She is very ill, Mr. Judd," the doctor replied, "and she must be kept perfectly quiet, or I cannot answer for the consequences." "Ah, Sir, I am to blame," rejoined Henry, as his eyes filled, "Mary has been one of the best wives in the world, but I did not know, or, at least, think of the value of what I had to lose in her; but now, Sir, I would beg for her, if I could but get her back to me again, with her nice mind right awake once more, and her kind, unselfish heart loving me as it used to do. Oh! my brain seems reeling." "This is too often the case, Mr. Judd, in "

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world of sin and mistake; we often find out the value of our blessings just as they are taking wing for ever. I trust your good wife may yet recover; you must leave her in His hands who will do all things well. On her account you need have no fears, for, as far as I can learn, she is meetened for life or for death,—if God blesses the means we use, she will yet be restored to you."

Dr. Hope arose to depart, but Henry ventured to ask him to sit yet one minute. "I have a great favour to ask you, Sir," said he, with a trembling voice; "you are very intimate with my old master, and I should feel for ever grateful to you if you could put in a word for me up there. I foolishly and madly threw myself out of his employ, through the advice and example of those who have well-nigh ruined me; but if my master would but take me back again, when my poor dear Mary gets better, I should be able to meet the returning light of her eyes with a better heart,—it is as heavy as lead now." "I shall be happy to do what I can for you, Mr. Judd, and will make a point of seeing Mr. Ray to-morrow." "Thank you, Sir, thank you. Now I shall sit by my poor wife with a more hopeful mind."

After some time, it seemed that the healing word had been spoken by the Great Physician, and Mary returned to the scenes of life once more. "You are very weak, my Mary," said Henry, as he sat by her bed-side holding her hand, "but I hope you will soon regain your strength; and I have some good news to tell you, which I think will hasten your recovery." "Have you?" replied the young wife, looking round the room like one awakening from a strange dream, "but I want to tell you something," she whispered. Henry bowed his head to listen. "This deep affliction will be for our good, dear, in life or in death." Henry moved to wipe the hot tears which were falling from his eyes on Mary's face. "Stop, dear Henry," she again whispered, "in my work-box you will find all the money

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you gave me for myself. You need it, my husband, at this time of sickness,—take it out, dear." The strong man wept like a babe, and at length he replied, "I am promised work again, my Mary, at my old master's; the doctor has spoken for me, and now that I see the dreadful danger I have but just escaped, and have learned the value of the treasure I had all but lost, I trust we shall yet be as happy, on the anniversary of our marriage, as we were on the day I called you my wife! Mary, you have served God while I have neglected Him, and while I have done many things to make you hate me, you have been the loving Christian wife through all; you have triumphed, Mary, and when you get better, I hope to work for you, and make you happy as long as I live. I do see that religion is a very beautiful thing in a wife!"

Yes, Henry, we say, and in a husband too! the "triumph" of kindness, love and piety is a "triumph" indeed!

PAGE FOR OUR BOYS AT SCHOOL.

THE GLORIOUS REVENGE.

"I WILL never forgive him, that I won't!" exclaimed Basil Lee, bursting into the room where his eldest sister was quietly seated at work; "I will never forgive him." "Never forgive who, Basil? My dear boy, how angry and excited you look. Who has offended you?" "Why, Charles West, Alice," replied Basil, as he put his books away in their place. "And what has Charles West done to offend you? Come and sit by me—there now, tell me all about it."

"Well," said Basil, "Mr. Raymond, who is a friend of Mr. Mathews, and is staying with him, came into the school-room to-day; he is a very nice, kind gentleman, and so he offered a half-dollar to the boy who should first do the sum he set us. Five boys beside me took up their slates; he set us all the same sum, and then we all went to

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work. Charles West came and sat next to me, and I saw him copy down every figure as fast as I did it. When I had only one figure to do, Mr. Mathews left the room; I looked to see who went out, and when I turned to my slate again, every figure was rubbed out. I know he did it, because he coloured so. In a minute he had finished his sum and carried it up; it was first done and correct, so he had the half-dollar. I was so angry. The bell rang to go home, and I ran off directly; but I am determined to have a glorious revenge on him. Was it not provoking, Alice?" "Yes, very, dear; and what is your revenge to be?" "Oh! I know. I will tell you. He just deserves it. Mr. Mathews has said that he will turn away any boy out of the school who uses the 'Key to the Grammar Exercises.' Well, I saw Charles using one yesterday, and I will tell of him, I am determined." "Listen to me a moment, Basil. Charles is only at school for one more year—at the end of that time, a gentleman has promised, if he behaves well, to place him in a situation, where in a few years he will be able to support his widowed mother. Do you think the gentleman will give him his situation, if he is turned in disgrace from his school? And what would be the disappointment of his aged mother, to think that her son, who she hoped would support and comfort her latter days, had disgraced himself! Surely, he would bring down her grey hairs with sorrow to the grave."

[Another chat with Basil to come.]

SUNDAY OCCUPATIONS.

SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS.

(Continued from p. 75.)

AFTER the character has been selected by one of the children, then may follow such questions as these:—Is the individual male or female?—Male. 2. In what dispensation did he live?—In the Mosaic. 3. Did he live in the time of the kings or judges?—In the time of the kings. 4. For what was he dis-

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tinguished?—For steadily cleaving to the Lord, with very few outward advantages. 5. Was he rich or poor?—He was in an exalted station. 6. May be he was a king?—No, he was not; but that is too leading a question to be safe to answer generally; but, as you are the youngest, I will tell you this once. 7. Was he married?—No. 8. Did he live in the reign of a very wicked king?—Yes, he did. 9. Were there any prophets in the land in his time?—Yes. Oh! I know! cry several, who have with difficulty refrained themselves so long—Obadiah, who was faithful in the court of Ahab. No, it is not Obadiah; you have lost your guesses; you should have asked some more questions first. 10. Had he a good mother, who taught him to fear God in his childhood, and through whose early instructions he was preserved faithful amidst surrounding wickedness? asks the mother.—No, mamma, indeed he had not. 11. Is his mother mentioned at all beyond her mere name? Is there anything said about her?—Not much, certainly; but quite enough to tell us that she was very far indeed from training up her son in the ways of the Lord. 12. Well, then, how did he learn about God, if he lived in the reign of a very wicked king, and had very few outward advantages? Was his father, or any other near relation holy?—You have asked two questions together; if I answer both, I shall count them as two: or, which would you wish me to answer? Was his father or any other relation holy?—No; all his kindred were wicked. 13. Did he do much good to his country?—The Bible does not tell us;* he had but little in his power; he let the light of his good example shine at a time when there was great wickedness throughout the land, and was much loved by his fellow-countrymen. 14. Did he live to be old?—No. 15. Had he had any children?—No; he had not. This is a lost question, says some one; you were told before he was not married. Don't ask questions without thinking, or we shan't be able to find out. 16. Was he slain in battle?—No. 17. What kind of death did he die?—A natural one. 18. Was his death foretold by any prophet?—It was. 19. Did he live before or after the separation of Israel from Judah?—After it. 20. To what kingdom

* The Jews have a tradition that the young prince persuaded his father to withdraw the guards which he had posted along the principal highways leading to Jerusalem, to prevent the people from going up to worship at the solemn feast; but I did not embody it in the game, as it is not in the Bible.

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did he belong?—To Israel. I thought so; Abijah, the son of Jeroboam, who alone of all his family came to the grave, because in him some good thing was found towards the Lord; his death was foretold by Ahijah, the prophet, when his mother disguised herself and went to ask whether he should recover; and all Israel mourned for him, and buried him. That was a very nice one to think of. I guessed whom you meant, some little time ago, but did not like to speak till I was sure.

The above is a fair specimen of the way in which it is played. I chose this character as having heard it lately taken, and gave such questions as I remembered from those which were then asked. I have been careful to avoid making them at all better than intelligent children would do, as, unless they felt themselves capable of asking as good questions as those in the example, they might be discouraged from attempting it.

Yours very respectfully,

MARY.

A MOTHER'S RESPONSIBILITY.—No. V.

You will say, perhaps, "Mrs. Rayless was an immoral mother!" True; but how fares the child of that mother who is merely moral, and nothing more? Well, we will see, in the history of one whose parents were strictly moral but not truly pious.

The parents of Charles thought a few good works and the form of godliness was all that was required of them. They paid some regard to the externals of religion, but knew nothing of its vital influence. Their son received no religious instruction; he grew up in utter ignorance of the subject. Spoiled by indulgence, and prepared to become the prey of any or all of those various seductions which beset the pathway of youth, his conscience knew no check from early recollections. He hurried on recklessly; he ruined all the hopes of his friends, lost his fortune, became a prey to disease, and early death stared him in the face. But what were his prospects? Did early admonitions come over his troubled thoughts? No. Did he believe a sainted mother's happy spirit would welcome him to the joys of

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heaven? No. In this hour of desolation, no early recollection of a pious mother visited this wanderer as an angel's voice; no prayers were registered in heaven for him; no pious friends, who might have been waiting and praying to see him rejoice in death, soothed now his last days; no angel rejoiced and shouted through the expanse of heaven, that this prodigal had returned; no father's arms were open to receive him to the heavenly mansions. Remorse and desperation darkened his last sad hours; he died without one friend to soothe his parting pangs, or administer a cordial to mitigate his woe. Oh! if you would not have your son live such a life and die such a death, begin early to train him in the ways of virtue and piety, with the Bible in your hand and the judgment-day in your recollection.

A brighter picture yet to come.

SON, REMEMBER!

"And what shall I remember, mother?" "Remember, my son, all the way in the which the Lord thy God hath brought thee! Remember how I first taught you to bend your knees upon my lap, and lift your little hands to heaven, whilst your infant voice lisped the prayer—'O Lord, bless a simple child, for the sake of Jesus Christ!' Remember how I led you by the hand to the house of prayer, and seated you by my side, whilst you listened to the man of God, with the earnestness and simplicity of a little child, till, overcome by sleep, your head reclined upon my shoulder, and nestled under the folds of my silk cloak, the softness of which is still fresh in your recollection! Remember the impression that was made upon your youthful mind when the great truths of the Gospel were set before you! Remember how your little heart was full of tender sympathy for Him who shed His blood on Calvary's cross; and when that sad and mournful scene was opened, how

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the tears came into your eyes! You saw in imagination the meek and humble Jesus at Pilate's bar. The majesty of the judge made you afraid; the loud voices and frantic looks of the chief priests and people terrified you; and your tender heart beat quicker as he was ruthlessly hurried away, in the power of cruel Roman soldiers, who buffet Him, spit upon Him, place a crown of thorns upon His head, and so force it down by blows from the long reed that the sharp points enter His sacred temples, and the blood trickles down His pale cheeks, whilst not a complaining word or angry sigh escapes from His lips—He felt it was the hour of wicked men and the power of darkness.

"Remember how you trembled when you were asked by the preacher to accompany the Saviour up the hill; and saw him faint beneath the weight of that very cross on which he was about to be crucified; and how they laid hold on one Simon, a Cyrenian, coming out of the country, and compelled him to bear the cross. How little Simon thought, when he left his home that morning, he would be compelled to such a work, or that his name and his deed would be handed down to the latest posterity! And when the suffering Lamb of God, weak and gory, was cruelly thrown upon the cross, and His hands and arms violently stretched out to the ends of the cross-beam, when the wicked, unfeeling executioner took up the heavy hammer and the rough, large nail, and forced it, by hard and heavy blows, through the tender flesh and sinews—Oh! the sound of that hammer; the rattling of those timbers!—And when the tragic scene was finished, by nailing him to the upright post, the whole was lifted up, and let fall into the socket prepared for it, with a jar that would cause the patient sufferer the most intense agony. Still no murmur escaped His lips; but a still small voice was heard—'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.'

Remember, my son, how the man of God applied this,

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and said these sufferings were endured for you; it was for you men, and for your salvation, the Saviour suffered these things; it was your sin which nailed Him to the cross; and to bear the Father's wrath, which was due to your sins, was by far the heaviest part of His sufferings; it was this which made Him cry out, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!' Here and then was the great atonement made; here he endured all the Father's will; satisfied to the utmost the demands of justice, and then cried, 'It is finished; and gave up the ghost.' The vail of the temple was rent, and the cry went forth, 'Whosoever will, let him come, and take of the water of life freely, without money and without price!' Remember, my child, how you wished to be the Lord's; and how you half resolved to give yourself to Him, and become His humble follower! Remember the grief which swelled in your young heart when, for the first time, you left the home of your father, and mingled your tears upon your mother's cheek! Remember that lone journey and the dwelling of the stranger; and then remember the goodness and mercy which have followed thee to the present time!" "Mother, I do remember it well; and, by God's grace, from this moment will I say, 'My father, my father, thou shalt be the guide of my youth!'"

M. B.

MASTERS AND SERVANTS.—No. III.

INTEGRITY.

"He that walketh uprightly, walketh surely," says the wise man—hence David's prayer, "Let integrity and uprightness preserve me." By this quality of the human soul we understand genuine honesty, inward determination to do the right at all risks, in all circumstances, at all times; uninfluenced by smiles or frowns, fear of punishment, or hope of reward.

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This is a very attractive quality to all whose good word is desirable; its possession cannot be concealed. The tortuous courses pursued by the mass of mankind—the constant recurrence of temptations—the infinitely varied intercourse human society requires, all furnish points of observation, revealing, with more or less clearness, the upright man. "Virtue is its own reward," so we do not wonder to find integrity, calmly and perseveringly sustained, a great comfort and solace amidst the trials and vicissitudes of life. The sincere man does not dread the revealing of secrets; he has no motive for disguise; so discharging his duty in the sphere where Divine Providence has cast his lot, be he employer or employed, he may reasonably hope for a comparatively happy life. It is, moreover, the foundation on which to construct an eminently *useful* career.

The upright man is he on whom reliance can be placed in seasons of emergency,—the centre of influence in the community that surrounds him; the perplexed seek his aid in difficulty, the sorrowing find in him a sympathising friend, and all know, that confiding to him their peculiar experience, it will be safe as in their own heart. But, whilst we look with untiring satisfaction at such a character, and trace him amidst the changing scenes of life, the hour will come when the final scene shall present itself, and then what says "the truth?"—"Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." Blessed consummation! May our readers, in increasing numbers, happily realise it.

We spoke of integrity as a foundation, but this foundation itself must be created ere 'tis laid. Nature does not produce it genuine; mere natural effort only approximates. It is only really to be relied on when it is the result of a Divine influence. Then, when the Spirit of God has renewed the heart, and its energies are controlled by living, e faith in Christ—then dependence can be placed in

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the permanence of the profession; and integrity and uprightness shall preserve him. We affectionately commend this thought to all our readers, whether masters or servants, young or old, and earnestly entreat them to see to it that the foundation is laid, and that it is no counterfeit, but the genuine production of God the Holy Spirit. It will be a fearful thing to spend our lives in delusion, and prove at last to have rested on sand—insecure, treacherous and destructive.

Illustrations of No. III. in our next. J. O. V.

THE OUTCASTS.—LETTER II.*

Dear and honoured Parents,—It is with unspeakable pleasure I have written these few lines, rejoicing in the happy experience of being again restored to your favour, which I by my misconduct had justly forfeited. While I reflect on my past sins and ingratitude, I stand astonished at your goodness in so freely pardoning such an unworthy rebel as I have been, and again offering me a share in your love and compassion, which is a privilege I highly value. But to whom am I indebted for all this? Is it not God, the supreme Giver of all good? To Him I owe every blessing I enjoy. Where would my guilty soul have been, when exposed to the dangers and temptations of a wicked world, had not the Almighty watched over me and preserved me? I must certainly have perished, as in justice due to my iniquity; but, blessed be God, He did not forsake me, nor withdraw His mercies from me. What shall I render, therefore, unto the Lord for all his benefits towards me, who hath redeemed me from destruction, and crowned me with loving kindness and tender mercies? O! my dear parents, words cannot express the feelings of my heart, the love and gratitude I owe to God and my benefactors, under whose protection I still continue, blessed with the privileges of religion. God grant the instructions I have received may never be forgotten, but that they may prove a lasting blessing to my immortal soul; that I may have reason to bless God to all eternity that ever I was led to take refuge in this benevolent institution.

* Previously to this letter being sent, the parents had been informed of their daughter being in this institution.

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The time fast approaches when I must leave this house of mercy, and go again into the world; but I trust that God, who has preserved me to this present moment, will ever vouchsafe to be my protector from the dangers and temptations of an alluring world. In whatever situation in life Providence may place me, I pray I may be enabled to look to Him as the only source and foundation of all real peace and happiness. I humbly beg an interest in your earnest petition at a throne of grace for my preservation, and for the welfare of this institution and its worthy benefactors, who do not forget to send up their humble prayers to God for your eternal welfare, as well as for mine.

Should God of his infinite mercy permit us to meet again on earth, with unspeakable joy shall I embrace the opportunity of telling you what great things the Lord has done for my soul. This, my dear parents, is a privilege your once unhappy child did never expect; but, blessed be God, He has restored me friends, peace, and happiness. O! that my future time may be spent to His eternal praise; that I, with you, and all my dearest friends, may meet before the throne of grace to bless and praise redeeming love! Will thank you for an answer, the first opportunity. My duty to you and my dear mother, my love to my sister.

I remain, your ever grateful, and I hope, in future, dutiful daughter, * * * *

THE TWO BROTHERS.

"Millions of infant souls compose the family above."

A FATHER, who has been a reader of "*The Mothers' Friend*" since its commencement, has been induced, at the request of many friends, to send this paper to the Editor for insertion in her magazine, hoping it may encourage many parents to commence very early the religious instruction of their children.

"Our family circle consisted of father, mother, two little brothers (Daniel and John Henry), and a little sister. Daniel, the eldest, was about four and a half years old, and John Henry about three; both of them evinced thought and feeling by inquiries of deep interest, such as—'Who is God?' 'What kind of a place is heaven, and what is the employment of those

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who live there?' Often did they express a wish to die, and go to heaven; and their daily conversation was of 'dying,' and 'going to heaven in a box,' (as they expressed it.) Often has the youngest little boy run in from his play, and said to his mamma, 'Will you cry, mamma, if I be buried? I am going to Jesus in a box some day.'

"They were remarkably fond of family worship; and each had his favourite chapters, which they wished 'father to read.' Daniel's favourite chapters were the histories of Joseph and Jonah; and little John's was the account of John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness. They listened to the reading with deep attention, and often asked interesting questions in connexion with it. We always endeavoured to impress upon their minds the importance of prayer, and for this duty they evinced a great fondness. They would often rise very early in the morning, and coming down into the parlour would get a Bible and hymn-book, and in their little way read and sing; and then with great earnestness and sincerity unite in prayer.

"They were always taught the importance of asking, upon their knees, the forgiveness of God when they had been naughty; nor could they be happy until they had done this. One instance may suffice. One day, the eldest little boy had been naughty—his mamma reproved him, and sent him to his room as a punishment. After some time she went up to him, when he fell upon his knees, and said, 'Oh! mamma, I will be a good boy. Will you forgive me, and ask Jesus to forgive me?' His mother knelt down by the bedside, and asked forgiveness for him; and then she said, 'Now, Daniel must ask God to forgive him.' Sobbing, he prayed, 'O God, forgive Daniel for being a naughty boy, and give him a new good heart for Jesus Christ's sake.'

"These dear little boys were exceedingly fond of public worship, and had often been remarked for their good behaviour while in the house of God; and frequently the eldest could repeat to his mother portions of the sermon—so great was his attention. They were ever very loving and kind to each other, and never seemed happy when separated. They were much attached to their school, and to the lady who instructed them, who mentions their often asking her interesting questions, manifesting great intelligence."

[We must accompany these lambs of the fold to the gate of the dark valley next month.]

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OLD WOMEN.—No. III.

You must accompany me again, if you please, up the same yard as before, while I introduce you to another "old woman," surrounded by many more of the comforts of life than my first character, but a much greater sufferer, from physical inability even to cross the room without extreme pain and dizziness in her head; her legs were also much swollen, and altogether she was a most pitiable specimen of helpless age. . . . . She was carefully tended by a most kind husband, who performed every office required in their house with almost feminine skill, but who would leave his employ to sit beside his partner while we read the words of life.

The old woman's mind had been partially affected by the intense pain in her head, but on one point she was perfectly clear, and this was as an "anchor to her soul, sure and steadfast;" it was, that Jesus *died for her*. And she truly proved how sweet was His name to a "believer's ear," for during the many hours she was necessarily left alone, and unable to read from the state of her head, which had much affected her sight, she would sit with her Testament in her hand, dimly searching down the columns till she could see the word Jesus, which she distinguished by its large J, and carefully counting how many times He was mentioned.

Once a beloved sister read to her the beautiful hymn, "Just as I am, without one plea;" her delight was unbounded; never after did she suffer a friend to depart without the request, "Will you read 'Just as I am?'" and fast the tears would rain from her closed eyes, familiar as by frequent repetition we might have supposed the words to have become. She, too, has entered into rest, leaving only the memorial that the Lord, who was on earth her strength and song, had also become her salvation, so that death could but loose her loving spirit to seek its rest "in Jesus."

FELICE.

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DO YOU ATTEND A MATERNAL ASSOCIATION?

Did you say "No—I have no time to attend to these things—I can do well enough with my children, as my mother did with me—I must care for the bread and cheese, and they must take their chance?" Ah! say you so? Then you have yet to learn why you are placed in the world, mother.

"Well, but I can't go, if I would; I have no clothes." Neither will this excuse do. The "time" will only be *one single hour* or so in the *month;* and as to "clothes," nobody there will look at them if they are clean and tidy. But we will tell you a little tale:—A clergyman said one day, at a public meeting, that people made a great many excuses for not attending public worship. Some want *time*—or a *hat*—or a *bonnet*—or a *shawl*—or a *seat* there—or some one to *cook dinner*—or to *nurse the children*—or *take care of the house.* In short, said he, their excuses are innumerable; but they forgot *one* want that would swallow up all the rest—they wanted a WILL! According to the old proverb—"Where there's a will there's a way," will you try to get the "will?" Well, do—and join the Maternal Meeting without delay. You will repent it NEVER!

"LITTLE BENNY."

So the simple headstone said. Why did my eyes fill? I never saw the little creature. I never looked in his laughing eyes, or heard his merry shout, or listened for his tripping tread; I never pillowed his little head, or bore his little form, or smoothed his silky locks, or laved his dimpled limbs, or fed his cherry lips with dainty bits, or kissed his rosy cheek as he lay sleeping. I did not see his eye grow dim, or his little hand drop

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powerless, or the dew of agony gather on his pale forehead. I stood not with clasped hands and suspended breath, and watched the look that comes but once flit over his cherub face. And yet, "Little Benny," my tears are falling, for somewhere I know there's an empty crib, a vacant chair, useless robes and toys, a desolate hearthstone, and a weeping mother. "Little Benny." It was all her full heart could utter, and it was enough. It tells the whole story. —*Fanny Fern.*

THE TRANSPLANTED FLOWER.

2 Samuel xii. 23.

He twined round our hearts, as a tendril
Encircles a rose-tree's stem;
In the depths of parental affection
We treasured our little gem.

We hoped, as the rose-tree's bareness
Is clad by the tendril's flowers,
That so would our little bud blossom
To gladden this home of ours.

But the gardener knows that the tendril
The rose's increase would check,
And, while it would lend it beauty,
Would injure as well as deck;

And our Father, who loves His children
With faithful and jealous love,
Lest our hearts should be set on our darling
Instead of on things above,

So gently our tendril transplanted,
And to His own garden bore,
In Heaven—in God's holy mountain—
To blossom for evermore.

We are sure that he sleeps in Jesus,
And nestles upon His breast,
For "He bears the lambs in His bosom,"
In God's everlasting rest.

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We know we shall meet in the morning,
We yearn for the dawning day
When Jesus, in clouds of heaven,
Shall bear us from earth away.

Away! oh, away, to the bowers,
The Eden of God, above,
Where *He* wipes all tears from all faces,
And love is *not* jealous love.

For no heart can there be divided,
But Godward all love doth tend;
For of love He's the Source and Centre,
The Object, and Life, and End.

Oh, give us henceforward, our Father,
To live with a single eye
To Thee, to Thy praise and Thy glory;
To live for our home on high;

To wait for the Lord from Heaven
With patience, and hope, and joy,
For the day when our Elder Brother
"Brings with Him" our darling boy.

Oh, "my heart leaps up" with its longing
That glory our own to call,
When the Christ shall be King in Zion,
When God shall be All in All.

Bath. R. C. M.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

MATERNAL EDUCATION.

That species of education (says an author) which is derived from *maternal* care is always the most valuable. How numerous are the cases where guilt is checked in its career by the force of affectionate recollections arising in the bosom of a youth, when far distant from his home, and removed from friendly counsel. The image of his mother floats before him—the vicious passion is expelled, and the wanderer may be fixed for ever in a life of virtue, from the first triumph of maternal precepts.

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DO YOU RECOGNISE THE PORTRAIT?

Two persons, who have chosen each other out of all the species, with the design to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment, have in that very action bound themselves to be good-humoured, affable, joyful, forgiving and patient, with respect to each other's frailties and imperfections, to the end of their lives.

"WONDERFULLY MADE."

It may not be generally known that the human hair (light hair) held up to the sun presents all the phenomena of the prism, giving the various colours of the rainbow. Isolated hairs will give at their end the circle coloured as the rainbow. The hair, therefore, is proved to be triangular, and possessing the properties of the prism.

"BE CONTENT WITH SUCH THINGS AS YE HAVE."

A remark of Sadi, the Persian poet, was, "I never complained of my condition but once, when my feet were bare, and I had not money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet, and became contented with my lot."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

The Band of Hope Review. Vol. for 1853. London: Partridge and Oakey.

A delightful present for our children—full of good things on temperance, and other useful matters.

Library of Biblical Literature. Nos. 3 *and* 4. London: Freeman.

We cordially recommend this work to our young friends. They will find in it much biblical information.

The Seed. London: Simpkin and Marshall.

An imaginative but interesting conversation on the Resurrection.

Jane Rutherford. London: Clark and Co.

The third volume we have read with pleasure of "The Run and Read Library." "The Peep into a Miner's Home and a Miner's Occupation" is a graphic tale by one of the people.

Mamma's Budget. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

Three amusing and instructive books for our young friends.

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THE TRIED MOTHER.—No. II.

"MOTHER!—Mother!" said Jane Harcourt, rushing one morning into the front kitchen, where her mother was preparing dinner, with flushed face and extended hands. "Oh! mother, you can't think what a mess Mary has made on baby; we all told her not to do it, but she would not listen to us a minute. Oh! you will be so sorry! and it will give you so much trouble!" "What has she done, my dear? You look quite frightened." "Why, mother, you know, Kitty was washing up some plates, so Mary went behind her, and dipped her hand into the greasy water, and then she rubbed her hand on the pot that Kitty had just put on the fire, and she has messed baby with her hand all over; the pretty little cap, that you took so much trouble with last night, and the nice little clean pinafore, are messed all over with smut, and so are poor baby's face and hands. She is such a figure! Oh! mother, do come and see!"

"Oh! dear, dear!" said the tried and busy mother, "what shall I do with my little Mary?" and leaving her pudding half made, she hastened into the other apartment to see the havoc her little daughter had made. There lay poor baby on its little rug, covered with the marks of Mary's black fingers. Mary sat in a corner pouting, with her finger on her lip; Kitty was looking at her with an angry and flushed face.

"Oh! missus!" said the trusty little Irish servant, "what will we do with that there wicked little Mary? She'll be the death o' us all entirely, and you in particular. Jist glint yer eye down there to that little colleen of a baby. The beauty of a cap that you were an hour doing, she has covered with the black smut—the creature! What will we do with her, missus?" "Go to your room, Mary," said the heart-stricken mother; "I will come to you, by-and-by, when I am at leisure."

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With sullen look and dogged step Mary reluctantly left the scene of her mischief, went to her room, and closed the door. The busy and sorrowful mother desired Kitty to give an eye to baby whilst she finished the preparations for her dinner; and then she was obliged to give half an hour in washing and re-dressing the infant, who but a few hours before she had with so much care made so beautifully clean and neat. When the little one was laid down in her mid-day sleep, with heavy heart and tearful eyes Mrs. Harcourt ascended the stairs, to hold converse with her little daughter, who was constantly causing her so much trouble. On entering the room she looked around for the object of her solicitude; but Mary was nowhere to be found. In vain the mother and her little servant searched homestead and garden, till the morning was lost in agitation and excitement.

We shall hope to find Miss Mary by next month.

THE SISTER'S INFLUENCE.

"Am I my brother's keeper?"

What power has woman in the home circle, even in babyhood! We lately looked in upon a little family group at play, and observed with deep interest the influence of a gentle little girl over her rougher and sterner brothers. "Don't cry, Georgy dear!" said the sweet Edith; "let me kiss the place to make it well! There, there, Georgy,—lean your head upon my shoulder,—it won't ache long!" This was like oil upon troubled waters; Georgy's ruffled temper was hushed into a calm; and the young sister, by her gentleness and love, caused her brother to forget that he had been hurt.

Thus it is ever, as we pass along life's pilgrimage; woman's influence is great for good or for evil. We have sometimes heard brothers say, "I would never be

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so pusillanimous as to be guided by girls or women; what do *they* know about men's business in the battle of life? Their place is at home, making puddings and darning stockings." Yes, to be sure it is; this is quite true; but it is at home where the wounded in the "battle of life" fly for refuge, nursing, and consolation—aye, and sometimes for counsel too, strange as this may seem.

We heard a gentleman say one day, that only once in his life he had refused to take his wife's advice, and that on that very occasion he lost five thousand pounds. This was a rare case, certainly; and this gentleman had a very sensible wife, with whom he was accustomed to go over the events of the day, as they sat by the home-hearth. But there are many husbands and fathers who are pleased to acknowledge woman's influence in the every-day doings and vexations of life.

"What is the matter, Arthur? you look tired and pale." "Don't ask me! I am worried and goaded to death. I shall be cross, if you ask me any questions!" Arthur had just returned from the city strife, and Emma waited her time—wise girl as she was—to soothe her brother, without his knowing it. "I have such a nice book here, Arthur," said Emma, after dinner, as her brother lounged on the couch, disquieted. "Shall I read a page?" "Well, you may, if you like; but I will not promise to understand." Emma began to read, and Arthur entered into the subject before he was aware, and retired to his room cheered and hopeful.

We shall tell you some more of a sister's secrets next month.

A MOTHER'S RESPONSIBILITY.—No. VI.

Now come with us to another mother's home—her external circumstances and class in society are much the same as Mrs. Rayless's. She possessed no more of this

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world's goods; but then she had the blessing of God, which maketh rich. Her little ones were early sent to the Sabbath school, and continued there until they left to fill respectable situations, or became teachers themselves. Mrs. Light trained her children in the way to the kingdom, amidst many difficulties. Her husband was not a helper with her in anything relating to religion, or religious training; but she erected a family altar in her house, and morning and evening was that mother's voice heard, going up to the God of heaven for blessings upon her household.

While the infant was yet too young to walk by her side, she carried it to her private chamber, and at a particular chair she knelt to implore blessings on its young head; and as soon as the children were able to walk, they led the way to that same chair, to join in the mother's prayers. When the doors of the sanctuary were open, she had her household all ready to assemble with the worshippers, and none of her little group were seen to enter the Sabbath school after the prayer for a blessing had gone up. "Oh! no," she would say, "I like them to be in the way, if the shower should descend." They grew up industrious, honest, frugal, and "kindly affectioned one to another." As they advanced in life, all—save one—became disciples of Jesus.

Mrs. Light also became a widow; but she knew where to fly for the shelter of a Rock, during all the storms of life. Her brow was unclouded, for the light of life ever shone upon her path; and when she came down to the shadowy valley, she could look through it to the land afar off, and rejoice that she was soon to see the King in His beauty. "There is only one little sorrow on my heart," she would say; "and that is, that there is yet one of my family who has not enlisted under the banner of the cross." On being asked how she felt as she drew near the grave, she replied,—"Very happy, resting upon my

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rock. Death is the gate to endless joy, and I am entering there." Then, one by one, she desired them all to draw near, and receive her blessing and farewell. Last of all came Robert—the unconverted Robert. "Draw near, my son," said the dying mother; "give me your hand; my eyes are dimmed by the pressure of death: soon, my son, I shall be in my Father's home, in glory everlasting. *Mary* will be there—*John* will be there—*Jane* will be there: but oh! my son, my dear son, will you ever join that blessed, blessed company? Shall your mother ever have to say 'Amen,' to that dread sentence pronounced on you, 'Depart, ye cursed?' Oh! tell me, my boy, will you resolve to live the life of the wicked, and die to be shut up in everlasting torments? My God is waiting to be gracious to thee, my son; turn to him, and live."

This was a last effort; the eyes were fixed on her son, and the hand firmly grasped her prodigal boy. It was a mother's death-grasp; and long after she had passed to her "home," did that son imagine he felt the pressure as at that solemn moment. Her work was done—this last appeal was made the means of the conversion of her son, and he is now treading the upward path which leads to a glorious immortality. Now, when the judgment-day arrives, how different will be the situation of these two mothers! Oh! can you not imagine the one covered with shame and confusion, calling upon the rocks and the hills to cover her from the presence of the Lamb; aye, and from the agonising and reproachful looks of those wretched beings, whom she had led on in the broad road, and trained for the abode of rebel spirits! Listen! what are the fearful words she hears—"Depart, ye cursed!"—awful words! Oh! who can think of her doom, and the curses heaped upon her head by her lost children, without crying out for grace to avoid such living, such dying, and such an eternity!

But, now look again: there stands the pious, consistent,

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praying mother, clad in the habiliments of immortality, standing ready with her children and grandchildren, to enter the cloudless city of the redeemed; aye, and her prodigal boy is there too—Robert, whom she left unconverted. There he stands, and a group are smiling upon him, to whom he was made useful in the Sabbath school. Hark! the Judge is saying, "Come, ye blessed;" and amidst the harps of heaven they enter the new Jerusalem, and they are for ever shut in with their Lord.

THE MOTHER'S LESSON.

MOTHER! look upon thy boy,
Now so full of youthful joy;
Think of what that child may be,
As he prattles on your knee.
All is bright and joyous now,
Not a cloud rests on his brow;
Thou canst count his days of earth,
Thou rememberest his birth.
But an angel cannot say,
When shall be his latest day.
Never can that spirit die,
Brightening now that infant eye.
Art thou willing he should be
Formed for endless misery?
Art thou willing he should go
Down to never-ending woe?
Shall he curse his mother's name,
Tracing to her all his shame?
As he fords the fiery deep,
Where no eye shall cease to weep,
Shall the caverns full of flame,
Echo back thine hated name?
Are you training him to be
Heir to all this misery?
Rouse thee, mother, from thy sleep!
"What ye sow that shall ye reap."

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Look again upon thy boy,
Tell him of that world of joy,
Where the streets are paved with gold,
Where the dwellers ne'er grow old.
Tell him of the Shepherd King,
Tell him how the angels sing;
Tell him of that dying love,
Sung by the redeemed above;
Tell him if he would be there,
He must be a child of prayer,
Morning, noon, and dewy eve,
Tell him that he must believe.
Tell him of the Saviour's tears,
Tell him of the sinner's fears,
Tell him he was born in sin,
All polluted too within.
Tell him he must have a dress,
Formed of Jesus' righteousness.
Tell him of that blessed Book;
Bid him often in it look;
Bid him read the wondrous plan,
Of God's love to ruined man.
Often let him hear you pray,
Pleading, wrestling every day;
Train him up to serve the Lord,
He will give thee thy reward.

SUNDAY EVENING OCCUPATIONS.

PROMISES.

My dear children, I am going to talk to you for a little while about *promises*. You know very well what a promise means, and whether or not you can trust a person's promises. There are some persons who break their word so often that we never know whether to believe them, and thus their promises give us no pleasure. It is not so with God. He *never, never* makes a promise to any one which He does not keep. When reading the Bible, did you ever notice or learn by heart any of His promises?

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I once heard of a little girl who tried to copy them all into a book; but, at last, she told her sister that she must leave off, for God's Word was full of promises. One Sunday evening we all tried to remember some of them, and they were very beautiful. Would you like to make a list of all you can find, first in the Old Testament and then in the New? When you have done this, I have a *very* important question, dear children, for you each to answer,—not to me,—not to your father, or your mother,—but to God and your own heart. Am I one of those to whom God's promises are made? What has He promised?—A blessed home in Heaven, and many, many other things which I will leave you to find out. To whom has He promised such blessings?—To all whose sins are forgiven, and who love His Son Jesus Christ. Have you ever felt that you are a sinner, and asked to be forgiven? Do you love Jesus? Did you ever pray that His love may fill your heart? If you look in the Acts of the Apostles, you will find an account of a wicked man, of whom it was said that he had "no part nor lot in the matter." May God forbid that any child, or parent either, who reads this paper, should have no "part or lot" in the promises of God.

MARY.

PAGE FOR OUR BOYS AT SCHOOL.

THE GLORIOUS REVENGE.

(Continued from p. 86.)

"OH, Alice!" exclaimed Basil, with tears in his eyes, "I never thought of all that; no, I would not ruin poor Charley for the world." "This would be your glorious revenge, my dear boy," said Alice, quietly. "Oh! no, no, dear Alice; I never, never could be so wicked as that, though Charles did make me very angry at the time; but, you know, I should like to punish him a little for it." "Well, Basil, I know a way to punish him, and to have a

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eally glorious revenge." "Alice dear, pray tell me?" aid Basil. "Well; do you remember the text—'Be not vercome with evil,—' what comes next?" "Why, 'but vercome evil with good,' to be sure, Alice. I know what ou mean, now." "Well, then, think over what a glorious evenge you can have by obeying the command in that text, ay dear;" and Alice left the room.

Basil did not sit thinking long before he decided what to lo. With Alice's permission, on the following day he nvited Charles West to tea. He was much surprised on eceiving the invitation, but accepted it. They had a very leasant evening together. Their principal amusement onsisted in sailing Basil's ships on a pond in the garden; or the finest, Charles expressed great admiration. But the ime for his return to school came. Basil took him up to is play-room. "Charley," said he, "you admired the 'Hero' most of all my vessels, so I will make you a present of it." "Oh no," cried Charles, stepping back, "I could not think of such a thing." "Oh, but Charley, you must have it; Alice lets me do what I like with my ships, and I can make myself another just like it; and papa says, if Mr. Mathews will allow you, you can come up on Saturday and sail it with mine, and I will teach you how to make ships, too."

Charles turned away his head to wipe his tears. "Basil," he exclaimed, as they bade each other good night, "I will never try to injure you again, as I did yesterday; no, I never will. Good night, dear Basil." From that day Basil and Charles were firm friends. Charles was easily persuaded never to use the "Key to the Exercises" again; he always afterwards tried to imitate his friend's example, and he gained the esteem of his master and the love of his school-fellows. My young readers, was not Basil Lee's a glorious revenge?

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THE DELICATE AND INDUSTRIOUS YOUNG MOTHER.

"I am obliged to persevere."

There was no one in the railway carriage but myself till we stopped at the first station on the road; there a pretty, neatly dressed young woman entered—she looked very delicate, and had an infant in her arms. The child, though apparently very young, was stout and heavy, and children lie heavier in the arms when too young to sit up than when older, when they seem to help themselves by their sprightliness. I thought of this, and seeing the traveller was evidently weak and delicate, I thought it not too small an occasion to give a helping hand to a fellow-traveller.

"You have a beautiful little boy," said I; "but he seems almost more than you can manage; let me relieve you of his weight for the short time we may travel in company."

She thanked me, and willingly transferred him to my arms, as it is said all experienced nurses do. I mean, that they are willing to let any one relieve their arms who can be drawn into the service. "How old is he?" I asked. "Five weeks old," she replied. "You ought to be pretty strong to carry about such a fat baby as he is all day." "Indeed," she replied, "I am anything but strong. I do not recover my strength at all, as I hoped and expected." "You will soon be better," I replied, "with God's blessing, if you do not fatigue yourself too much before your strength is equal to your exertion." "I fear I shall not," she replied; "I am suffering from the neglect and carelessness of my nurse, and I fear I shall never be well again. I am sure it was very wrong of her, for I paid her well, and required nothing of her except to keep my rooms in order, and attend to baby and me; and

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when she came to me everything was beautifully clean, so she had no excuse; but she did not attend properly to me, and she left everything so dirty and untidy that it made me quite grieved." "That was very wrong of her," said I; "but never mind, you will soon have it all right again, and, as I suppose that is your first child, and your husband is at work all day, you may take a good deal of rest while baby sleeps." "No," said she, "that I cannot do, for my husband has very delicate health, and cannot do work enough to maintain us, and I *must* work." "What work can you do?" I asked. "I am a dress-maker," she replied. "I am now going to receive orders of a lady." "And have you much employment?" "Quite as much as I can do," she replied. "I am always at work when I can lay down the child, and he sleeps a good deal. When my husband is well enough, he is out from eight in the morning till nine at night; but he is very delicate, and is often at home ill, and I have to nurse him. So that, with keeping my own rooms clean, and doing everything for him and the child, I have my hands pretty full." "And now that you are so weak, how do you manage it all?" I inquired. "Are you not constrained often to lie down and rest?" "Oh!" she replied, "that would never do; I should do nothing if once I gave way. I'm obliged to persevere, and never give over from morning to night, otherwise I should feel my illness more, and should accomplish nothing."

We had more conversation after this, concerning the "rest that remaineth for the people of God," when this scene of toil and trial is over; and I asked her what value she set on that rest, and what was her hope concerning it; I also took down her address, and promised to call on her, which promise I kept. But the words that I found profitable in her little narrative were those at the head of this paper—"I'm obliged to persevere,"—and perhaps they may be a profitable lesson to others.

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THE SLEEPING WARRIOR.

WARRIOR! rouse thee from thy slumbers,
While thou'rt sleeping death is nigh;
Subtle plans thy foes are forming,
Rouse thee, soldier, lest thou die.
Hosts of men, and hosts of devils,
Dare thee to the combat now;
Gladly would they tear the laurels
From that noble, sainted brow.

Gird thee on the heavenly armour,
Sword and helmet, belt and shield;
List! thy name the Captain's calling,
Soldier! brother! never yield.
Hear ye not the martial music
Echoing now from Zion's height?
Lo! it cheers the weary warrior,
As he marches on to fight.

High above the mortal combat,
See the Victor's crown appears,
O'er the portals of that city
Where are hushed the soldier's fears.
Warrior, rouse thee! time is flying,
Fight the fight of faith and love;
Soon the Conqueror's joy shall greet thee,
In the Victor's home above.

FEMALE SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS.—No. III.

REBEKAH.

IT is often remarked by travellers in Eastern countries, that the manners and customs which prevail there in the present day are, for the most part, the same that they were in the times of the Patriarchs. The Arabs, who descended from Abraham through Ishmael, dwell in tents, moving from place to place, wherever grass can be found for their flocks, being still tended by the maidens of the tribe. Still is the wayfarer greeted hospitably by many of these

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tribes, though their general character is far from being honest, and their habits are such as were foretold by the Lord to the mother of Ishmael.—Gen. xvi. 12. Still is the marriage-tie a bargain in which the consent of the parents is given to the union of their child with the man who can offer the highest dowry, and the young couple never meet until after the wedding ceremonies are ended. One traveller relates, that in his sojourn amongst the Nestorian Christians, he witnessed a scene exactly like that recorded in Gen. xxiv., even to a likeness in the names of the bridegroom and his adopted father, which were those of Abraham and Isaac.

It would seem that the worship, or at least the knowledge of the true God was retained in the family of Nahor, the brother of Abraham, since it was thither that the trusty Eliezer was dispatched to procure a wife for Isaac. In fulfilment of the prayer offered up by that truly pious servant, the beautiful Rebekah, first cousin to Isaac, presented herself at the well. We may here remark, that the drawing of water is to this day exclusively the business of the women in Eastern countries.

We admire the easy and graceful courtesy with which Rebekah, unconscious of her coming destiny, not only relieved the thirst of the stranger, but supplied with water his tired camels. None can fully tell the value of such a kind gift, save those who have traversed the hot and sandy deserts of Arabia, with the tongue cleaving to the roof of the mouth, and eyes strained in vain, day after day, to see the longed-for springs. May we not learn here to go beyond mere obligatory duties, to do more than mere necessity or pity demands, for the suffering, the cast-down, and the sorrowful? Nor should we be ever unmindful of the wants of those dumb and faithful creatures which administer to our convenience or comfort, and which are placed by the Creator of all things under the dominion of man, for his use, not for his abuse and neglect.

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"She hath done what she could;" this should be the only limit we should place to our exertions for the benefit of our fellow-creatures.

We hope to accompany Rebekah home next month.

"MOTHER, MAY I GO OUT?"

THUS spake a little boy, nearly sixty years ago, whilst he stood upon the threshold of his home, with his face turned towards his mother. He had been well brought up, and could not go without the consent of her he loved —the reply was, "What do you want to go out for, child?" This was not a negative, and the answer was ready. "I want to go and play; please, may I?" A nod set him free, and away he bounded.

"Well—and why should he not?" some mothers will ask. "O dear, would you like your children to mingle with the rude boys in the street, and learn all their bad ways?" There is danger, no doubt, you will say; but they must mix with worse men very soon, and is it not better for them to get a little experience beforehand, especially whilst they enjoy the guidance of a wise and discreet mother.

But the same parties who are thus anxious about their children in this particular, have no objection to their learning the accomplishment of dancing, which is exceedingly fascinating to the young; also full of danger in after life, leading them to mingle in scenes where the godly man would say, "Come out—be ye separate—touch not." Yes, even at the risk of being thought vulgar, we maintain, that the line of demarcation between the Christian and the world should be plain and clear. We can have no sympathy with those professedly Christian parents, who can encourage and enjoy the midnight dance for their children. But, we are asked, what harm is there in a

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"little innocent private party?" "None at all, certainly." "Is there any more harm in a quiet game at whist, or in a visit to the theatre? Or what harm can there be in taking a stroll to the race-course, to see those beautiful horses exert the powers which God has given them, evidently for swiftness, and which the noble creatures seem fully sensible of, by their struggles for mastery?" Well, suppose that in the abstract there is none, would you like to be seen there? Is it at all congenial with your habits of prayer and praise? Are you really satisfied? Would you like to die there? Is it not mixing with the world, with the enemies of the cross of Christ; going, as far as you can, from the direct commands of Him who bled and died for you, and as near to the pit of perdition as you dare? Is this your love to your friend? What would be said of a man, wedded to the dearest object of his affections, and whom he professed to love as his own soul, if he should be found choosing for his associates and companions the bitterest enemies of his wife and all her connexions, and who were constantly seeking to injure and destroy them? How would the dear one feel? Would it not break all her peace, and make his professions more than doubtful?

In these days of Gospel liberty, there is little danger from outward persecution. We have nothing to fear—at least, for the present—from the dungeon, or the faggot. But we live in more trying times. Christians are now called to exercise a system of self-inflicted discipline, and how few have the moral courage to come out, and be separate, and touch not the unclean thing; to live in meanness and poverty; to be loaded with disgrace and ignominy, and counted as the off-scouring of all things; to be killed all the day long, that they may approve themselves to be "good soldiers of the Lord Jesus Christ." This is, to take up the cross, and follow Him, who died for them; through evil and good report.

Mother! father! if you are going on pleasantly, and

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all is easy with you, cast about—look well to your ways! There is reason to fear you have wandered from the path of self-denial, and are straying in the green fields, and amidst the flowing streams of worldly godliness. Flee! flee for your life! You may find it difficult; but you must fly or perish. M. B.

THE TWO BROTHERS.

(*Continued from p.* 95.)

"Often did we indulge the hope that our dear boys would be spared to us,—grow up to man's estate, and be the means of advancing the Saviour's kingdom,—but our heavenly Father had other thoughts towards them. Our eldest little boy now became exceedingly ill, and, having procured medical aid, we found that symptoms of severe scarlet fever were showing themselves. His little brother was deeply concerned for him, and could not be induced to leave him for long together, returning every now and then to minister to his wants, by giving him a cup of cold water to drink.

"The day following, being Sunday, he became worse, lying in his little bed. I was sitting beside him, when he rose up and said, 'Father, you must *never* tell a story; because, if you do, you can never go to Heaven when you die.' Those words have left an impression on my mind which I think time can never obliterate. I shall remember them to my dying hour, the manner in which they were said was so solemn. During the night, and the next day, he suffered greatly. On the Tuesday, his little brother, who the day before had been well and lively, was attacked with the same disease, and thus both brothers were laid together upon the bed of sickness. It is only a parent's heart that can conceive what were our feelings at this most painful dispensation of Providence; but I trust that, in humble submission to the Divine will, we were enabled to say with Eli, 'It is the Lord, let Him do as seemeth Him good.'

"During the week they evidently grew worse; and one day, as my wife sat by the bedside, she said to our eldest little boy, who was apparently suffering much pain just then, 'You seem very poorly, love—whereabouts are you so poorly?' To which he replied, 'Oh, mamma, I am poorly all over.' His mamma

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said, 'But Jesus will make you better soon, love.' To which he said, with a sweet smile upon his face, 'Yes, mamma, Jesus will make me better off than you can, and give me softer pillows to lay my head on than you can. I love Jesus.' His mamma repeated that sweet verse of Dr. Watts,—

'Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are;'

and he said, 'Yes, I am going to Jesus.' He then sang the little verse beginning—

'There is a happy land,
Far, far away;'

"Often during his illness did he engage most fervently in prayer, with his little hands clasped, and his eyes uplifted towards heaven. When we talked to him of dying, he was very calm and composed; there appeared to be no fear; and often would he say, 'I should like to die, and go to live with Jesus!' At one time, when speaking to him of dying, and asking him if he would like to die, he said, 'Yes; but I cannot find my way to the door, mamma! Will you go with me to the lobby end?' What an expression for a child! Was, indeed, the valley so dark that the dear little lamb, as he was about entering, shrunk for a moment from it, and wished for company?

"Mother!—Father! that valley is dark; but you must go through it alone; no friend can accompany you; and nought but the grace of God, and faith in the atoning sacrifice offered on Calvary, can enable you to pass through without fear; if a possessor of these, you may then say, 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.'

"It was remarkable to see with what patience the dear little fellow bore his sufferings (for they were great), without a murmuring word escaping from his lips. The day previous to his death he said, 'I want to go home;' to which we replied, 'My dear, you are at home;' when he said, 'Yes, but I want to go to my other home.' Several places in which we had lived were named, and he was asked if it was to any of these places that he wished to go, when he replied, 'No! I want to go to my *new home!*' During the night he repeatedly called his little brother, saying, 'John Henry, come with me!

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'Oh, Johnny, come with me; if you don't, you will be lost!' and, rising up in bed, he said, 'Mamma, you will lay Johnny by me, won't you?' She said 'Yes, love!' and she did lay them side by side. The day following he suffered much during the early part of the morning; but towards the afternoon he appeared a little easier; and, sitting up in bed, he asked to kiss each of us, which he did very affectionately; then clasping his little hands together, and looking up towards heaven, he said, 'O Jesus! bless Danney, and forgive him for being a naughty boy, and take him to heaven when he dies, for Jesus Christ's sake.' Then he sang those beautiful lines of Wesley:—

'Hallelujah to Jesus, who died on the tree,
And raised up a ladder of mercy for me!'

After which he said, 'Mamma, I am going to heaven on a ladder;' and, directing his eyes towards the ceiling, he exclaimed, 'Mamma! do you see that man there?'—as though he saw some object which attracted his attention. These were the last words he uttered. We saw him gradually sinking during the afternoon; and about half-past five on the evening of Monday, August 1st, his happy spirit winged its flight to that happy land, where sickness and death are no more known; and is now joining in the song of the redeemed around the throne of God,—

'Around the throne of God in heaven
Thousands of children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing glory, glory, glory!'"

[The end of this interesting story next month.—Ed.]

THANKSGIVING STORY.

"Mary," said the younger of two little girls, as they nestled under a coarse coverlid, one cold night in December. "Tell me about Thanksgiving Day, before papa went to heaven. I'm cold and hungry, and I can't go to sleep; I want something nice to think about." "Hush!" said the elder child; "don't let dear mamma hear you—come

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nearer to me;" and they laid their cheeks together. "I fancy papa was rich. He lived in a very nice house. I know there were pretty pictures on the walls, and there were nice velvet chairs, and the carpet was thick and soft, like the moss-green patches in the wood; and we had pretty gold-fish on the side-table; and Tony, my black nurse, used to feed them. And papa—you can't remember papa, Letty—he was tall and grand as a prince; and when he smiled, he made me think of angels. He bought me toys and sweetmeats, and carried me out to the stable, and set me on Romeo's live back, and laughed because I was afraid! And I used to watch him coming up the street; and then run to the door to jump in his arms. He was a dear, kind papa!" said the child, in a faltering voice. "Don't cry!" said the little one. "Please tell me some more." "Well, Thanksgiving Day we were so happy; we sat around such a large table, with so many people—aunts and uncles and cousins—I can't think why they never come to see us now, Letty. And Betty made such sweet pies; and we had a big, big turkey! And papa would have me sit next to him, and gave me the 'wish-bone,' and all the plums out of his pudding; and after dinner he would take me in his lap, and tell me 'Red Riding Hood,' and call me 'pet,' and 'bird,' and 'fairy!' Oh! Letty! I can't tell any more!—I believe I'm going to cry!" "I'm very cold!" said Letty. "Does papa know up in heaven that we are poor and hungry now?" "Yes—no—I can't tell!" answered Mary, wiping away her tears; unable to reconcile her ideas of heaven with such a thought. "Hush! mamma will hear!" Mamma had heard. The coarse garment, on which she had toiled since sunrise, dropped from her hands, and tears were forcing themselves, thick and fast, through her closed eyelids. The simple recital found but too sad an echo in that widowed heart.—*Fanny Fern.*

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FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

THE HINDOO PRIEST AND THE BABY.

When the Hindoo priest is about to baptize an infant he utters the following beautiful sentiment:—"Little babe, thou enteredst the world weeping, while all around thee smiled; contrive so to live that you may depart in smiles, while all around you weep."

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

The Dead Mother's Baby.—"Sister," said a little one, whose mother's grave had been white with the snows of one winter, "I think I ought to die. Do you think I am good now? I want to be good, for I want to die, and go where ma is; she will wonder why I do not come. I am her baby; and she has been standing by the gate, up in Heaven, ever since she went there, and watching every baby that comes in to see if it is not me."

Trying an Experiment.—A loud and distressful cry was heard proceeding from an upper room, and nimble feet hurried thither, for the outcry was alarming. Miss Katy stood supporting the body of the pussy, whose head she had pushed through a knot-hole in the door. She was screaming dolefully, and calling for an axe to open the door. Help was found, and pussy's head released, and when Katy was asked to explain how it happened that she ever came into such a position, the child sobbed out, "I always heard everybody say a cat would go through anywhere when she could get her head in, and I was only going to try and get mine to do it."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Biblical Literature. No. IV. London: Freeman.

A valuable work for our young friends.

Amy's First Trial. By Sarah Bird. London: B. L. Green.

A pretty, touching tale, which we are sure our young friends will like; particularly when we tell them we have been assured by the author that it is all true.

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THE SISTER'S INFLUENCE.—No. II.

"Am I my brother's keeper?"

Mary Anne Yorkley, when a little girl, obtained, in the household which she made glad by her presence, the pet name of "Little May." Her happy, buoyant spirits suggested this name by her initials; and, like a bright ray of sunshine on a spring morning, little May gladdened by her presence the home circle. As she grew up she was still a bright and joyous creature, who always seemed to live on the sunny side of this life of ours; and when adverse circumstances occurred in her home, causing everybody to frown or look unhappy, the bright glance of her eye seemed to say, "I see light in that cloud, too."

May was an only daughter; but, as she had never been spoiled by over-indulgence in her childhood, she was neither selfish nor conceited. Her three brothers were certainly very unlike her, but over them all she had great influence. Ernest, a fine, noble, benevolent youth, often came to her with his plans and thoughts for the happiness of others; and Walter, who loved himself far better than anybody else, could seldom venture into the full sunlight of her gaze, when he had been acting out the dark shades of his character. Harford, her eldest brother, has often been heard to say he did not want the society of girls, and yet he often found himself very happy with May leaning on his arm, at the very time he intended to be in other society.

"Will you go to Church with me, Walter, this morning?" asked May, one Sabbath. "No, sister mine, I intend going elsewhere; one day in seven is not too much to get a little leisurable pleasure." "Oh! no, to be sure not," replied May; adding, "I have more pleasure on the Sabbath than on any other day." "Oh! yes, *you*, I dare say—you are a little enthusiast; I am not. I don't call going to Church *pleasure*." "You remind me, dear Walter, of Sam Hardy.

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I had a chat with him after he went to spend the day at his sister's, at Ivy." "Had you? Oh! Sam is a jolly fellow; what did he tell you?" "I asked him how he liked his trip? 'Why, Miss,' said he, 'to tell you the truth, I was three days repenting of it, like, for I never felt so tired in all my hard work, in our busiest time; and I see now, well enough, that people are right who say that Church-going folks have hold of the right end of the stick, for they do get rest, and are ready for Monday's work; but, bless me, if my poor bones didn't ache a good one for three blessed days after my Sunday's pleasure.' I was obliged to run away, for I was afraid I should be rude enough to laugh outright, and I did not wish to hurt his feelings." "Ah well! May, but I can understand old Sam in this matter; but I don't think I shall go with you, sister mine, but I will walk to the door, and then I shall see what comes next." Walter did walk to the door, and then he walked inside the old Church and took his seat.

Years passed on, but still May was the spring of pleasure in her father's house. Harford was in practice in a neighbouring town, but he often ran home to have a gossip, as he called it, with his happy family. One morning he rode over to breakfast, and, accosting his sister, he said, "May, I am come to make an important request; I have taken a house, and I must have a housekeeper." May smiled. "Ah! you may smile, but I want no other than your very own self; I am free to acknowledge I trace all my good fortune to your sisterly influence; will you come?" "I must consult papa and mamma first, and, if they have no objection, I will join you for a while." "Ah! you sly thing, and you will talk the matter over with somebody else, you are ready to say. Well! well! Hugh is a dear good fellow. But I must have you for six months to settle my house."

May consented, at the request of her parents, and for some months exercised all her influence in making her

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brother's home happy; and this same brother is often heard to say, even now, that he attributes all his success in life to his sister's counsel, example, piety, and influence. May has another home now, and she may be seen teaching little brothers and sisters the secret of making home happy.

THE YOUNG MOTHER'S DANGER.

"Who can tell what will be on the morrow?"

THERE she sat, that youthful mother, with four little boys at her feet, and one in her arms. A sister-in-law entered with a blanched cheek, and tearful eyes. "Oh! Agnes," she exclaimed, "young Mrs. Moss is dead, and her baby; and I am afraid she was not prepared." "How shocking!" exclaimed the young mother; "is it true?" "Yes, too true; one hour she was as well as usual, the next she was insensible, and opened her eyes in eternity. Oh! Agnes, we ought all to be Christians, that we may be ready for our solemn dangers; they are all about a mother's path." Mrs. Oswald wept bitterly, while the little one on her lap tried to catch the tears with its little, fat, chubby hand. At length she replied, "Well, Martha, I do hope some day to be a Christian."

What did you say, young mother? "You hope, some day!" Why, you need all the graces now, more than in any other period of your life. *Now* you have to train these immortal beings. *Now* you are moulding them for the future of this life, and the next. *Now* they must learn of you the road to happiness and heaven; but, if you know not the road, how can you teach them? And what then? Why, then they will go forth into the world, it may be, a pest to society, a daily source of trouble to you, and miserable themselves. Look upon those pretty boys, with their bright sparkling eyes, their beautifully moulded limbs, and active minds. Shall they not be trained by a Christian

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mother? "Yes," you say, "I hope so, by-and-by. I am too busy now." Ah! but who told you that your life would last till to-morrow? Yesterday, Mrs. Moss was alive; she hoped to be a Christian some day, but, alas! that day never came. She was hurried into eternity, in the midst of all her family bustle, without one moment's warning. Where is she now? Ah! where? Where may you be to-morrow, young mother? You cannot say; put off anything, everything, rather than the preparation for eternity; for, having that business settled, you are safe for this world and the next, and your children shall rejoice on earth and in heaven for the blessing of having been trained by a Christian mother. There are some young mothers, we believe, at this moment crying, in the bitterness of lost hope, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, but we are not saved!" Shall it be so with you? Look at your boys, and think of their immortal destiny, before you answer the question.

ENCOURAGEMENT FOR PIOUS MOTHERS.

Doubtless there are times in your history, pious mother, when you are cast down amidst your many and varied and momentous duties. You look for the good seed you have sown to spring up, and you begin to fear it is lost. You do not see the young hearts influenced by God's Spirit, while your sons and daughters are with you in the homestead; and when they go forth into the world, you dread lest they may fall by the first temptation that they meet in the path of life among strangers. Oh, how anxiously you entreated that son, who lately left the home of his father, to seek Jesus as his best companion, his truest friend! How your heart sank as the train moved off from your view, bearing your treasure! Ah, but remember, good mother, that although your son is far away from the sound of your voice, he is not beyond the influence of

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your prayers; let these follow him, and live on in hope that the world's wanderer may yet be found sitting at the foot of the cross, serving his own mother's God. Listen to the testimony of one such son:—

"Well I remember," says G—— B——, our correspondent, "when a lad of sixteen, leaving my dear and pious mother. The coach was about to carry me to London, where I had no friend to give me counsel. She had prayed earnestly with me, and with many tears she said—'Now, my son, since we must part, the Lord go with thee, and protect and bless thee, and give thee power to resist temptation.' Then, as the stage-coach drove from the village, I saw her straining her eyes to watch me as I passed away. As she prayed that her heavenly Father would protect and guide me, did He hear her, think you? Well, we shall see. When I reached the abode of strangers, in London, oh how I thought of that parting day! I had not been long from home before a snare was laid for me. I was a poor lad, with little money in my pocket, and was lacking many things I greatly needed. At this moment an old man, who ought to have taught me better, tempted me to rob my master. Oh, how I felt in that dangerous hour the power of my mother's teaching and prayers! Her spirit seemed to stand before me, saying again the parting words,—'The Lord go with thee, and protect and bless thee, and give thee power to resist temptation.' I was enabled to resist temptation, and to this day look upon this circumstance as the turning point in my life. The joy and gratitude that filled my good mother's mind were great, indeed, when she heard the particulars of this, my first real trial, and I humbly hope that her prayers and hopes will all be heard and realised. She still lives (at least, so I hope) to rejoice with me. I will just mention one other circumstance as briefly as possible:—

"THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOY.

"A lad with whom I went to school was quite the terror of the village, though blessed with excellent parents, who were ever watching over him with prayerful solicitude. He was one of those wayward, wicked, stubborn-hearted, ungrateful boys, upon whom the most affectionate entreaties were lost; his good father was at the head of the Sabbath school in our village—but often was the whole school thrown into an uproar, and the

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rest of the boys terrified by this lad's resistance to his teacher's orders. At length it was found necessary to expel him. He was then admitted into another Sabbath school, and again cast out. His father prayed, his mother entreated, but all in vain; he left his home and went to Canada; after long years of prayers and tears, his good parents still hoped on. One morning, as they sat at breakfast in their humble cottage, a letter came; it told them of their prodigal—of his being happy—married—and, we would hope, a good man, 'alive from the dead.' Thus, the seed sown in tears grew up in a far distant land, giving promise of good fruit. Let pious parents be encouraged to labour on in faith and love; ye shall reap, if ye faint not, in time or eternity."

THE TWO BROTHERS.

(*Continued from p.* 118.)

"THE other dear boy suffered exceedingly, but bore all his sufferings with great patience. One day, when he appeared to be in great pain, his mamma said to him, 'When Johnny is better we will go to ———, and gather pretty flowers in the fields;' to which he replied, 'Yes, mamma, when that man has filled those two bury-holes up, and I go to my new home, *then* we will gather flowers;' and he laid particular stress on the word *then*. During the illness of his brother, when lying in the same bed with him, he would rise up and look with affectionate earnestness at him; but, unable to say much, would lie down again. At the time he was dying, he sat up and viewed him with a countenance expressive of deep feeling and sympathy. He was shortly removed from the bed and taken into another room, but he anxiously watched the door, as though expecting to see his brother; he, however, made no remark, and asked no question, but we felt convinced that there was a feeling in the child's mind that his brother was dead.

"On the day he was interred, he spoke not a word until the corpse was removed down stairs, when he said in great earnestness, rising up in bed, 'Bring Danny *back* to me; I want Danny!' and in this strain he continued to call out for his brother nearly all the time we were absent from the house. He passed a night of extreme suffering, and on the following day he appeared in great pain. During the morning he expressed a

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wish to kiss us all, and in a most affectionate manner he did kiss us, as though he might have known that it was the last time he was to kiss us. But he particularly clung to his mamma, throwing his little arms around her neck, saying, several times, 'I do love you, my own dear mamma.' Being exhausted with this effort he lay down again.

"On the bed, beside where his mamma was sitting, there was laid a hymn book; his little eyes caught a glance of it, and rising on his hands and knees, though quite exhausted, he crept towards it, and taking it in his little dying hands, he said, 'Sing, mamma,' at the same time giving it to her; but the mother's heart was too full to sing. I was out, or I should have endeavoured to sing, if but one verse, for the dying lamb. He lay down again, and we perceived him gradually sinking; he spoke not again, and about four o'clock on the afternoon of Saturday, August 6th, without a sigh or a struggle, his happy spirit joined his little brother in the realms of everlasting bliss, where all is perfect happiness and joy. On Tuesday, August 9th, his remains were laid beside his brother in the same grave, and there they rest, side by side, until that glorious morning when they shall be called from their resting place to receive at the hands of their Lord a 'crown' and 'a mansion which fadeth not away.'

"Heavy and sore as was the trial, yet I trust in all these things we saw a Father's hand, and were led in meek submission to exclaim, 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' May we, each one, who read this account, like the two little brothers, be found prepared, whenever the messenger of death shall be sent to call us, so that we, like they, may enter into that rest which is prepared for the people of God.

"*Manchester, February*, 1854."

A FEW OF THOMAS STEADY'S THOUGHTS ON THE TURNING POINT.

Some months ago we made the readers of "The Mothers' Friend" acquainted with Thomas Steady, who ascribed the secret of his success in life to always simply

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speaking the truth—we say, simply speaking the truth, because we happen to know some who, though they speak the truth, so overlay it with the imaginings of their own minds, as to render it very difficult to distinguish the one from the other. Our friend's bold stand for the truth had opened a way for his first preferment—now he had left the warehouse, and taken his seat in the dingy counting-house, surrounded by journals, letter-books, ledgers, &c. In this confined space and murky atmosphere he spent many years of his life.

"One day," said he, "I was seated at my desk—on my right was a window looking into a busy street. To prevent distraction, the window was roughly painted, but by way of a little amusement we had scratched a small hole, so that, by applying the eye close, we had a pretty extensive range. I was thus employed one day, when, on the opposite side, I observed two men engaged in earnest conversation: close by, was a little dog. I wonder which is his master, thought I. Just then, they walked to the end of the street, shook hands, and parted; the dog following the gentleman who turned the corner. This turning point was a revealer of secrets, and I began to apply it in a variety of ways.

"There was young John Evans, thought I; a steady and obliging lad, who passed through his apprenticeship with credit, and entered upon life successfully; but prosperity was too much for him—this was *his* turning point, and his true character was revealed—he fell.

"Again—Mary Bright entered a family in early life—continued there till the children went out into the world; one of those, her favourite young master, had not been long in business before he was taken seriously ill; at great inconvenience, but with the fullest confidence, Mary was sent to be his housekeeper; here she became acquainted with those who turned her from the path of truth and righteousness—she betrayed her trust, and left in

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disgrace—it was the turning point, and revealed the true secret of her character.

"There was Emily Ford, she lived with a friend of mine, as housemaid. She was the very pink of neatness and order—perhaps a little too fond of dress, but so obliging, so good-natured, she was a universal favourite. Often I thought, as she let me out—'You will one day make some man happy, Emily, with your smiling looks and kind ways.' Well, as a very natural thing, Emily did get married, and circumstances so turned up that I heard nothing of her for several years; till, one day, I was passing along the street, and met a stout, dirty-looking woman, miserably dressed, with one child in her arms and another dragging at her tattered and dirty gown; but her countenance struck me—I looked inquiringly—yes, it was my old acquaintance, Emily Ford. I saw she knew me, but somehow or other we both passed on, and I have not seen her since. The cares of wedded life became her turning point, and the secret of her true character was developed."

From all this we learn the important lesson:—That we can say of no man what he will be from what he is—circumstances bring out character; let us say,—"Lord, keep me, and I shall be kept." M. B.

THE DELICATE AND INDUSTRIOUS YOUNG MOTHER.—No. II.

"I am obliged to persevere."

How often does it happen to ourselves to feel perhaps weary and ill during the day, when we are inclined to give up our employments and sit down listlessly by the fire. If we can persevere, perhaps we shall feel all the better for it an hour or two hence, than if we had been doing nothing. How often do we rise in the morning

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with such an accumulation of work on hand, that we hardly know where to begin, and give over after a time from sheer hopelessness. Persevere, is the best advice; as soon as one thing is done, begin another.

A mother knows her children ought to have a walk in the morning; she feels unwilling to move, and seeks an excuse for keeping them at home. "Persevere!" the air and exercise that will refresh your children, will recruit your spirit also; you will not be sorry, when it is over, that you obliged yourself to persevere.

The Christian's course is sometimes long and lonely, and discouraging and weary. He is inclined to sit down and sleep, or look to the world around him for excitement and recreation—the world is inviting, and he relaxes his vigilance and conforms awhile to its ways; or the world is threatening, and he yields some point of principle to escape its laugh, or elude its persecution. In such a case, he cannot too forcibly be reminded that to persevere is his only course of safety—turn neither to the right hand, nor to the left; expect not rest till the night cometh, when no man can work. There are hours for rest, and seasons for relaxation; but the spirit that I would warn myself and others against is, that of yielding to difficulties, and needlessly succumbing under the daily trials of life.

A few weeks later I paid my promised visit to Mrs. Thorn; her baby was grown heavier, her hands were full of work, and her husband was at home sick; but she was herself much stronger—she had persevered, and had not been the worse for it; and, in spite of the many trials and troubles of life, of which she assured me she had not a few, she greeted me with a bright welcome, and she met her railway companion with a sweet smile. I could see, by looking around me, that she kept her rooms tidy and clean; her little parlour had everything to make it comfortable, not to say ornamental, in the way of chimney ornaments, the cheap glass and pictures, of which the

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poor are so fond. I left her some tracts, finding it not then a suitable time for conversation. Perhaps some word in them may be to her what her words—"I'm obliged to persevere"—have been to me. E. G.

THEY WERE NEVER CHILDREN.

We talk of Adam and Eve as having been, before the fall, in a very happy condition—but one thing they missed—they were never children. True. We never thought of that. Adam never played marbles. He never played "hokey." He never drove a tandem of boys with a string. He never skated on a pond, or played "ball," or rode down hill on a hand-sleigh. And Eve, she never made a play-house; she never took tea with another little girl, from the tea table set out with the toy tea things; she never rolled a hoop, or pieced a baby quilt, or dressed a doll. They never played "blind man's buff," or "pussy wants a corner," or "hurly burly," or any of the games with which childhood disports itself. How blank their age must have been, wherein no memories of early youth came welling up in their hearts, no visions of childhood floating back from the long past, no mother's voice chanting a lullaby to the ear of fancy in the still hours of the night, no father's words of kindness speaking from the churchyard where he sleeps. Adam and Eve, and they alone, of all the countless millions of men and women that have ever lived, had no childhood.

FEMALE SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS.

REBEKAH.

The presents recorded as bestowed on Rebekah, though of great weight, were such as are worn by Eastern females, who load their persons with heavy gold chains, and jewels

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of all kinds. The ring for the face is the ornament worn in one of the nostrils, frequently so large as to touch the chin. Entirely uneducated, and treated as slaves by their husbands, the attention and time of such females are necessarily given to dress and ornament. How far preferable is the lot of the Christian wife, admitted to share her husband's table, his cares and his joys! We are reminded here of the apostolic rule for the dress of Christian women—1 Tim. ii., 9, 10.

The errand of Eliezer being told, the family of Rebekah readily bowed to what was the evident will of God. Rebekah as readily consented to accept what was really a prospect of a holy and happy, as well as a wealthy union, and departed, taking with her her old nurse, of whose subsequent death we read in Gen. xxxv. 8. Like her mother-in-law Sarah, Rebekah had long to wait ere the promised seed was bestowed. At length God listened to the prayer of Isaac. We gather from the history that Rebekah, in perplexity, sought the throne of grace, and received a full and gracious reply, with a revelation of God's purposes concerning her unborn offspring. Mothers! do you carry your troubles to the same place, and you will find the same ear open to your cry, the same hand stretched forth to aid you.

Our next page in the history of Rebekah exhibits the sad effects of a habit indulged by some parents, of preferring one child above another in their affection and attentions. There would be much in the home-loving Jacob to win for him the love of his mother, whilst her high-spirited and careless Esau was the darling of his father Isaac. Parents! there should be no difference shown in your love for your children. Even when under discipline or punishment, your wayward child should feel that you love him tenderly, and chastise him *because you so love him.*

We are all familiar with the deceit practised on Isaac

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by his younger son, at the suggestion of his mother. Rebekah, blinded by inordinate fondness, forgot that God will not permit human interference in the fulfilment of His decrees. The blessing was given, but the mother was soon punished by the exile from home of him for whom she had committed so great a sin. We do not read that she ever saw him again. Mothers! never hide from your husbands the faults of your children, especially of your sons. Never, by underhanded management, assist in deceiving the one or sereening the other from deserved punishment.

We have no further record of Rebekah's life or death. May we not trust that the trial sent after her sin was blessed to her—that she was brought to rest her love upon the Messiah who was to come, and on Him *alone*.

L. S. T.

THE TRIED MOTHER.

(Continued from p. 101.)

Presently Frederick and John came running in from school, exclaiming, "Mother! mother! father and Mary are coming! Where *has* Mary been with father?" The agitated mother looked up with astonishment, exclaiming, "How *can* it be! where *has* she been with her father?" Soon the father entered, and the mystery was cleared up. Mary had stolen away to her father's shop, knowing, from experience, that whether right or wrong he always took her part.

As the husband entered, with little Mary crouching beneath his arm, he exclaimed, in an angry tone, "What have you been doing to this poor child? She ran down to the shop without any bonnet, terrified out of her senses." "Mary has been very naughty," said the poor mother, almost choked with emotion. "No, I haven't," said the pert little girl, in a sullen tone, drawing still closer to her

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father. "Come, let us have dinner," said the husband, "and as I go to my work I'll take Mary back to her school."

Heavily dragged on the remaining hours of the day to the poor tried mother, and at night, when her little family were all hushed in sleep, she explained to her husband Mary's conduct and her own, and entreated him, with many tears, as he valued her peace of mind and her children's well-being, to unite with her in training them in accordance with the word of God.

Fathers, many of you will read this paper; allow us to entreat you to co-operate in every way you can with the anxious mothers of your children in the wise discipline of home. Never allow your children to imagine for a moment that their father and mother are not agreed in their management; and if at any time you really differ in your opinion, let the matter be discussed when the eyes and ears of your little household are closed in sleep. In vain may the mother try to lead her children in the narrow path, if the father, by his unwise indulgence, counteracts her efforts.

"THE WORST CHILDREN IN THE WORLD."

We once heard a mother say, with a very serious air, "Really, mine are the most tiresome and very worst children in the world: they tell untruths, and deceive me in every possible manner." We were much, very much grieved, and yet we could not help looking with great suspicion upon that parent, and saying to ourselves, "'Tis true, they were shapen in iniquity, and conceived in sin, in common with all Adam's children, yet is there no fault attributable to you—their mother? Have you, day by day, endeavoured to lead them in the way they should go? Have you watched every little sin, or the beginning

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of sin, and administered to the erring one a gentle reproof—a reproof prompted by love? Have you told them to try to imitate the blessed Jesus, the Saviour of sinners, the meek and lowly one, who was obedient to His parents—whose whole life was love? If you have not faithfully discharged this duty, do not condemn them thus, because by far the greater portion of blame is attached to you, and maybe your children will rise up against you in the last great day, and bear record to mistaken trust."—SELECTED BY A. A. C. C.

MASTERS AND SERVANTS.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF NO. III.

"Masters, give unto your servants that which is just and equal."

THIS is God's direction, and it receives illustration in that employer who weighs the peculiar pressure of changing seasons on his servants; the wage that comfortably sufficed to provide food and clothing this year, may be wholly inadequate the next. The upright man does not cast about for other men at the same price, but increases the supply of those he has about him. It is seen, also, in reasonable hours of toil; he consults human endurance, and fixes his claim accordingly. It is seen in the carefulness with which he apportions his payments, when made in corn or meal; not exacting a price exceeding that which his servant would give elsewhere, but if there are fractions, giving to the poor the advantage. The upright man revolts at the advantage which it is in his power to take of his dependents. Once more, it is seen in his anxiety to provide for his labourers a regular and steady series of employment; not availing himself of their labour when busy seasons make them so profitable, and anon discharging them when the return to the employer is small; but he

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desires that there should be mutual participation—the servant shall have that which is just and equal.

The upright servant regards as his own the property of every kind placed beneath his care. You do not hear him announce with careless indifference the casualties that attend all property, animate or inanimate; on the contrary, you see in every instance real concern, a sympathy with his employer, that cannot be mistaken. Space will not permit a special enumeration of subjects; every servant will recur to his own particular calling, and he may feel confident that integrity demands the state of feeling referred to. He is not only careful to avoid losses personally, but he diligently preserves his trust from injury by others. Who does not see the strangeness of the notion, that a servant shall see his fellow-servant plundering his employer, and excuse his silence by a pretended plea of unwillingness to injure the thief? Can this be integrity? Let conscience answer; yet we fear it is very common. The upright servant scrupulously fills his master's time; the hour appointed sees him at his post; the season for refreshment is not exceeded; the evening witnesses his faithful fulfilment. Once more, the upright servant is industrious and persevering; not a loiterer; not disposed with slovenly haste to hurry over a prescribed task, leaving his work worse than unfinished—externally done but internally neglected—deceiving his master and disgracing himself.

May our plain remarks fulfil the Scripture—"*A word to the wise is sufficient!*"

BEGIN EARLY.

DODDRIDGE'S MOTHER.

About one hundred and fifty years ago there lived, in a stifled street in London, a tradesman and his wife, who, with many misgivings, watched the slender form and pale

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cheek of a little boy, their only son, and, with one exception, the sole survivor of twenty children. The utmost that they dared to hope for, as the result of parental faithfulness, was, that "poor little Philip" might, by the grace of God, be prepared for an early death. For this they laboured, and prayed, and wept together. The chimney of the family room, where they usually sat after their evening meal, was ornamented, according to a fashion which had been imported from Holland, with a series of painted tiles. On these tiles were pictured, with rude taste, scenes and events recorded in the Scriptures. There, "in deep blue, on a ground of glistening white," were Adam and Eve and the serpent; next in order were Elisha's bears, devouring the irreverent children. Then followed Joseph, and the pit into which his brethren cast him. And here, at the end of the series, we may suppose, stood the stern men who frowned on the little children as they came to Christ.

Those pictured tiles were to "poor little Philip's" unlettered mother more precious than the gold of Ophir; they were her pictorial Bible. In her homely way, she expounded them to her son, as he was seated by her side in the old arm-chair. She poured into his curious ear her rude but truthful conceptions of man's lost condition, of God's wonderful providence, and of His more wonderful grace. She found a willing pupil. God's truth, extracted by maternal diligence from that painted wall, sank deep into the pale boy's heart. His delicate sensibilities grew around it, and became rooted in its embrace. The distinguishing feature of his youthful piety was a love of the Bible; it grew with his growth, and strengthened with his strength; it fashioned itself, in the depths of his soul, into the germ of a hidden purpose, which the providence of God at length developed. Thirty years afterwards, when the Rev. Dr. Philip Doddridge was engaged in the work of composing the "Family Expositor," he traced back the

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impulse which, by the grace of God, had moved him to that work, to those old Dutch tiles which had been the text-book of his early lessons in his mother's arm-chair.

A MOTHER WHO WOULD NOT SUBMIT.

A MOTHER bent o'er her suffering babe,
Seeking to comfort and hoping to save,—
She pillowed his head on her aching breast,
His parched lips bathed as he sank to rest.
And as she marked his feverish breath,
She thought her infant was sinking in death,
And, clasping her hands, in accents wild,
Cried—"Father of Mercies, oh, spare my child!"

But her infant grew weaker and weaker each day,
And still more earnest did the mother pray;
She gazed in tears on her beautiful boy—
She could not bear that her child should die.
Her prayers were marked by their fervent tone,
But the will of heaven was not her own—
Her only prayer was that cry so wild,
That Death's cold hand should not take her child.

She prayed *not*—"Lord, if it be thy will,
Spare him, oh, spare him to me still!
Yet, not my will, but thine, O God—
Give—give me strength to bear the rod;
And if my infant is spared to me,
Lord, grant that he may live to thee!"
NOT *thus—not thus* did that mother cry,
But only that Death might spare her boy!

That cry was heard—disease passed o'er—
And her boy was a playful child once more;
Years fled away—he to manhood grew—
But that mother far greater sorrow knew!
For he trod a reckless course of sin,
And his mother's love was nought to him!
He slighted her warnings—he laughed at her fears,
Though he saw her grief and her bitter tears!

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Now the sands of her life were nearly run,
And that mother must leave her only son.
In sorrow, her heart to God had been given—
She was hastening now to her home in heaven;
But her earthly treasure—the child of her love,
Had he died a *babe*, they had met above!
And now she mourned o'er that cry so wild,
When she wrestled with God for the life of her child.

M. A. E.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

BIRDS OF THE AIR.

THE Preacher intimates that it is unsafe to curse the king, lest the birds of the air should carry the voice, and "that which hath wings shall tell the matter." But this is not confined to kings. There is no telling what birds are listening when we speak in private, and it is never safe to speak of others what we would not be willing that they should hear. The best and safest rule is never to say that of another which we would not be willing that he should hear. If all would act on this principle, then the tale-bearer would be forced to pursue some honourable calling, and the careless speaker would no more be put to shame by being confronted with his friend whom he has traduced. Read to your children about these "birds of the air," in the 10th chapter of Ecclesiastes, and talk to them of the matter, that they may learn to keep the door of their lips.

WISHING JOY!

The good John Newton one day called upon a family whose house and goods had been destroyed by fire. He found its pious mistress in tears. "Madam," said he, "I give you joy!" Surprised, and half offended, she exclaimed, "What! joy that all my property is consumed?" "I give you joy," he replied, "that you have so much property that no fire can touch!" Mother! have you such treasures?

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SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

Little George's Request.—This little fellow was exceedingly fond of cake. One day his mother had some friends coming to tea, so, seating her little boy by the fire, and giving him a slice of cake, she said, "Now, George, you must be a very good, quiet little boy. The friends are coming into tea now, and you must sit still and eat your cake. Do not trouble mamma till they are all done. I have given you a large slice, so you must not ask me for more." George was a dear, good little fellow, and he wanted to mind his mother, but the cake went so very soon! He sat looking at his fingers, and picking up every crumb; then his eyes glanced longingly towards the table, and the next moment the company were astonished, and not a little amused, if the truth must be told, by hearing an entreating voice, from a little kneeling figure, with bowed head and clasped hands, saying, in a silver voice, "O God, give George another piece of cake. *Please do.*"

SOLOMON'S RAGS.

"There, dear," said a father to a little girl, "there is a beautiful flower for you; more beautiful than Solomon in his glory." The next morning the flower was faded, and the petals fell over the vase. "Papa! papa!" said the child, "come and see the flower; it is Solomon in his rags now."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Pictorial Pages. Vol. I. London: Partridge and Co.

A cheap little periodical, worthy the support of all who feel any interest in the young.

Five Hundred Questions on Scripture History, with a Chart. By M. L. Moore. London: Hamilton and Co.

We cordially recommend this cheap little work to mothers and teachers.

A Lecture. By William Bettle. London: Tweedie, Strand.

Those who are interested in the temperance movement, and have a little cash to spare, would do well to circulate this lecture.

A Paper on Climbing Boys. Manchester: H. Bradshaw.

We do hope mothers will feel the importance of doing all they can to put down the cruelty of forcing little boys into the destructive [illegible] of sweeping chimneys.

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RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.—No. VIII.

Of all the things that memory delights to dwell upon, of our early days, are the looks and words of those dear ones who are gone down to dwell among the mighty dead. The Ettrick Shepherd says :—

"Oh, the last look is hard to bear,
Even of a stock, or old grey stone;
Anything to childhood dear,
Which memory loves to dwell upon.
But fond affection never proved
So thrilling—so severe a pain—
As looking on a face beloved,
We know we ne'er can see again."

We have read with interest of an old man, nearly blind with age, who felt the greatest pleasure in accompanying his young relative to the home where he had lived in love and happiness with those who had gone to the grave before him; how he *felt* about in the grotto, and pointed out where the different shells were placed by hands of brothers and sisters motionless in the grave; and, as he passed by some noble limes, he exclaimed, as the bees came humming about him—"Just the sound which used to delight me in childhood!" Yes, we change, and our beloved ones are changing; but Nature remains as young and beautiful as ever, and the sun will shine as brightly on our grave as on our natal day.

Then, again, we hear the aged man describe his ancient grandmother as accurately as he could have done at sixteen:—"I can fancy I see her now," said he, "seated in her richly-carved, high-backed chair, with her large silver buckles—a stiff full dress, of rich silk—apron, cuffs, and handkerchief of the finest cambric—a massy gold watch hooked on her apron-string—several mourning rings on her fingers—then a delicately white little cap, with her silvery hair smoothed back, and a black hood of la-

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which was the symbol of widowhood—her gold-mounted spectacles in a tortoiseshell case, and a large Bible, with a crimson-velvet cover and gold clasps, lying open before her. These," continued the old gentleman, "were trifles in themselves; but they became fixed in my memory, happily *not alone*, but in connexion with many holy sentiments—many portions of Scripture read and affectionately pressed home upon me by my venerable ancestor, or committed to memory by me at her request. Before she died, all her children and grandchildren were gathered around her, to receive her parting blessing and admonitions, reminding me of the patriarch Israel. Blessed be God," he added, "for pious ancestors!" Yes, we may add, blessed in life, remembered when among the dead, and blessed in eternity.

Mother! what good and holy influences and example are you likely to leave among your children?—Will they arise and call you blessed?

HINTS FOR PARENTS AND SONS.

"WHAT in creation have you done! Careless boy, how could you be so heedless? You are for ever cutting some such caper on purpose to ruin me, I believe. Now, go to work, and earn the money to pay for it, will you? lazy fellow!" Coarse and passionate exclamations these; and yet they were uttered by a father, who would have been very indignant if any one had hinted he was anything but a gentleman and a Christian. His son, a well-meaning lad of fourteen, had accidentally hit the end of a new walking-cane against a delicate vase, and it lay in fragments at his feet. He was sadly frightened, and very sorry, too, and would have put in a humble plea for forgiveness, but for the harsh reproof of his father, and his going out of the street-door, closing it with more than usual force; but now the lad's feelings were anything but dutiful.

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Just then his mother entered—"Why, James Coleman," she exclaimed, "did you do that? I declare you are the most careless boy I ever beheld! That beautiful vase your father gave me—I would not have had it broken for a large sum." "Mother, I just hit it accidentally with this little cane, and I am sure I am as sorry as I can be." "And what business has your cane in the parlour, I should like to know? I will take it, and you will not see it again for some time—I wish your father had chastised you severely;" and taking the offending cane from his hand, she, too, left him to himself.

James then began to think that if he had done the most wicked thing in the world, he could not have been scolded worse. "That dear little cane! Oh! they scold me for everything. I hate everybody, and I won't bear it. To be sure, I might have a good home; but my father is all bustle, and my mother all fret—fret. I don't think they love me—so the sooner I am out of the way, the better. I am sure, if father is trying to save money to leave me some of it, I had rather have kind words, as we go along, than all the money he can give." More of James next month.

A DAY WITH THE COTTAGER'S WIFE AND HER BIBLE.

THE Bible is an every-day book. There is no greater mistake than to consider it as a Sunday book, to be laid on the cottage shelf through the week, and only taken down on the Sabbath day. There is scarcely a circumstance in the daily life of the cottage mother, to which the Bible does not refer. If, in reading it, we would notice these passages, and treasure them in our memory, all the most common duties of life would become rich with lessons of heavenly truth. The daily work, which is so often complained of as drawing the soul from God, would be a

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stepping-stone to lead it to Him. Let us see how many circumstances, which might befall a cottager's wife in one day, are made the subject of Scripture teaching.

WAKING IN THE MORNING.

It is early dawn. The cottage mother sleeps; her children are around her; the duties of a wife and mother rest upon her; she has many a cause for anxiety; but she heeds them not now—she is in a deep sleep. This is well; she needs rest, and God has given it to her. But what if her sleep continued? What if the song of the birds and the rising sun failed to waken her? What if the precious hours of the day were wasted in this dead slumber? How soon ruin would stare her in the face. This deadly slumber is used in the Bible as an image of those who are "dead in trespasses and sins." The sleeping soul has duties to fulfil—duties that must be performed at the peril of everlasting ruin; yet it heeds them not. It has many a cause of anxiety—for *death* and judgment are at hand—yet it sleeps on, in heavy unconsciouness. Oh, that such would be reminded, by each morning's wakening, of that warning voice which cries to them—"Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light."

[We hope to take you to the Cottage Mother's Home again next month.—ED.]

THE MOTHER, THE SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHER, AND THE LITTLE GIRL;

OR, A VOICE FROM THE WORK-ROOM.

"AND when do you wish this dress to come home, ma'am? Will you please to give me as long as you can—I am very busy." "On Monday morning, certainly, Mrs. Rice, for I leave home on Tuesday, and I shall want to pack it up. Can you finish it?" "I will try, ma'am."

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Miss Stanley was in a hurry, and with a courteous "Good morning" she left the room. Had she once glanced at the astonished and grieved face of her dressmaker our little narrative would not have been written, for Miss Stanley was, and had been for many years, a Bible Christian.

It was Saturday at noon, and, with a sigh, Mrs. Rice folded up the dress and pattern, and, after purchasing materials and her own little marketings, returned home. Not till after her children and her husband were in bed, was she at liberty to commence her task. Midnight, aye! one, two, three o'clock of the Sabbath morning found her still stitching away. At length, half-blinded and wearied out, she sought her bed for a short rest, as it was necessary to rise early to prepare her children's breakfast, and send them to the Sunday school. The husband went to church, and, after putting their dinner into the oven, his wife sat down, not to read the Bible, but to pursue her unholy employment, which was only laid aside when the return of her family obliged her to make ready the dinner.

"Mother," said her eldest girl, Anne, looking first at the work and then at her parent, "mother, have you been sewing?" "Yes, love, it is Miss Stanley's dress, which must go home to-morrow, as she leaves on Tuesday." "Oh! mother, I am sure Miss Stanley would be quite grieved at your working for her on a Sunday; are you sure you quite understood her?" "Yes, child." "But, mother," pursued the girl, "she has only this morning taught us in the school that we must never break the Sabbath for any one—that it is God's day, and we have no right to use it for ourselves or for others. And, mother, she always does herself what she teaches us to do. Let me ask her this afternoon if there is not a mistake; I am sure she will not be angry." "Hush, Anne, you know I must not offend her; your father works there, and might lose his place." "Whether or no, mistress, I will never have such a thing done again," said her husband, who ought to have

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done and said more, but worldly interest prevailed over his convictions. The child was silenced; and, after dinner, when again alone, the mother resumed her task. This time, however, the tears fell over her work, and conscience struggled hard.

The sequel next month.

PAGE FOR OUR LITTLE READERS.

Look around you, little friend, and try to reflect. See, there sits the father, and the dear, dear mother, and yonder is the group of brothers and sisters. Here, in its little cradle, lies the baby, with its brow of snow and its soft rosy cheek. All the dear ones, perhaps, are with you now, but they cannot tarry always—perhaps not long. The kind father may be the first to lie low, with the closed eye and the sealed lip of death. Or the mother, so patient and so mild, may be borne away to the silent grave. The baby's innocent heart may grow cold, and its sweet voice be hushed for ever, ere another week goes by; and the brothers and the sisters may be missing from their places just as soon.

Oh, little children, if you would not have pale, sad faces, and reproachful voices gathering about you in the years to come, be dutiful and affectionate to your parents, and kind, always kind and loving, to your brothers and sisters. Then, when you sit silently, years hence, in the eventide, the phantoms from the remembered past, which will be ever thronging your thresholds and creeping to your firesides—which will fill the vacant seats beside yours, and flit along the walls—will all smile upon you, and you will rejoice greatly in their company. The father's and the mother's face will look kindly upon you, with earnest and pleasant eyes. The brothers and the sisters will float often by you, and you will love to see their graceful,

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shadowy forms and waving hair. When you awake in the calm morning they will be near you, and even in the brightness of noon they will not all be gone. They will be your chosen companions until you, too, lie down to sleep, and rise up no more till the morning of the resurrection.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY MOTHER; OR, THOUGHTS FOR GROWN-UP DAUGHTERS.

"It is only with sadness," said an aged friend, "that I can look back on my past life. It has not been eventful, but such a one as years of penitence cannot atone for. My mother! to see her was to love her. She was of a gentle, affectionate nature, and, from my earliest recollections, an invalid. My father died when I was but four years of age, and my mother's health declined more perceptibly after the sad event I am about to relate. It was the death of my brother. Yes, he died too—her only son, on whose future she had spent so much thought—her idol was torn from its throne! My poor mother! she had no happiness then; there was no balm for her wounded heart, for it was placed on earthly things.

"I wonder now, though I did not at that time, that, knowing of the Great Physician, she would not go to Him to be healed, but sat in her grief, silent, and without comfort. I can see her now, sitting at her usual place, a window from which she could look upon the churchyard; and there, with her head resting upon her hand, she would remain for hours, gazing, in tearless grief, towards the resting-place of her son. And I—you may ask—where was I? Was I by her side, trying with loving words to win her from her deep sorrow? No! I blush while I speak, and well I may. My mourning was not like hers, one of years; but, before long, I laughed and sang among the gay, forgetful of the dead, and more so of my bereaved moth-

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who suffered alone—the widow and the childless. Yes, childless! for I was never a child to her—she stood alone, without friends or sympathy.

"My eighteenth birthday arrived. My mother's pale cheek grew paler, and her step more feeble. She was now reconciled to her loss, for she had found consolation from her Bible—her now constant companion. Her favourite window was no longer a seat of repining, but the place where, at the hour of twilight, she meditated on her future home, where sadness never comes. Since her death I have read in her journal prayers made at this time—the earnest outpourings of her soul before God, followed by calm and happy thoughts expressive of her belief—the simple breathings of faith, which restored peace to her troubled mind. I noticed this change in my mother, but it did not affect my sinful heart. I also tried to banish from my mind all thought of the change which was so visible in her. Her walk was shortened. She could not now even visit the grave of her son. I was told that she could not live much longer, but I would not listen. I had heard the same for many years, and did not believe the sad truth."

[The saddest day of all, in this daughter's history, is yet to come.—Ed.]

CHILDREN AND FLOWERS.

The gardener's son was only three years old, but so passionate and self-willed, that his parents found it very difficult to manage him. If he did not get what he asked for immediately, he would stamp with his little feet, strike every one that opposed him, and even throw anything he had sufficient strength to wield. To check these passionate outbursts each parent would occasionally correct him—his father sometimes rather severely—but, hitherto, with no improvement. The child, discovering that he was flogged

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when he did not please his parents, got also to act similarly to those with whom he was not pleased, saying, "I shall flog you, you are very naughty." His father being thus foiled, was led to consider whether a better management might not be adopted with his little son.

He thought of the beautiful plants—many of them rare exotics—entrusted to his care. In order to manage these properly, he knew how much care and patience were required. He remembered how he had studied their habits, and, as far as the nature of the ground would permit, planted them accordingly—some delighting in an exposed situation, others requiring shelter; but, although he gave equal care to all, they all did not equally flourish. So the gardener began to reason with himself in this way:—

"Here is my beloved boy, given me by the Lord of Heaven, to fit him to be transplanted to a heavenly inheritance. I will treat this plant with the same degree of forbearance I use towards the flowers entrusted to my care by my earthly lord." Reflecting in this way, he saw that when those plants did not flourish according to his wish that he felt no anger against them, but set about to examine the cause, and, if possible, remove it. Sometimes, those he trusted to water his plants he found neglected to do so; others were in too rich a soil; and some, perhaps, not sufficiently good; but, withal, he found it necessary to have the ground thoroughly prepared, so that the roots might expand and take firm hold of the soil. He would by no means shake or strike the tree, even incautiously or hastily planted.

But one thing he found necessary for all—that, my dear readers, was a *sunbeam*. Whether tall or short, growing on the hill, valley, or side of a stream, each and all refused to flourish when deprived of the sun's rays; these considerations led this father to alter his treatment of his little son, and to determine to give him sufficient light and heat—in other words, *education* and *kindness*. Not simply sending him to school to learn a few lessons from a book, and,

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perhaps, an equal number of wild tricks, but to take his child upon his knee, and give him lessons regarding the law of kindness, the beauty of the flowers, the adaptation of insect life, the goodness and kindness of God, our Heavenly Father, in thus placing each where the greatest degree of happiness can be attained.

This plan of treating this passionate child is working the desired result. The little face brightens when he hears his father's footsteps, and he runs to meet him, sure at least of a little sunlight; for what can be more like it than the parent's cheerful smile? Instead of walking away with a sullen look of defiance, there is springing up childish trust and confidence; and when outbreaks of temper arise, as arise they will, a few firm words, kindly expressed, even a look of sorrowful reproof, do more, far more to suppress them, than a blow ever did. Parents, you possess a wide field of usefulness, and a fearful responsibility is yours.

There is a false kindness, or lazy indulgence, you are too prone to give way to, not liking to take the trouble to inculcate good habits, particularly those that require example to enforce. Incautious example is every whit as bad as undue severity. Your children are close reasoners; therefore, dear friends, take heed to your ways, that you cause not one of these little ones to offend.—*From "Our Village," by* A. A. C. C.

MASTERS AND SERVANTS.—No. IV.

KINDNESS AND CONCILIATION.

The world and its concerns are full of material to test the dispositions of those who have to mingle with them; nor are we at all competent to judge how, in given circumstances, we should comport ourselves, till these peculiarities actually occur; but the more closely we come in contact

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with others, the more effectually is the test applied. The relations sustained by those to whom these papers specially refer, furnish almost as numerous points of difficulty as any to which our thoughts could be directed. Too frequently the principle we contended for in No. I. is forgotten, and there springs up a state of mind the reverse of that it is now our intention to treat of, for a little space. Kindness and conciliation, built on the foundation, No. III., will show a character in any station beautiful and useful. The position of the master has many a rough and difficult point; the anxieties of business and its disappointments chafe his spirit, give him anxious days and wakeful nights. Often, when in direct intercourse with his servants, there is a painful undercurrent of intense feeling, unsympathised with, because unknown. It may be, he meets apathetic coldness, or careless indifference, or contemptuous disregard; and his irritation is shown in passion, angry upbraidings, violent abuse. How much to be preferred is the spirit we now recommend—a calm suppression of rising choler, and a temperate appeal to the common principles of humanity and Christian principle; this will assuredly be, in its results, more, far more likely to effect the object aimed at—a recognition of mutual duty. But we hear each party often say, "I will have my right—none shall trample on me." Well! we fully grant this, but demur to the conclusion, that hasty, passionate exclamations are the surest way to attain it; so far from it, we are fully assured that nothing tends so effectually to widen the breach, or perpetuate the offence, as such a course. "A soft answer turneth away wrath." The reverse is true; an angry, bitter tongue biteth like an adder.

Causes of contention will arise; they are inseparable from your mutual position; but once determine that a kind and conciliatory spirit shall be adopted, and you will be astonished to find how apparently insuperable obstacles will vanish; misunderstandings will find solution, and a com-

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paratively equable and tranquil course will be found for all. For a full-length portrait of such a character, we have only to study patiently and constantly His example, who was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners, who has left us an example that we should follow His steps.

J. O. V.

"ONLY POOR CHILDREN."

HERE is a primary school: what a host of little ragged urchins are crowding in! Suppose I step in quietly among them? How they take their places in seats terraced off one above another, so that each little face is distinctly visible. What a pretty sight! and how Nature loves to compensate! sending beauty to the hovel, deformity to the hall. There is a boy now, in that ragged jacket, who is a study for an artist. See his broad, ample forehead; mark how his dark eyes glow: and that little girl at his side, whose chestnut curls droop so gracefully over her soft-fringed eyes and dimpled shoulders. And that dream child in yonder corner, with blue-veined transparent temples, whose spiritual eyes even now can see that fadeless shore to which bright angels beckon him. Deal gently with him—he is passing away! Here comes the teacher—brisk, angular, and sharp-voiced. Heaven pity the children! She's a human icicle; pasteboardy and proper! I already experience a mental shiver. Now she comes up, and says (apologetically to my new satin cloak), "You see, madam, these are ONLY poor children." The toadying creature! Lucky for her that I'm not "a committee." Can't her dull eyes recognize God's image in linsey-woolsey? Can she see no genius written on yonder broad forehead? No poetry slumbering in yonder sweet eyes? Did Franklin, Clay, and Webster study their alphabet in silk and velvet? She ought to be promoted to the dignity of toe-nail polisher to the Pope! Now she

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hands me a book, in which visitors' names are inscribed, and requests me to write mine. Certainly—"Mrs. John Smith"—there it is. Hope she likes it as well as I do.—*Fanny Fern.*

"I LAID ME DOWN AND SLEPT."

THE following circumstance took place in a family not long ago:—

A blooming group, at evening prime,
Moved by their parent's voice,
Each offered from the Book Divine
Some fragment of their choice.

And one, a beauteous boy, o'er whom
Four happy years had swept,
Raised his clear trustful eyes, and said—
"I laid me down and slept."

"O sweet, my son, the gem you bring,
Yet know you not the rest?—
'I woke, because the Lord sustained;'
Complete the sentence blest."

But still that student of the skies
His first selection kept;
"No, dear mamma, just this alone,
'I laid me down and slept.'"

That night the fever smote him sore,
With dire, delirious pain,
And fiercely on his heart-strings fed,
Till every hope was vain.

Then all at once, in slumbers soft,
The darling sufferer lay,
And, like a lamb of Jesus, slept
His gentle life away.

He slept; but, with what glorious joy,
In strains of seraph love,
The *waking words* he spoke not here,
Shall be pronounced above.

L. H. S.

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HOPE FOR THE SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHER! HOPE ON EVER!

"My beloved is gone down to his garden to gather lilies."

MARY —— was admitted, at a very early age, into the Sunday school in the parish of ——; there was nothing extraordinary in her abilities, they were of an ordinary kind, but there was something remarkable in her sweet temper and cheerful disposition, which shone forth in her bright blue eyes. She was ever regular, and appeared to love her school, her teacher, and the instruction given her; but no evidences of Divine grace appeared till she was nearly eight years old—the love of Jesus, and the name of Jesus, then seemed inexpressibly sweet to this dear child; she would try to assist her companions in finding the Scripture proofs required of them, whilst I was instructing the younger ones in their reading—that, to quote her own words, "Dear Miss —— might have more time to talk about Jesus."

If I was indisposed, or appeared unhappy, her sweet comfort was as balm to my wounded spirit. I lost a dear friend, and felt my loss very severely, the first Sunday I taught after her removal. Little Mary left her place and stood by my knee, with her sweet eyes fixed supplicatingly on my face; and when asked what she would say to me—"Dear teacher," she replied, "I want you not to cry any more." I replied, "You know, my dear, you have all lost a kind friend as well as myself." "Oh, dear teacher," she exclaimed, "she has only gone to sleep—she was so tired when she went to bed; but she will not stay there long, and when we see her again she will be quite awake, and will be tired no more." "What," I said, "do you mean?" "I mean, teacher," she answered, "that sin, and fighting with Satan, have made her tired—the grave only her bed for a little time, and when we see her

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again, she will be like Jesus, all beautiful—oh, dear teacher, so beautiful!" I said, "How do you know *you* shall see her again?" "Because," she replied, without a moment's hesitation, "I have been a sinful child, I know; but Jesus died for me, Jesus pleads for me, and Jesus loves me."

She loved to see me in the week, alone, and never left without, in some way, mentioning her Saviour's love. I once remarked to her—"I hope that you will have a nice play this dinner-hour; see how brightly the sun shines!" "Yes," she said, "but do, dear teacher, before I go, pray with me that the Sun of Righteousness may shine upon us; for when yonder sun goes down at night, we shall want Jesus to stay and take care of us." She loved to think of Heaven, the crown of gold, the harp of gold, and the white robes; and any difficult word in her lessons always sent her to me for an explanation.

No weather prevented her attendance, and no cold or wet seemed to affect her health; however, the Lord, in love, saw fit to transplant this bud of sweet promise to blossom in a happier land—her illness began with cold, and terminated in rapid consumption. Her patience, her faith, her joy, in the midst of suffering and pain, were truly exemplary. I frequently saw her, and not then being aware of the incurable nature of her malady, expressed a hope that, on the return of Spring, renewed health and strength might be granted her; to which she replied—"Yes, dear teacher, I shall be quite well, I think, by the Spring, for—

> 'There everlasting Spring abides,
> And never-withering flowers;
> Death, like a stream, alone divides
> That goodly land from ours.'"

(*To be concluded next month.*)

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THE THORN IN THE PILLOW.

A LITTLE girl went to visit her grandmother, some distance from her mother's and her father's home—she seemed very happy all day, and she had everything around her to make her happy; but when her kind grandmother went to look at her, after she was asleep, she observed a tear-drop on the little girl's cheek—"Ah," said the old lady, the next morning, "you were a little home-sick last night, dear." "Oh no, grandmother," Mabel replied, "I could never be home-sick here." It was just so the next night, and the next; at length, the grandmother thought, as the little girl seemed troubled, she would sit in the next chamber until the child went to sleep. Presently, although Mabel was tucked up, she began to rustle the quilt, and shake her pillow, and the grandmother thought she heard a little sob; so she went to the little girl's bed, and said —"Mabel, my child, you have got a thorn in your pillow —what is it?" Then the little girl hid her face, and began to cry aloud. The grandmother was very troubled. At length, the little girl said—"Oh, grandmother, when I am alone here, I cannot help thinking how I said—'I WON'T, mother,' and *I cannot unsay it;* and mother is so good, and loves me so, and I—I was so naughty;" then the tears streamed afresh down the child's cheeks. Here, then, was the thorn in the pillow, and she could not withdraw it.

Ah, so it will be, by-and-by, with that little boy who is selfish and unkind at home now; when he is away, among strangers, he will think of the home of his childhood, and the recollection of some unkind word or action will be a thorn in his pillow when he retires at night. And that little girl, who does not care to help her good mother now, will find a thorn in her pillow when that mother sleeps in the grave.

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That young man, too, who will not listen to his good father's advice, and who hates his father's religion and his father's God, will find a thorn in his dying pillow that no mortal friend will be able to withdraw. Mother! Father! Are you planting any sharp thorns that will spring up in that last pillow, by neglecting or half-attending to your momentous duties?

THE FATHER'S PAGE.

SOME ESSENTIALS IN A FATHER TO RENDER HOME HAPPY.

THE husband and father is bound by an inevitable obligation to vindicate his authority before the family.

First, *by acquainting himself with all the duties of that sacred relation.* If a man appointed to an office in the State neglects to acquaint himself with the duties of that office, and the State thereby suffers injury, he encounters public reprobation, and lays himself open to impeachment. Now, the family constitution lies at the foundation of all the forms of civil and Christian society. To be willingly ignorant, then, of the right mode of administering it, is to incur a high degree of criminality.

Secondly. *The paternal authority is to be perpetuated by the maintenance of a wholesome example.* The example of the father is generally the means of moulding the son's character. How exact, then, should it be? The father should be content with nothing short of that resolution, "I will walk within my house with a perfect heart."

Thirdly. *Authority should be tempered with tenderness, but not annihilated by indulgence.* "As a father pitieth his children." By that tender trait is the disposition of God himself illustrated. It may and ought to exist, even in the bosom of sterner mould. "And, ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath, but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." The cares and vexations incident to the pursuits of men too often produce

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an irritable state of mind, that disqualifies them from rightly discharging parental duty. How can these tender plants withstand the storm of passion that sometimes bursts on their heads? Fathers, provoke not your children, lest they be discouraged. Correct them, but *not in anger.*

Fourthly. *The best instruction is the best government.* Happy is he who is accustomed to say, as he gathers round him the dear ones who constitute the home circle, "Hear, ye children, the instruction of a father, and attend to know understanding; for I was my father's son, tender and only beloved in the sight of my mother. HE TAUGHT ME ALSO." He did not throw off the responsibility from himself to my mother, but was willing to share it with her. Fathers, go and do likewise.

Again. *One of the noblest auxiliaries of parental duty is* PRAYER. Even for poor Ishmael, the father of the faithful prayed, "Oh! that Ishmael might live before thee!" How then did he wrestle for Isaac, before and after his birth! How when, in view of the approaching sacrifice on Moriah, he sought the solitude of the forest, and, taking the lad with him, fervently prayed to God! How did Jacob wrestle with the angel of the covenant for his dear children in the hour of apprehended danger, even until the breaking of the day! And how have many fathers agonised at the eternal throne, until salvation was poured upon their families!

Once more. *Authority should be so exercised as to secure habitual obedience;* then will obedience to God be more easily rendered. In proportion to the deeper deference naturally paid by children to the authority of a father, is parental responsibility increased. How perfect, then, should be the example of a father?

We do not often presume to give fathers any counsel, but we have heard a little whisper of grumbling, that we "spare no time for fathers." We now ask them to ponder these thoughts.

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LIFE'S FIRST YEARS.

"Next to the qualities with which a man is born, the influences which his parents and his family exert are powerful in shaping his after-course. Mothers! your task in training your sons is often heavy, but your encouragements are great. How many of the good and the successful, of the wise and the happy, trace all that was bright in their character to influences lying as far back as their mother's knee?" The above remarks are extracted from an interesting biography of the late Mr. Budgett, of Bristol, by the Rev. Wm. Arthur. Speaking of Mr. B., Mr. Arthur continues: — "Happily for him, truth and grace were valued in the home of his childhood. If his parents had not been remarkably successful in gaining this world's good, they had secured the part that was of far greater price to both them and their children. He was early taught to worship, obey, and seek the God from whose hand his young being had come. What Lamartine so beautifully says of his own mother, might be said equally of his:— 'We could not remember the day when she *first spoke* to us about God.' His mother, especially, was eminently pious, and her influence on the character of her son was powerful and happy. His faithful friend, the Rev. Joseph Wood, who intimately knew his inner life, thus states one of those events which pass silently within the bosom of Christian families, but which re-appear in the life of their members in blessed and memorable fruit:—'He was about nine years of age, when one day, in passing his mother's door, he heard her engaged in earnest prayer for her family, and for himself by name. He thought, my mother is more earnest that I should be saved than I am for my own salvation. In that hour he became decided to serve God, and the impression then made was never effaced.' Happy that son whose heart is daily moved towards the ways of God by a mother's holy walk, and whose salvation is the

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daily burthen of a mother's fervent prayer! And happy that mother whose son does not steel his heart against her solicitude. 'It was early,' many a mother would, perhaps, think, 'to be concerned about the conversion of a good, well-conducted boy, when he was only nine.' Perhaps, had you been much concerned for the conversion of your boy when he was good and well-conducted, he might have been good and well-conducted still. 'It is early,' many a son will probably think, 'to be anxious about a future life, when I am yet so young.' Perhaps, if you defer now because it is *too early*, you will, in a few years, abandon the thought altogether because it is *too late*."

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

The education of women is of the greatest importance to society. Men may be, indeed, the rough stones of which the fabric of society is built—they may form the strength and resisting portion of the fabric—but women are the finer cement, without which those rougher ingredients will not find order or consistency, and without which there can be no form, no beauty, no lasting and useful enjoyment.—*Lord Palmerston.*

A HINT.

Young men! the influence of evil impressions can never be got rid of. Let one impure thought gain lodgment in your heart, and, if you dare to favour it, you may as well attempt to take the stain out of the snow as to remove its effects for ever from your minds.—*J. B. Gough.*

SAYINGS AND DOINGS OF LITTLE CHILDREN.

Sabbath-keeping.—"Father!" said a little fellow, of four years, "it has been Sabbath day to *you*, but not to mother, and brother, and me." "Why not, my son?" "Why, because, father, it rained too hard, we could not go to God's ...e, so you know it has only been Sabbath day for you."

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PAGE FOR YOUNG MOTHERS.—No. VII.

"Hold the little hands in prayer, teach the weak knees their kneeling.
Let him see thee speaking to thy God; he will not forget it afterwards.
When old and grey, feelingly will he remember a mother's tender piety;
And the touching recollection of her prayers shall arrest the strong man in his sin."

It has been said, the man is made in the nursery, and there the impressions are received that form the character and mould the destinies of the world. To the mother is committed the delightful and important task of giving the first impulse to the mind; whether of good or evil, both will be equally remembered. How can mothers, who have not themselves taken the first step in the way to Heaven, lead their little ones in the right path? And what then? Does it not follow that they will all walk together in the broad road leading to the city under the curse of the Almighty? There are only two roads. There is no middle way. We must be leading them to heaven or hell! Yes, young mother, believe it; you are now, at this very moment, leading that lovely infant boy of yours towards the bright and glorious city of God, or towards that awful place of endless woe prepared for the devil and his angels.

When the sculptor Bacon was putting up the monument of Lord Chatham, a gentleman said to him—"Take care what you are about; you work for eternity." Mothers! young mothers! take care what you are about; you work for *eternity!* What you are now doing will affect the interests of unborn thousands in heaven or hell! If you are faithful, you may send forth to the world sons and daughters who shall be the means of the salvation of others as they pass along the path of life. They may turn many to righteousness, and shine themselves as stars for ever and ever! But, if unfaithful, your children will leave your home prepared to rivet the chains of destruction on those

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with whom they come in contact among the families of the earth, and themselves be conspicuous in eternity only for their deeper misery! Would you that those you love should be found with the rich man, calling for a drop of water to cool the burning of the flame in vain! If not, then begin early. Yes; as soon as the bright eye beams up into your face, and warms your maternal heart by that treasured smile, oh! then begin to train him for the company of the saints in light, where Jesus is seen diffusing happiness all around. Do you say he will forget, and live uninfluenced by your training or your prayers? Say you so? Are you quite sure he will pass his life, and end his days, forgetting all his early teaching? Well, even if you think so, and do not believe God's Word, still we say, it is worth the trial. The early prayer, long since buried beneath the sins and follies of youth, often comes up again, and takes hold of the wanderer's heart—aye, and will not let him go. We will tell you one such case.

The chaplain of a prison had tried in vain to soften the hard heart of one of the men taken there for stealing. He was a man who had grown old in sin, and seemed determined to pursue the downward path. One morning he was found weeping bitterly. "You seem sad, Tom," said the good man. "Yes, Sir, I am sad," he replied; "and I have been sad through a long life of sin. I lost my mother, Sir, before she had time to bring me up in the right way; but, oh, Sir, her prayers, when I knelt by her side a little, harmless, infant boy, have been ringing in my ears these thirty years, and they would not let me do just as others did, or as my own wicked heart desired. My mother, Sir, has long been in heaven; but I cannot help thinking, Sir, that the saints up there have something to do with sinners down here on earth—for that eye of hers, so bright and loving, has often seemed to look at me in my midnight wickedness; and the sound of her voice, going God for me, has often held back my hand from

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giving the fatal blow. You see, Sir, I have often seemed merry when my heart was sick. Oh, Sir, tell me—can you, Sir?—is there hope for me, that I may yet be forgiven, and get up where my mother lives? Oh, I have been thinking how dreadful it will be to meet her at the judgment, if all my sins are resting upon my own head! She told me once—and she was pretty near the gate of heaven at the time—that there was mercy with Jesus for the chief of sinners. Do you think, Sir, there can be mercy for me? I am afraid I have gone too far, and that I shall be lost!" The man of God became the mother's friend, and took up the mother's work, leading the son to the cross for pardon and salvation!

Mothers! are your prayers treasured up in the hearts of your sons? Will they have reason to bless you, when you have long been in heaven, that you took them to kneel by your side in early youth? If not, begin at once! Make haste; the day is far spent, the night is at hand, when your working and your praying time will be over!

HOPE FOR THE SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHER
HOPE ON EVER!

(Concluded from page 155.)

Dear little Mary seemed now neither to expect nor desire a continuance of life, though quite willing cheerfully to use every means which her friends desired for the recovery of her health. When suffering fearfully, from difficulty of breathing and pain in her chest and side, too weak to rise from her bed, I asked her "If Jesus was still precious to her?" "Oh, yes!" she gasped—

> "'I would not change my blest estate
> For all that earth calls good or great;
> And whilst my faith can keep its hold,
> I envy not the sinner's gold!'"

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Two days before her death, she told me she expected to see me no more on earth, and her lips quivered when she bade me "Good-bye," and saw my sorrow, which I in vain tried to restrain. She said, "Dear teacher, I do so love you; but I love Jesus better, much better! It is all my joy to think of casting my crown, my brightest part, at His feet, and of being your crown of rejoicing when I see you again. Oh, how I will fly to meet you!" After a long pause, to recover a little strength, she added—"All the time God still gives me I will spend in praying for my dear friends, for you and for my dear companions, that many more souls beside mine may reward your pains."

She sent a message to all her companions, begging them to seek Christ in their days of health and strength, that they might find Him, as she did, "a very present help in time of trouble." The last time I saw her alive she could scarcely articulate, but perfectly knew me; she pressed my hand, and said, "Jesus!" I prayed with her, and when I kissed and bade her farewell, she looked up and said, "Happy, happy!" and then closed her eyes. About three hours after this she looked at her mother and father, who were at her bedside, and exclaimed—

"'Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are!'"

They asked if she was "very happy?" she replied, "More than happy; for before the sun sets I shall see Him, whom absent I love; and do you, dear father and mother, come to Him, for He waits in Canaan, with angels bright, to welcome you to all the joys of Canaan." Her mother offered her some lemon drink, which she quietly refused, saying, "He will lead me to the living fountains of water."

She then closed her eyes, and wished her parents and sisters "Good-night." Her mother asked her if she felt if she would be able to sleep a little, hoping that she

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would awake a little refreshed. She said, "Yes." They sat for half-an-hour watching her, nor could any of them tell the moment when her ransomed spirit took its flight to the realms of bliss; but hers was indeed a blessed sleep, from which she will never wake to sorrow—a calm, undisturbed rest, unbroken by the last of foes!

This simple narrative has been written in sorrow and weakness; its object is twofold:—First, To encourage teachers and parents to work diligently whilst it is called to-day, for in due season they shall reap if they faint not; and what a glorious harvest theirs will be! Secondly, To encourage any dear children who may peruse it, to seek Israel's gentle Shepherd, now in their youth and health, so that, in the day of sorrow, death, and trouble, they may find Him, as this dear child did—a Saviour close at hand.

"It was not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took my flower away!"

MARIA.

A DAY WITH THE COTTAGER'S WIFE AND HER BIBLE.—No. II.

DRESSING.

THE cottage-mother has left her bed, and is putting on her clothes. How many a text may this act recall! The guests assembled at the wedding feast had each a wedding garment provided them. (Matt. xxii.) The prodigal, when he returned to his father's house, had the best robe put on him. (Luke xv. 22.) The outcast, in Ezekiel, was not only saved, but beautiful raiment was put on her. (Ezek. xvi. 10.) How terrible it would be to be exposed to our fellow-creatures in rags and wretchedness! What will it be if the nakedness, the sin, the deformity of

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souls, should be seen in the light of eternity? It is all exposed in the sight of God now. Let us seek some covering. Let us, like the prodigal, return to God our Father's house, and the best robe—the robe of a Saviour's righteousness—shall cover us.

WASHING.

The cottage-mother is poor, and her garments are homely; but she loves cleanliness, and has too much self-respect to suffer herself, or her children, to go down to their daily work unwashed. Here, too, God's Word meets her. The dirt she abhors, is a picture of that sin which defiles the soul, and makes her hateful in His sight. Each sin is as a spot of filth before Him. Let her hear His voice, saying:—"Wash you, make you clean; put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes; cease to do evil." (Isaiah i. 16.)

[We will hope to attend the cottage-mother down stairs next month.—Ed.]

THE YOUTHFUL MOTHER AND HER BABE.

"I love thee so—I love thee so—I cannot be at rest."

TO MRS. H.

Dying! yet to live for ever!
My precious treasure—come, nestle down,
Beneath the folds of my silken gown,
There's nought too good for thee!
I would give my gems and gold away,
And all on earth, to insure thy stay,
Thou art so dear to me.

Dying! yet to live for ever!
Thy fragile frame—thy beauteous form—
Oh! I will shield it from every storm,
And love thee to the last.
My babe! my treasure! what wilt thou be?
What joys—what sorrows are stored for thee,
Ere thy sweet life is past?

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Dying! yet to live for ever!
Young mother—hush! the book is sealed;
But its folded leaves shall be revealed,
When thou and babe shalt stand
Beholding the great white throne on high,
With all our race up in yonder sky,
Hard by the angel's land.

Dying! yet to live for ever!
Come—give thy frail, precious babe away,
By this perchance you insure its stay,
If good for *it*—and *thee*.
If spared—Oh! train it for the sky,
Thy child and thou must surely die,
It is the Lord's decree.

July 16*th*, 1854.

HINTS FOR PARENTS AND SONS.—No. II.

The scene described last month is but a sample of what occurred constantly. Mr. and Mrs. Coleman were good sort of respectable people, who cared for their children mentally and physically, and meant to be good parents. But there was for ever some scene of dispute—stern looks and harsh commands—so that they were really a wretched family. Under these influences, James, who was impetuous and self-willed, but very affectionate, began soon to spend his leisure hours in places of resort for loiterers, where he saw much to encourage his reckless and disobedient spirit. Little did his parents realise, in the bustle of their hurrying life, the effects of the home training; nor were they aroused to James's danger, till his prolonged absence from home, and late hours in the evening, caused a severe reprimand from his father. With a heart swelling with rage he went to his room, but not to bed: he resolved to leave his home.

James looked on his little brother, whom he loved, but with whom he was ever quarrelling. He was half-tempted to lie down; but no! he thought how cross his mother

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would look, and how harshly his father would speak at breakfast. He thought of his little sister Em, and wished to kiss her; "But," said he to himself, "she will soon snap like the rest—she grows more fretful every day. No, I will go out of hearing of it all." He then softly let himself down from the window, and was soon in the night train. A few days found James tossing upon the waves of the wide, deep, trackless ocean, and on he went towards the fields of gold, often vexed at the services he was called upon to perform; sometimes longing to be again in the home of his childhood; at other times writhing, as he thought of the anger of his father, and the reproaches of his mother. But some of that ship's company were never to see the distant land, where they had hoped to find treasures of gold and happiness. Seven of them were carried off by fever, and on that fatal list was read by agonised hearts, in his father's and his mother's home, the name of "James Coleman, aged sixteen."

Boys! if your father and mother, in the midst of their many cares, of which you know nothing, often increased sevenfold by their anxieties for you, are less tender and forgiving than you think they should be, will you throw off all regard for them, all gratitude for their constant proofs of real affection, and make shipwreck of your own character and hopes, and break their hearts? No—no—rather, with noble disregard of your own feelings, try still more to please them, and soothe their weary spirits; so you shall reap the reward of well-doing, and the blessing of Him who has given you the fifth commandment, *with a promise*.

Fathers! provoke not your children to anger, lest they be discouraged; the tempter is ever at hand to lead them astray. The harsh reproof, the undeserved blame and cold silence, where there should be the kind inquiry or the affectionate welcome, may chill the young heart, and cause reserve where there should be the fullest confidence.

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Mothers! where shall the young spirit look for the saving confidence of love, if not to you? The youthful heart craves sympathy—it must have it. If not found at home it will seek it elsewhere, and it may be amid many dangers; and then, when your child's heart shall cease to beat, how will you remember words and looks that bite like a serpent, and sting like an adder! Love and kind words do wonders. Try the effects in your home circle, and tell us the good results.

"HUSBAND'S TEA."

"O woman! self-forgetting woman! poetry of human life!—
Neglect? O libel on a world where half that world is woman!"

"WELL, I never! Mrs. Morris, why how poor the tea has got all at once! Why, sure enough, it is as bad as 'husband's tea' now." This speech was made by a blunt, rough, rosy-faced matron, who was presiding at her tea-table, and entertaining a friend, who was a gentle, loving, and loveable young woman, that had not long worn a gold circlet, and been called "Mrs. Morris." "Thank you, Mrs. Chubb, my tea is very good, and they say strong tea is not good for the nerves; but," continued Mrs. Morris, "what can be the meaning of 'husband's tea?' I have often heard the expression, and wondered what it could mean—do tell me."

"Why, as to the saying," replied Mrs. Chubb, "I am sure I don't know how it came among us; but I reckon that some wife, who liked her own dear self better than anybody else, used to drink all the strong tea, and leave water in the teapot for her good man." "Dear me, Mrs. Chubb, do you think there ever *could* be a wife so unkind? Why, when my George is later than usual, if I pour out one cup for myself I add half water, fearing it would not be good enough for him. Why, to be sure, I should think

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every wife would give the best of everything to her husband." Oh, dear! Mrs. Morris!—excuse my laughing; but, bless you, when you have been called Mrs. Morris twenty years, you will perhaps think differently. Why, I know a wife who has a downright good tea, long before her husband comes home; and I have seen him, with my own eyes, eating cold potatoes and salt—poor soul!—afterwards; and, between you and me and the post, I have called him in just as Chubb has been at his supper, as an excuse to give the poor man a bit. This is a queer work-a-day world of ours, Mrs. Morris! there is a deal of selfishness in it, though some people do cry up human beings as naturally good—kind of half-way angels; but I have never seen the good, perfect souls yet, when there is no religion in them to teach them what goodness itself was when it lived over among the Jews; and I guess we are, most of us, a little matter slow to learn of Him!" "Well, I should expect that every kind, loving wife would do all in her power to make her husband comfortable, and give him the best tea instead of the worst." "Yes—yes, you are right, too, depend upon it, Mrs. Morris. Go on acting thus, and keep a happy, loving home for your husband; and he will the more likely keep a good roof over your head, and not go from home to find kindness and comfort. I always say, as the husbands earn the money they ought to be well attended to. I began so with my Jack Chubb, and I mean to continue the same as long as I walk along life by his side."

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY MOTHER; OR, THOUGHTS FOR GROWN-UP DAUGHTERS.

(*Continued from page* 148.)

"I MUST now go on to that day, the most painful to recall of all my life. It was a mild afternoon in October, and my mother sat in her accustomed place, watching the

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leaves of autumn as they fell. I was walking with an intimate friend—a gay, thoughtless thing was Fanny—pouring into her willing ear my many plans, while she in return related hers to me. Long we talked; and when she departed she said, rather loud, 'Be assured your secret is safe with me!' 'It is well,' I replied; 'for you are the only person to whom I would confide it.'

"We parted. I went to my mother's room to get a book I wished. As I entered she said, with a sweet smile, 'What important thing is that, dear, which must be kept so secret?' 'Nothing,' was my answer; but I blushed deeply. 'And would "*nothing*" cause my daughter to look so troubled?' and she took one of my hands within her pale fingers. 'Of course I mean, mamma, nothing that would interest *you*.' 'Nothing that would interest *me!*' she repeated slowly; then added, more as if talking to herself than to me, 'The singing of the birds, the humming of the bees, even the falling of the leaves, amuse me, but'—she raised her large blue eyes to mine—'the confidence of my only child, which gives pleasure to a stranger, would not interest me! O my daughter!' She took her hand from mine, and rested her head upon it. I resumed my search for the book, when suddenly turning to me, she spoke with unusual firmness. 'My daughter, listen! If it is, as I have heard, and that with sorrow, that you have given your affections to young Berton, and your confidence concerns him, I do not ask you for it; but, my child, I beseech you to hear me; hearken not to his smooth words; he will make you miserable!'

"I hurried to leave the room, saying, 'I am quite old enough to judge for myself as to a suitable companion, therefore your advice is not needed!' She arose from her chair and stood before me—that tall, trembling figure, with all colour gone from her face, and her thin hands clasped tightly on her bosom; she spoke in a loud, clear voice,—'Eleanor, I will not beseech you—I, your dying mother.

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command you not to marry that man; and if you do, remember you disobey my last injunction!' She sank into her chair, and I flew from the apartment. As I hastened through the garden I involuntarily turned towards her window, and beheld her there, with her pale face raised to heaven, and heard her words—'Oh, my Father! pardon me if I have sinned; and save, O save my child!'

"Why did I not return, as I felt inclined to do, and ask her forgiveness? My proud spirit urged me on. To Fanny I told all. That night I was married to Berton. We left the village. I left my mother alone with her servants; and when, three days after, I returned to my home, and went to her room, I found her——dead! There she lay, her pale hands folded, her cheeks cold, and those lips, which had so often spoken kindly to me, colourless. I stood beside her, and bitterly, *so* bitterly repented. 'Oh, my mother!' I cried, 'come back, come and tell me you forgive me!' All was still; but it was a silence that spoke,—that said, "thou hast done this! thou hast killed thine own mother!" In fearful agony I prayed—I, who for years had not bent my knee to God—prayed for forgiveness. They found me in that room, ill and delirious, and feared I should die; but death was too light a punishment for my great offence.

"My husband lived but three years; of those years my mother had predicted rightly. My child died,—it was just that I, who had trampled under foot a mother's love, should know its strength but to lose the object of it. But I can speak no more of this. I cannot calmly recall those years of suffering, yet willingly would I open anew those wounds if daughters would take warning from my life, and bring not the grey hairs of their parents in sorrow to the grave; then, too, would peace rest upon them, and happiness be theirs evermore."

C. A. C.

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A SCRIPTURE FRAGMENT.

CAIN AND HIS PUNISHMENT.

We find this deeply affecting history upon the very threshold of the Scripture narrative; nor does the sacred historian vouchsafe to give us any information as to the ages of the several parties. All that it condescends to tell us is, that Cain was the first-born, that he was a tiller of the ground, and that Abel was a keeper of sheep. It is probable that the generations of man had considerably multiplied, and that these were by no means the first offerings the young men had presented before God.

Cain was the first-born; the strength of his father, the joy of his mother. The name simply means acquisition; and, however fondly their hopes might have been entwined around this, their first-born, they were doomed to bitter disappointment; and how sadly was it so in the case of David, who named his lovely child Absalom, the son of his peace. Cain was the first child born into the world under the curse; the first that was nourished at the breast of his mother; the first that trod the earth, and became the hope of his parents; the first to blight their hopes, and the first to moisten the earth with the blood of man: for he lifted up his hand against Abel his brother, and slew him.

How soon the seeds of sin sprang up! how soon they came to perfection! Here we find the first-born son of the first man, committing the foulest deed, under the foulest circumstances. How his whole soul must have shaken, as he looked upon the streaming blood and mangled body. What a deed had he done! There, in that lone field, the monster death took his first victim; began a carnage which was to sweep successive generations from the earth, until the trump of the archangel shall sound, when all that are alive shall be changed.

It would seem that this vile murderer invited his confiding and unsuspecting brother to take a walk in the open

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field, and there perhaps they talked about their late offerings; and whilst Abel, with the tenderness of a brother's love, strove to direct his mind to the great Mediator, Cain became very angry, and his countenance fell, and he rose up against Abel his brother, and slew him. Soon after this, Cain met his Maker with a ruffled brow, and the Lord said unto him:—"Cain, why art thou wroth, and why is thy countenance fallen? if thou hadst had respect unto the great Mediator, thou shouldest have been accepted; but, because thou hast no respect unto Him, now sin lieth at thy door." And the Lord said unto Cain, "Where is Abel thy brother?" And he said, "I know not. Am I my brother's keeper?" What a ready lie was this! How sad a proof that he was far gone in iniquity; and what a proud and awful insult to the Deity —"Am I my brother's keeper?" But it is vain to kick against the pricks. Shall mortal man strive with his Maker? And He said, "What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto me from the ground; and now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand. And the Lord set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should kill him." Probably this mark was a consciousness upon Cain's mind that he should not come to his death by violent means.

Let us be sure our sin will find us out. There is many a sin which rankles in the memory, which would grieve the soul to have paraded before our friends. Deeds of darkness, deeds of solitude. But they are all known to our Maker, and with all their aggravating circumstances, too, which it would be difficult to make others understand. O come, humble thyself before God, confess thy iniquities, flee to the blood of sprinkling; and for the sake of Jesus Christ he will blot out thy transgressions, and remember them no more, but cast them as a stone into the midst of the sea.

M. B.

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THE MOTHER, SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHER, AND LITTLE GIRL;

OR, A VOICE FROM THE WORK-ROOM.—NO. II.

At four o'clock Annie ran in, with a bright eye and joyful smile. "Mother, mother, stop your work! I was right; you have made a mistake. Miss Stanley does not go on Tuesday next, but the Tuesday after, and you have made a mistake of a week." "How do you know, Annie?" "Why, mother, she gave us our chapter for next Sunday, and said, if it pleased God, she would question us on it next Sunday morning, and after that she was going out for some weeks." It was too late, the dress was done.

"Mrs. Rice wishes to see you, ma'am," said Miss Stanley's maid, on the following morning. "Oh! poor woman, to say she cannot do my dress; well, it cannot be helped. Good morning, Mrs. Rice." "I have brought your dress, ma'am." "You cannot do it; well, never mind." "It is done, ma'am." Miss Stanley gazed at her pale-worn face very earnestly for some moments; then the truth flashed into her mind, and solemnly, yet with a quivering lip, she said,—"Then *you must have worked yesterday.*" The tone, more than the words, went to the woman's heart. "I did, ma'am," said she, sobbing bitterly; "you said it must come to-day." "Oh! no, no; next week I meant—next Monday. How could you think I wished you to break the Sabbath?" "You said on Monday, ma'am, and I did not like to offend you." "I was very wrong," said the lady, "to speak so carelessly; but I thought you had known me sufficiently well to understand, that on no account would I induce you to transgress God's commandments; my poor friend, I am very sorry." "My little girl said she was sure there was a mistake, for you taught her so different." "The Lord forgive us both," said Miss Stanley, solemnly; "and will you promise me never

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to do such a thing again, however tempted? I, on my part, will promise *you* to be for the future doubly careful in giving my orders to you, and to others." "Indeed, ma'am, I never will commit such a sin again, by God's help, for I never was so unhappy in all my life. I knew I was doing wrong, and I had not courage to do right."

Female friends! whether the employers or the employed, learn, we beseech you, a lesson from our sketch of real life. Sunday-school teachers! may we point out to you the valuable hint given in little Annie's testimony to her instructress—"Mother, she always does herself what she teaches us to do."

ONE OF THE STANLEY FAMILY.

HINTS ON TEACHING FILIAL OBEDIENCE.

SOME say that a stern maintenance of parental authority is best, demanding perfect obedience, without any attempt to convince the child of the propriety or kindness of the requisitions, and without any manifestations of sympathy for the pains and difficulties which are to be met. Under such discipline children grow up to fear their parents rather than to love and trust them, while some of the most valuable principles of character are chilled, or for ever blasted. In shunning this danger, others pass to the opposite extreme. Nothing is exacted without the implied concession that the child is to be a judge of the propriety of the requisition. This system produces a most pernicious influence; children soon perceive the position thus allowed to them, and take every advantage of it.

The medium course is, for the parent to take the attribute of a superior who has a perfect right to control every action of the child, and that, too, without giving the reason for the requisition. "*Obey, because your parent commands,*" is a sufficient reason. But care should be taken to convince the child that the parent is conducting a course

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of discipline designed to make him *happy;* and in forming habits of implicit obedience, self-denial, or benevolence, the child should have the reasons of most requisitions *kindly* stated—*not as a right*, but as an act of kindness from the parent.

It is impossible to govern children properly, especially those of a strong and sensitive feeling, without a constant effort to appreciate the value which they attach to their enjoyments and pursuits.

Next to the want of government, the two most painful sources of evil to children are—*unsteadiness of government*, and *over-indulgence*. Most of the cases in which the children of sensible and conscientious parents turn out badly, result from one or the other of these causes. In cases of unsteady government, either one parent is very strict and severe, and the other excessively indulgent, or else the parents are sometimes very strict and decided, and at other times allow disobedience to go unpunished. In such cases children, never knowing exactly when they can escape with impunity, are constantly tempted to make the trial. Some persons, in shunning this evil, go to the other extreme, and are very pertinacious in regard to every requisition. With these, penalties abound, until the children are hardened into indifference of feeling, or else become excessively irritable or misanthropic.

It demands great wisdom and self-control to escape these extremes. In arriving at this, parents have found the following maxims of great value:—Avoid, as much as possible, the multiplication of rules and absolute commands; and sometimes take the attitude of advisers. There are cases when distinct commands are needful, and in such cases a penalty for disobedience should be as steady and true as the law of Nature.

Another maxim, and perhaps the most difficult, is—Do not govern by the aid of severe and angry tones. In some families the most efficient government is sustained

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without the use of an angry tone; and in others less efficient, discipline is kept up by severe rebukes and angry remonstrances. In the first case, the children follow the example set them, and seldom use severe tones to each other; in the latter case, words and angry tones generally resound from morning to night.

Another important maxim is—Try to keep children in a happy state of mind. Every one knows it is easier to submit to rules when cheerful and happy, than when irritated. This is peculiarly true of children; and a wise mother, when she finds her child impatient and fretful, and doing wrong, will often remedy the whole by telling some story, or engaging the child's mind in some sport. This shows the importance of learning to govern children without the aid of angry tones, which always produce irritation.

A LESSON ON PRAYER.

A little boy, who was just learning to talk, sat on his mother's knee. She said to him, "Are you not a happy little boy, to have a kind mamma to wash you, and dress you, and walk with you, and love you? I once knew five little children who had no father and no mother." The child pondered an instant, and then said, "And what did they do, mamma? Did they pray to God to give them a new papa and mamma?" The mother was rather at a loss how to answer her little boy, but she was reminded of a lesson which the child seemed to understand more practically than she did herself—that God is a hearer of prayer; that the object of prayer is to receive—what "ye ask in prayer believing, ye shall receive." We cannot too early teach our children that God is the source of every blessing, and we should let them see that it is a practical thing ourselves.

E. G.

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A WORD ABOUT POLITENESS.

BY A GENTLEMAN'S PEN.

Why not be polite? How much does it cost to say "I thank you?" Why not practise it at home? If a stranger does you some little act of courtesy, how sweet the smiling acknowledgment! If your wife, or your husband, ah! "it's a matter of course—no need of thanks." If a stranger by accident does your dress an injury, you exclaim, "Never mind! do not think of it! I do not care!" But if a dear one at home does the mischief, frowns are seen. Little things tell mightily upon the heart. Are gentlemen the same at home and abroad? Let us see. A gentleman stops at a friend's house, and finds it in confusion. He does not see anything to apologize for. Oh no! he "never thinks of such matters;" everything is all right; cold rooms, cold supper, crying children, "perfectly comfortable." He goes home, where the wife has been taking care of the children, who are sick, and is half dead with fatigue, but *there* he "does not see why things cannot be kept in better order; there never were such cross children before." No apologies accepted at *home*. Why not be polite at home? Why not use freely that golden coin of courtesy? How sweet they sound, those little words, "I thank you;" or, "you are very kind." Yes, doubly sweet from the lips we love, when heart-smiles make the eye sparkle with the clear light of affection. Be polite to your children. Do you expect them to be mindful of your welfare? to grow glad at your approach? to bound away to do your pleasure before the request is half spoken? Then with all your dignity and authority mingle politeness; give it a niche in your household temple; only then will you have learnt the secret of sending out into the world really "finished" gentlemen and ladies. What we say we say unto all, Be Polite.

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FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

First, try your best to make others happy. "I never was happy," said a certain king, "till I began to take pleasure in the welfare of my people; but ever since then, in the darkest day, I have had sunshine in my heart." Secondly, "Be content with little." There are many good reasons for this rule. We deserve but little, we require but little, and "better is little with the fear of God than great treasures, and trouble therewith." Two men were determined to be rich, but they set about it in different ways; for the one strove to raise up his means to his desires, while the other did his best to bring down his desires to his means. The result was, the one who coveted much was always repining, while he who desired but little was always contented. Thirdly, "Look on the sunny side of things."

"Look up with hopeful eyes,
Though all things seem forlorn;
The sun that sets to-night will rise
Again to-morrow morn."

The skipping lamb, the singing lark, and the leaping fish, tell us that happiness is not confined to one place; God in His goodness has spread it abroad on the earth, in the air, and in the waters. Two aged women lived in the same cottage; one was always fearing a storm, and the other was always looking for sunshine. Hardly need I say which it was who wore a forbidding frown, or which it was whose face was lighted up with joy.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Bethany; or, Christ in the Family. London: Hamilton and Co.
A very cheap, truthful, and useful little work.

"The Deluge;" "The Exode;"—Nos. VI. and VII. of Biblical Literature. London: Freeman.
An interesting periodical.

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THE REAPER AMONG THE HOUSEHOLDS.

(Read at a Maternal Meeting.)

"There is a Reaper whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between."

Since we last met as a maternal band, some of us have been made to understand the meaning of the often-used expression—"a vale of tears;" afflictions, personal and relative, have caused us to take our stand-point, looking back over the past, and forward to the future; while our eyes, dim with sorrow, have almost forgotten at times to admire the beauties around us, in this still beautiful world. The golden harvest, too, has claimed your attention, and gleaning the precious grain has prevented many of you from enjoying the usual time for gleaning knowledge. But while you have been variously engaged and separated, there has been a Reaper busy among the flowers and blossoms of our homes and hearts.

"Shall I have nought that is fair?" saith he,
"Have nought but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of these flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again.
My Lord has need of these flowerets gay,"
The Reaper said, and smiled;
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where He was once a child."

Oh! what have we looked on since last we met? We have seen disease, desolation, and death—anxious faces and streaming eyes—parents and children weeping over their dead. The little child, full of life and joyous glee, has been laid in his last cold bed, and the pilgrim of seventy summers has fallen amidst us. We have seen consumption flush the cheek, and bleach the skin; and many wept that the blight should fall on the flower so promising and fair—

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"But not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took our flower away."

Again—the Reaper came to the home of a mother, who was among the very first to meet us, years long ago, in this place, when we formed our maternal band. From suffering, deep and long, we can easily imagine that but for the dear ones around her, she would have been glad to fly away, and enter on an eternal rest; but while the Christian mother could exclaim—"I have long waited for thy salvation, O Lord!"—the heart turned to earth again at the sound of weeping in her household.

We might have thought the dread Reaper would have passed over the home of the *young* mother, embracing her first-born infant; but no—we miss to-night that kindly-beaming eye that was wont to glisten on us. That young mother's eye is closed in its last sleep, never to be disturbed by the husband's sighs, or her infant's wailing. We miss to-night, too, the young teacher's voice, that was heard raising the hymn of praise. She has sung her last song on earth; and, we trust, now joins the angelic choir in sweeping a harp of gold among the blessed. Ah! how have some of us watched the hour-glass of time, walking together, even to the gates of the land where the dread Reaper hides the spoils of earth. We have gone to the parting-place—the turf-bound roof, where none may enter, and return, to tell the secret of their resting-place, be it woful or happy; but—

"They *were*, and having been they *are!*
Earth but contains their mouldering dust!
Their deathless spirits, near or far,
With ours must fly to meet the just.
Thou knowest not but they hover near,
Witness of every secret deed;
Which, shunning human eye or ear,
The spirits of the dead may heed."

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True, indeed, "dust to dust" has been pronounced; but to the soul that had Jesus for a leader, the terrors of the vale of death were but shadows, and freed from the fetters of flesh, the bright spirit has gone to the realms of light and love, and perfect knowledge; for

> "The soul retains
> One blessed trophy, if its span below
> Secured the palm of Christ's atoning love,
> For that shall win an entrance, when it stands
> A pilgrim at heaven's gate."

Now, busy mother, rest awhile, before we commence thoughts on

THE YOUNG TEACHER.

"I have a great work to do in the morning."

The entrance of the Reaper, Death, into the household can never be anything but a stern and terrible event, however it may come, and whosoever may be his victim; nor is it always easy to read a lesson of grace and goodness in that which sorely tries and embarrasses us. No chastening for the present seems joyous, however assured we may be that it will afterwards bear the fruits of righteousness. Yet it is the privilege of the bereaved Christian to say, even smiling through his tears, "the Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away, blessed be His name still."

The dear young friend who has just been carried to the tomb by her fellow-teachers was—as you know—trained from early youth to walk in the narrow road, and all her associations of early youth were of things tending heavenward. From a child there was something about the constitution of her mind differing from her fellows; a cast of melancholy pervaded her whole life, even to the last days, when she had numbered seventeen summers. There was never seen in her the joyous, gleesome spirit of childhood and youth; she walked the path of life like one who saw the journey short, with a shadowy vale at the end. Her mind was of no common order, and to her, acquiring know-

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ledge of any kind was only amusement; but, while pursuing it with her young companions, there was ever the same still, sombre atmosphere around her, and a melancholy shade rested on her intellectual brow. We find, now, that the impression on her mind ever was that she would be laid in an early grave. Her letters to friends, while absent from home, breathed the same spirit, and "passing away" seemed to have been written on her heart. Soon it was evident the spoiler had nestled in her life-blood, withering the rose upon her maiden cheek; yet ever and anon giving back the hectic fever-flush, as if in mockery, to shadow forth her departed health. During her illness she had deep searchings of heart, and her fears were sometimes great, lest she should take a step, not only in the dark, but into the dark. Yet the same spirit of reserve—living so much within herself—characterised dear Elizabeth, living and dying. When asked if there were any points relating to doctrine, or the Atonement, that caused her anxiety, she replied, that all was clear to her; that her fear was not of the willingness of the Saviour to redeem her, but her meetness for eternity, adding—"I know I must go soon."

She one day requested a dear young friend to make a purchase, which she might present to her beloved father, saying, "Let it be something that will not wear out, that he may always remember me." The purchase was made; and when asked, a day or two after, if she had presented it, she replied, "No, not yet; I must wait till I am more happy, as he will feel my loss deeply." "He will, dear," a friend replied; "but if he has a good hope that you are gone to a heavenly home, he will bow to the will of his God." Looking up, with her beautiful bright eyes glistening with tears, she answered, "Oh, yes, I know; but if he has not that hope when I am gone, he will soon follow me to the grave, for this thought would break his heart." But the happier season *did* come, when she presented it, saying, "I am happy now!"

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After much anxiety, and sleepless nights, on account of her fears, as she told a friend, she seemed to rest on the promise of Jesus being with her in the dark valley; the burden was removed; and the countenance, which before was clouded, now beamed very brightly, and she said, "I was afraid to go *alone* into the dark valley, but I am more happy now on this point; and I am astonished," she added, "to find how many sweet passages of Scripture and verses of hymns that I learned when a child, but had forgotten, now come back to comfort me; and what a good thing this is, as I am now unable to read, nor can I listen to my friends reading to me for any length of time." Then smilingly she added, "Since the cloud has been removed, I love everybody so much more."

The dear girl requested her mother to cut off her beautiful hair, saying, "Some of my friends may like some of it, and it is better to cut it off before I am dead." A short time before her death, a touching scene was witnessed by her dying bed. She asked for the hair, which was placed before her; and with all the composure of one making ready for a little journey, she separated the locks with her thin hands, trembling like an aspen-leaf, then tied them tastefully with brown ribbon, and presenting to the weeping friends around her a portion, she laid aside several of these mementoes of love, naming the friends to whom they were to be given. Looking up, she said, "I should like to sing now, but do not weep!" Alas! none of that circle could keep back the tears. One friend said, "We cannot begin, dear; and as you used to commence for us at our Maternal Meetings, perhaps you can begin now?" The dying girl smiled, saying, "I do not think I could *now*; and perhaps I had better not try." No other heart was in tune for singing by that bed of death. During the last night she spent on earth, she could hear with pleasure the hymns read, beginning—

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"Lord, what is life? 'tis like a flower,
That blossoms, and is gone;
We see it flourish for an hour,
With all its beauty on,
But death comes like a wintry day,
And cuts the blooming flower away."

And another, commencing—

"Sweet is the passage to the tomb,
When Jesus leads the way;
A moment's interval of gloom,
And then eternal day."

She then spoke of angels, as probably hovering near, and said she had "a great work to do in the morning." All who knew her, and understood her character, supposed by this that she intended calmly to bid farewell to her friends, saying a word to each, as she had told a friend that she would send a message to her fellow-teachers. But, alas! the Reaper came so suddenly, that no interchange of words could pass, and all that the weeping friends could do, after she had said, "Raise me higher, father!"—was to speak of Jesus, and to commend the departing spirit to Him. The physical sufferings were great for a short time, but soon she quietly breathed her spirit forth, on the arm of her dear father. One tear only was seen to pass down the fair young cheek as the Reaper took her to the spirit-land.

Sabbath-school teachers! think of the words of the dying Elizabeth. *You* have "a great work to do:"—work for yourselves; work for your class; work for your friends; work for the world!

Mothers! remember how precious to this dear girl were the words of truth stored in her mind in early youth, and act upon the impression that *you*, too, have "a great work to do." Oh! trifle not over it. Life and eternal death hang on it. How often are we admonished by our household sorrows that all flesh is grass, and earthly things but like a

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mist; that joys are but as dreams, and our hopes for earth like a passing shadow; for a moment we listen to sweet music, but ere we ask the strain to swell again, the minstrel's hand has lost its skill—the flute-like voice is silent to the sons of men. With the melancholy Kirke White we say—

"What is this passing scene?
A peevish April day!
A little sun, a little rain,
And then night sweeps along the plain,
And all things fade away.
Man (soon discussed)
Yields up his trust,
And all his hopes and fears lie with him in the dust.
"The most beloved on earth
Not long survives to-day,
So music past is obsolete—
And yet 'twas sweet, 'twas passing sweet;
But now 'tis gone away!
Thus does the shade
In memory fade,
When in forsaken tomb the form beloved is laid."

Yet do we hope to recognise again, in beauty and perfection, the dear familiar faces we have loved on earth, and talk with them of storms and sorrows past, and praise Him who has done all things well, up in that better clime, where all the children of redeeming mercy, of every age and name and nation, shall form one happy family—where all shall be of one heart and one soul, shall surround one family board, join in one song of praise to the Lamb, and go out no more for ever! With the blessed company eternally shut in. Let us press onward to this home-gathering.

THE BEST HOME.

A MOTHER, who was in adverse and trying circumstances, was one day telling her little children that she hoped they would soon have more comforts and a better home. The

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elder of the children, about seven years of age, looked earnestly at her, and with eyes beaming with brightness said, "Are we going to heaven, then? for I think, dear mother, *that* is the *best* home."

Christian mothers! frequently talk to your little ones about heaven, and let them see that you think heaven is the best home, by not being too anxious about worldly concerns, and living as strangers and pilgrims. We know how delightful it is, after a season of absence from our dear children, to return home to them again. O, will it not be delightful indeed to be with them

"In that beautiful place He is gone to prepare
For all who are washed and forgiven!"

And have not many mothers who read this children already gathered there,

"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

M. L. E.

HOME DUTIES.

Have mothers more than their share in the duties of domestic life?

This is an interesting and very important question, and we have no hesitation in answering, "We think they have." Let us look at the bearings of it. We first find our embryo wife and mother a domestic servant in a respectable family, where, by her diligence, faithfulness, and good nature, she has secured their confidence and esteem. She enjoys the comforts and privileges of the household, and is comparatively a stranger to its cares and anxieties. She has little experience of the difficulties of laying out money to the best advantage, and none as to how that money is provided. Under these circumstances something is looming in the distance. A young man makes his appearance, and all at once a new set of ideas takes possession of the mind of our servant. Nothing now flits before her but happiness in

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prospect, and it is with some difficulty she can sober her mind to common-place duties. She can see none of the vexations, none of the trials that await her. The one absorbing idea is, she is going to be married.

In due time, married she is. Now soon the mists begin to clear away; realities take their place. The first thing that strikes her, and gives a chill to her fondly cherished hopes, is the scanty dimensions of her new home,—perhaps a half, a third, a quarter of a house, in a noisy, dirty neighbourhood, is all she can call her own. The bare walls, the crazy chair, the untidy bed, form a sad contrast to what she has been accustomed. There is an internal struggle. She has gained the first victory—she is determined to take the thing by the right handle, and make the best of it. Noble girl! Thou art worthy of a good companion. May he prove so, and may the blessings of heaven rest upon you both.

At once, without any preparation, our wife has to enter upon the duties of her new position. There is much to be done, and the means but scanty. Her first endeavour is to understand her duties; her next, zealously to fulfil them. The comforts of her husband demand prompt attention; his breakfast must be ready, and everything is strange around her. She knows not where to put her hand upon anything she wants. He comes, and is gone again before she had time to make any arrangements for dinner; but it must be done, and she is ready at the time; thus called upon not only to think but to act, and this requires no little wisdom. Perhaps the husband now imagines that he is relieved from all anxiety, and expects everything to be done as promptly and as well as if his young wife had had the experience of years. Happily for him, in this case, he is not doomed to disappointment; she is equal to the occasion, and there is large prospect of their being happy together. But stop, young man, the duty is not all on one side; if your wife is expected to do her duty, so are you. The whole burden must not be thrown upon her shoulders.

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Above all things, you must encourage her by your presence and your smiles. You must talk over your duties together. Listen with a confiding love to her suggestions; meet her wishes as far as you can; and show her that as you have had sufficient confidence in her to make her your wife, you can trust your affairs in her hands. Let your home be unto you that place of all others in which you wish to be found. It is clean and tidy—there is comfort—and the smiles of your happy wife give you a cheerful welcome. Not that we wish to insinuate you are not at full liberty to go where you please; but it must be in harmony with the new obligation you have voluntarily taken upon yourself.

M. B.

PAGE FOR OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

THE WAY A LITTLE GIRL SPENDS HER DAY.

A LITTLE girl was one day writing to her father, who had been a missionary, and she describes to him the manner in which she spends her days. "I rise," said she, "at half-past five, and spend half-an-hour in dressing and in my devotions. Between six and seven I dress my little brother and sister, and study. At seven, we have breakfast. Then we have family worship; then get ready for school. When I return from school we dine; then I clear off the table, and wipe the dishes; and then I spend half-an-hour in reading the Bible and prayer. I then take care of the little children, and do errands for my mother until five. From five to six, I walk, sew, knit, or study; and from six till seven we have supper and family worship. Then I study till eight. At eight, I go with the other children to my mother's room for a quarter of an hour, to attend to her instructions. Then I go to bed."

"What an industrious little girl!" you will say. Yes, dear young friends; and although you may not be able to arrange your day just as this little maiden did, still we

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advise you, by all means, to portion out the hours of the day, as nicely as you can, for your various studies and duties; but be sure to give a portion of the morning and evening, at least, to the study of the SCRIPTURES and PRAYER. Life is very uncertain, even to the young. You may die TO-DAY. Live, therefore, every day as though you knew it would be the last day you have to spend on earth.

THE CHILD'S BEST FRIEND.

"JANE," said a little girl, running into a room where her elder sister sat at work, "Jane, I have got a splinter in my finger; please take it out." "Go away, child," answered Jane; "do not interrupt me when I am busy. I have no time to attend to you." Tears filled the child's eyes as she looked up and said, "Jesus Christ never spoke so; He always had time!" Yes, little girl, Jesus is always kind. He has always time to attend to your smallest want. He is ever listening. He is never weary. He is a friend at all times. Are you in sorrow? Go to Jesus. Are you sick? Go to Jesus? Are you friendless? Go to Jesus. Are you afraid you may be lost? Go to Jesus. He can give you a new heart, and wipe all your tears away. Oh, yes, dear little child, go to Jesus. Make haste,—go NOW. He is waiting to listen and to bless.

A DAY WITH THE COTTAGER'S WIFE AND HER BIBLE.—No. IV.

WASHING AND DRESSING THE INFANT.

How helpless the babe lies on its mother's lap! Yet how its very helplessness endears it. Just because it is so helpless how tenderly she handles it. She breathes no word of reproach for the trouble it costs her. It is this tenderness for the helpless little one God has set forth as the image of His own love. "Can a woman forget her

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sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb? Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget thee." (Isa. xlix. 15.) How, then, can a mother, who knows her own pity for her babe, distrust the love of her God, or shrink from resting all her own weakness and helplessness on Him?

NURSING THE INFANT.

"As newborn babes desire the sincere milk of the word, that they may grow thereby." (1 Pet. ii. 2.) Offer that babe, nestling so happily in its mother's bosom, any dainty, however tempting—will it turn its little head, or loosen its fond grasp? The child has what it wants—it is happy; yet more—it is nourished; it grows thereby. May not its mother, as she bends over it, think, "Is the word of my God thus dear to me? Do I enjoy it as well as read it? Do I grow thereby? If my babe continued to receive nourishment and yet gained no strength, I should know all was not right. My soul often receives the nourishment of God's word. Is it gaining any spiritual strength?"

"SHE WILL NOT WAKE."

"SHE will not wake!"—said the little child,
As he stood by the empty bed;
When no longer the form of his mother dear
Was reposing there, and she could not hear
The words that her baby said.

"Get up, mamma! it is morning now,
Mamma, you have slept good while."
Doubtful and anxious I saw him stand,
And he pulled the clothes with his little hand,
Looked upward and *tried* to smile

As he said once more, with an earnest voice,
"Mamma, it is time to rise;"
But no answer came to his listening ears,
And his heart grew sick, and the gushing tears
Rolled fast from the baby's eyes.

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"She will not wake!"—said the little child,
As he sobbed on his sister's breast;
While she wept as she told him their mother's bed
Was low in the home of the silent dead,
And she could not arise from her rest.

"They lifted her gently away from this bed,
When she ceased from her moanings of pain,
And the form of our own darling mother they hid,
Her sweet face they concealed by the dark coffin-lid,
So we never shall see her again.

"Oh! they bore her away from the children she loved,
And she stirred not—she asked not to stay;
And I saw when they lowered her far from our sight,
In the lone, narrow grave, where it always is night,
And the darkness breaks never away."

Then those children went to their mother's grave,
And they called on their mother's name;
But their wailing voices were all unheard,
For the mould beneath them was all unstirred,
And no sound of answer came.

Oh! fearfully calm is the sleep of death,
She awoke not—nor rose from her bed;
And because the dead have a "dull cold ear,"
They heard not the step of their mother dear,
Returning from the dead.

H. B.

FEMALE SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS.—No. IV.

ABIGAIL THE CARMELITESS.

Hastily Abigail prepared a supply of food, fruit, and wine, and, laying aside the restraints of eastern life, she resolved to meet David, and by presents and remonstrances, if possible, to turn away his anger. It needed some courage, and trust in God, for a weak and beautiful woman to encounter that wild and lawless band, exasperated as they were by Nabal's folly, and thirsting for revenge. We know not which to admire the most in the address of

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this noble-minded woman when she met David; her earnest pleading for her unworthy husband, or the holy boldness with which she set before David the sinfulness of his purpose,—never in the least degree overstepping the modesty of the woman, or the respect of the subject. Let us pause for a few moments, and gather some useful lessons from her words and conduct.

Is Abigail's cross an uncommon one? Alas! no; not even in Christian England. Hence our newspapers bring reports of divorce and separation bills in the higher and middle classes, and details of brutal violence at which the heart sickens, often ending in murder, amongst the lower classes. Hence also the miserable homes, tattered wives, half naked, neglected families, which force themselves upon our every-day path in our towns and villages. Do these pages meet the eye of any woman now passing through this heavy trial? My sister, we affectionately point to Abigail as an example. Plead for your husband before the King of kings, as earnestly, as lovingly as she did to David. *Her* prayer might have failed of success; *yours*, if made in faith, *cannot* fail of a gracious answer, sooner or later. Have you ever tried this way to reform your husband? If not, begin it to-day. If you have, and no answer is come, yet pray on, the promise is sure. He turneth not away the prayer of the poor destitute sinner. Look unto yourself, and see what wants mending *there*. Don't seek *human* sympathy, but go for that, and grace and strength, to God alone.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD.—No. VII.

A GREAT and good man, when delivering a public lecture, said, "Woman's influence must mould the minds of youth, and thus improve the world. If," he continued, "I possess any excellence of character, I owe it all to my early train-

In the first place, my mother gave me a good physical

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education; and then she cultivated my moral feelings, and taught me to *think*. I OWE EVERYTHING TO MY MOTHER!" Here was a great man, of whom some of the best and wisest were glad to ask instruction, laying all his honours on the altar of filial piety, and ascribing all his excellences to the INFLUENCE OF HIS MOTHER! What a responsibility such influence imposes on us! We know not where to rest our pen, while we gather the thoughts and feelings of the sterner sex, as they bear testimony to *early teaching*, and maternal influence and love. We will select a few of the shortest among the many. Listen to an extract from the letter of a son who had a pious mother:—

"I am about," he writes, "to embark upon the mighty ocean, for the benefit of my health, which has been sacrificed to an unwarrantable ambition for literary attainments. As I have but a faint prospect of recovery, or even of living to return to my friends, I wish to leave behind me a tribute of affection and gratitude to the memory of my excellent mother. Having passed through the most critical and dangerous period of human existence, and the trials incident to college life, and having had the opportunity of three or four years' experience and observation of mankind, I find it exceedingly interesting and instructive to look back and trace the influence of maternal love and tenderness, which was exerted only in my childhood and infancy; for, alas! it was my misfortune to be deprived of this best of earthly friends at the age of twelve; but the influence of my mother's instructions and example will, I trust, be felt and joyfully recognised throughout eternity.

"My mother was devotedly pious; while her children were young, she followed the precepts of Solomon by training them in 'the way they should go,' leaving the result to the power and goodness of a merciful God. Her prayers were almost ceaseless; and as soon as her children began to lisp, she taught them to employ their infant breath in prayer and praise to their Redeemer.

"Never shall I forget a scene which passed in my mother's closet, the evening before I left the paternal roof to go to a distant academy. Although but eleven years of age, I well remember the voice and spirit with which she fervently addressed

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the throne of grace, for the protection and prosperity of her son. This—her last blessing—which she pronounced with streaming eyes and a melting heart, rings in my ears, as if the sweet accents still lingered upon her faltering lips.

"After my mother's death, as I increased in years her counsels began to be better understood, and were more highly appreciated; but as youth advanced, temptations and allurements were often placed in my path; so that I have more than once been forced, as it were, into the very snares of death. My mother's instructions were, however, so deeply rooted in my mind, that they could not lose their hold upon my heart and conscience. Often, when I came near joining in some rash or wicked design, this thought has come over me,—perhaps the spirit of my sainted mother now knows my thoughts, and sees my actions; and if she were upon earth, how would she feel in view of my danger!

"This thought has often withheld me from a ruinous course. While a member of college, the enticements to sin, by means of trifling and wicked companions, became almost irresistible; but the restraining grace of God, through the medium of a mother's undying love, closed the door of my heart against the admission of vice, and withheld my feet from going in the pathway of the destroyer. I confess it was wrong, but the fact is undeniable, that I was often more influenced by the reflection that the eye of my mother rested upon me, than from a sense of the omnipresence of the Deity. In maturer years, this same impression has followed me in the various walks of life, till I have become convinced that the precepts and examples of *parents* have an influence far beyond our highest thoughts and conceptions.

"About two years since, I hope and trust, the prayers of my dear mother were answered for her only son, in his conversion to God. I have no doubt, in the retribution of eternity, she will enjoy the reward of her faithfulness on earth."

It is time to rest our pen.

THE MOTHER AND HER LITTLE SON.

"MOTHER!" said a little boy, who had only numbered three summers, "what does it mean to give your heart to God?" The mother put down her sewing, and, looking at her boy, said, "Charlie, do you love anybody?" With

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a look of surprise the child answered, "I love you; I love my father, and my sister, and Henry." "Then you give your heart to your father, to Henry, to your sister, and to me; and you show that love by doing all you can for us, and obeying our commands." The child's face looked bright with a new thought. "And you ought," continued the mother, "to love God best, because He gave you your father and mother, and all your friends and comforts; and He gave you His dear Son Jesus Christ, who came from heaven to die, that you may live for ever." "I *do* want to give my heart to Him, mother,—how shall I do it?" The mother taught him to tell Jesus his wants, and led him by her example into the good way. His child-life did not disappoint her hopes. He always tried to live like Jesus. Charles is now one of the best of men, and he says he had one of the best of mothers.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

What blessed things Saturday nights are, and what would the world do without them? Those breathing moments in the tramping march of life; those little twilights in the broad and dazzling glare of noon, when pale yesterdays look beautiful through the shadows, and faces "changed" long ago smile sweetly again in the hush; when one remembers "the old folks at home," and the old-fashioned fire, and the old arm-chair, and the little brother that died, and the little sister that was "translated."

Saturday night makes people human; sets their hearts to beating softly, as they used to do before the world turned them into war-drums, and jarred them to pieces with tattoos. The ledger goes with a clash; the iron-doored vaults come to with a bang; up goes the shutters with a will; click goes the key in the lock. It is Saturday night, and business breathes free again. Homeward, ho! The door that has been ajar all the week gently closes

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behind him. The world is shut out; shut in, rather. Here are his treasures after all, and not in the vault, and not in the book—save the record in the old family Bible—and not in the Bank. The dim and dusty shops are swept up, the hammer is thrown down, the apron is doffed, and Labour hastens with a light step homeward-bound.

"Saturday night! Oh, Lizzie, to-morrow Sunday-school again," said little Jack. "How I do like Saturday night; my face so clean, my best clothes all put ready for me on my chair, my Bible and hymn-book all ready in my bag, and mother says I know my lesson well, and teacher will pat my head, and say I am a good boy. Saturday night, I am glad you are come!"

"Saturday night!" feebly murmurs the languishing invalid, as she turns wearily upon her couch. "And is there another to come?"

"Saturday night!" whispers the weeper above the dying; "and it is Sunday to-morrow, and—to-morrow!"

OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD.

Mr. Savery, who was considered a very excellent man among the Quakers, was a tanner, and having had some hides stolen from him one night, he caused the following advertisement to appear in the newspaper:—"Whoever stole a quantity of hides on the fifth of the present month, is hereby informed that the owner has a sincere desire to be his friend; if poverty tempted him to this false step, the owner will keep the whole transaction secret, and will gladly put him in the way of obtaining money by means more likely to bring him peace of mind."

This singular advertisement attracted considerable attention, but the culprit alone knew who had the kind offer. When he read it, his heart melted within him, and he was filled with sorrow. A few nights afterwards, as the tanner's family were about to retire, they heard a timid

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knock, and, opening the door, beheld a man standing there with hides on his shoulder. Without looking up, he said, "I have brought these back, Mr. Savery; where shall I put them?" "Wait till I get a lantern, and I will go to the barn with thee," replied the good man.

When they returned from the barn, they found the Quaker's wife had made ready some supper, which she desired the fallen man to eat, saying, "It will be good for thee." He turned his back towards her, and did not speak for some time. At length he said, in a choked voice, "It is the first time I ever stole anything, and I have felt very bad about it ever since. I'm sure I never thought I should come to this; but I took to drinking and quarrelling, and since I began to go down hill everybody gives me a kick. You are the first man that has ever offered me a helping hand. It is the first time I was ever a thief." "Let it be the last, my friend," said Mr. Savery. "Thou art young, and may make up lost time. Promise me thou wilt not drink intoxicating liquor for a year, and I will employ thee to-morrow on good wages."

The promise was made and kept, and master and man went on well together till the death of the man, proving that good may overcome evil.

FRAGMENTS FOR SPARE MOMENTS.

HEAVEN.

Those who would go to heaven when they die, must begin the journey on earth.

RICHES.

Riches are but like the leaves of a tree, beautiful for a season; but when winter's storms arise, they fall off and are blown away.

DOING GOOD.

Usefulness is confined to no station; and it is astonishing how much good may be done, and what may be effected by

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limited means, united with benevolence of heart and activity of mind. Where there is a will there is a way.

HEAVENLY TRADING.

It was asked, "What is time?" The reply was given, "Time is the principal, and the use we make of it is the interest."

A WONDERFUL BOOK.

What a book that would be that came up fully to the requirements of everybody, and contained nothing at which anybody could take exceptions.

DR. WATSON, BISHOP OF LLANDAFF.

"I owe it to my mother," said Dr. Watson, "and I mention it with filial piety, for imbuing my young mind with principles of religion which have never forsaken me." "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Packet of Picture Cards. London: Nelson.

A very fascinating set of cards, with coloured pictures and verses. Charming presents for children.

The Flower of the Family. London: Nelson.

An interesting book for the young.

Biblical Literature. Vol. I. London: Freeman.

A very valuable and useful work as presents for our young people.

Modern Flirtations. By MISS SINCLAIR. London: Clarke.

A peep at the world as it is, by one who studies character.

Milton's Paradise Lost and Regained: with Notes, by Rev. J. EDMONDSON. London: Nelson.

A beautiful copy of our great poet, with very interesting and valuable notes.

The Convent and the Manse. London: Nelson.

A pleasing tale of truth and error, useful for our young friends.

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A PAGE IN LIFE'S HISTORY.

"'Spirit hath its scars as well as body, sore and aching in their season
The hive of memory increaseth to every day its cell."

How often does the mind go back suddenly and unaccountably, and linger on some spot in the distant past, living over again, in all its freshness, scenes of joy or sorrow which caused us smiles or tears long—long ago. The odour of a flower, a strain of music, a tone in the voice, the glance of the eye, the song of a bird, or the shape of the passing cloud, may at any time recall the faces and the forms of those with whom we once trod life's pathway. They all come crowding towards us, talking and smiling as they were wont to do, when our early homes were lighted up by the sunshine of their bright spirits.

As we draw near the end of another page of life's history, how easily we can retrace the scenes of each period of time. We stand again by the dying bed,—we hear the last whisper, we behold the last look, we weep again over the beautiful dead,—aye, and we recall, too, the cold glance of that eye once beaming lovingly on us. We hear the muttered response to our earnest questioning, the pains of disease, too, and the sorrow for others' woe. Yes; and we live again those days of delight, spent with kindred spirits, and hear the words of sympathy and love from hearts faithful and true. Some of our friends read of joy and love and happiness in the first few lines of this page, and then a dreadful cloud of sorrow dims the eyes and shuts out the sunshine, and the home is deserted—desolate—lost. In life's early brightness, some have been led through the dark valley. Others have been called away just as they had attained the long-desired object of their warmest wishes. Others, again, who in the evening of their days stood looking out for the Pilot to waft them over the dark river, waving the hand with a smiling countenance, saying,

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"I gladly go to join the family in the better land." The weather-beaten mariner has urged his way across life's troubled and ever-varying waters, and has gained the port where many a resting voyager has bid him welcome. Oh, what changes—what sorrow does this small page record! Friends, with whom we took sweet counsel, gone to a distant home, to greet us no more till we meet in the land of perfection. Ah, many known to us are blotting this page of life's history with tears; and hundreds more, who will take a stand-point with us, reading this record, have been doubtless in circumstances equally painful.

Bereaved husbands and motherless families are treading life's pathway softly and sadly, with aching hearts, in sable garments, who were light-hearted and joyous when the page commenced. Young mothers are recording with trembling hands the hour when the first-born nursling, so fondly cherished, was snatched from the maternal bosom to be laid in its grassy nest. Others are recording past joys in happy household groups, now scattered by circumstances over sea and land.

One mother writes a touching line on the page. The youngest of her household band—the pet of the family, while bounding around her path like a young fawn, was suddenly smitten by "the arrow that flieth by day." When the sweet little boy felt the stroke, looking up, he said, "Oh, mother! I hope I shall not die!" Alas, the shaft was sent by an unerring hand. Prostrate the young voyager was laid, writhing in agony, with the mind shrouded in darkness. Just before the end came, a lucid interval was given; the little lad recognised his heart-stricken mother. The arms were raised to clasp her, as he was wont to do in health and playfulness. One long, last kiss was impressed on her cheek. Then came the ship of death, to waft the precious one to a more congenial clime. Lovely infants, and a youth just entering manhood, had been taken from that home before; but this was their beautiful Benjamin.

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"Mothers and children are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied."

Well—well, what if the clouds of sorrow are cast over our path? What if the merry laugh of joy has given place to the tears of sadness? What if the mighty ocean-wave of life's changes has swept resistless over us? Yet are our spirits free. We will dash the blighting spray aside, and breast the storm. Mother! look on!—look up! There is a beacon-star burning with undimmed lustre to light us on our way; there is a voice cheering us onward; there is a hope beguiling us homewards; yes, and sometimes even danger is forgotten, and sorrow and regrets fly before its inspirations; and then—oh, soul-cheering thought!—our life is in the hands of our Father, and *He cares for us.* If we live, His hand will trace our way, His power supply our wants. Does not light break from above? If the storm rage,

"He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

And then, beyond the tomb, is the desired haven. Mother! what are your resolves for the coming year? Shall your wise counsels, your every-day religion, your Christ-like example, guide your children and succeeding ages on the pathway of life, so that at the end of the journey they may have a bright page to read? Oh, so let it be, that you live not in vain; but, acting as a beacon-light—a polar-star, by which they may steer into the port of happiness—they may meet you yet again, when the shadow of the grave has passed over you, in the land where there is fulness of joy, and pleasures for evermore. Mother! what will be the next page of your life's history?

As we draw near the bottom of our page, we are reminded of some lines by Herbert Knowles, which were favourites with us ere we had read many pages of life's history. Mother! read them.

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IT IS GOOD TO BE HERE.

Methinks it is good to be here—
If thou wilt, let us build;—but for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear;
But the shadows of eve that encompass the gloom,
The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? Ah, no!
Affrighted, he shrieketh away;
For, see! they would pin him below,
To a small narrow cave, and begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles a peer and a prey.

To Beauty? Ah, no! she forgets
The charms that she wielded before,
Nor knows the foul worm, that it frets
The skin which but yesterday fools could adore,
For the smoothness it held or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride?
The trappings which dizen the proud,
Alas! they are all laid aside,
And here's neither dress nor adornment allowed,
But the long winding-sheet, and the fringe of the shroud.

To Riches? Alas! tis in vain.
Who hid, in their turns have been hid;
The treasures are squandered again:
And here, in the grave, are all metals forbid,
But the tinsel that shone on the dark coffin-lid.

To the Pleasures which mirth can afford—
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
Ah, here is a plentiful board;
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
Ah! no, they have withered and died,
Or fled with the spirit above—
Friends, brothers, and sisters are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

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Unto Sorrow? The dead cannot grieve,
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,
Which compassion itself could relieve;
Ah! sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love, or fear,
Peace, peace is the watchword, the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Ah! no, for his empire is known,
And here there are trophies enow;
Beneath the cold dead, and around the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise;
The second to Faith, which endures till fulfilled,
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both when He rose to the skies.

A DAY WITH THE COTTAGER'S WIFE AND HER BIBLE.—No. V.

THE CHILDREN'S BREAKFAST.

The children are gathered round the table; they look to their mother or father for bread—would either of the parents mock them by offering them a stone? "If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone?" "If ye, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children, much more will your heavenly Father give His Holy Spirit to them who ask Him."—Luke xi. 11, 13.

WASHING CLOTHES.

How much soil those garments have gathered amidst the dust and wear of life; how many careless spots have been made upon them; still, offensive as they now are, they only need to be washed and they shall again be valuable and fit for use. Surely, the cottager may now recall that precious text—"They have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." How much soil the white garments of our soul gather in walking thro'

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this sinful world, and how many a deep-dyed spot of guilt do we feel has been contracted by some careless walking that we might have avoided! For these garments, defiled as they are, there is a washing; let us not rest while the deep guilt-stains remain upon them; let them be brought to the blood of the Lamb, and they shall be cleansed and made white.

FEMALE SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS.—No. IV.

ABIGAIL THE CARMELITESS.

Abigail's intercession was accepted. Her faithful remonstrance had brought to David's soul a sense of his sinfulness in seeking revenge. His manner of receiving her reproof, so delicately given, exhibited the true features of the child of God. Frankly he confessed his intended sin, and humbly and gratefully acknowledged the restraining hand of love, which had sent Abigail to arrest his steps. With a glad and thankful spirit Abigail returned to her home. What a scene awaited her! The husband, for whom she had undergone so much, was occupied in rioting and feasting, which ended in drunkenness and brute unconsciousness. Poor Abigail! Here was another black drop in her already bitter cup of sorrow. Wife! are you saying "Ay, such has been, and is sometimes, my lot, after a day of hard work or deep anxiety." Once more look at Abigail. With heartfelt anguish, with heavy and bitter tears, it may be, she would gaze on her besotted partner; but no reproaches, no reviling, passed her lips. We doubt not, that ere she went to rest that night, her knee was bowed and her heart was poured forth in prayer, more fervently than ever, for the degraded Nabal; but his rest was unbroken by angry words, or even tears.

Great was Nabal's consternation, when he awoke from his wine, to learn from his wife the near danger from which he

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had escaped; but we do not read of any change in his heart and life after this unmerited mercy; on the contrary, the long-suffering of God toward him had run its limit, and "ten days after God smote Nabal that he died." The speedy advancement of Abigail to be the wife of David, though strange to English minds, was not at variance with Eastern customs. She was worthy of her exalted position, and we doubt not that David found her a wise counsellor, as well as a faithful wife.

May the consideration of the brief but striking history of Abigail, and the lessons drawn from it, be—so far as they accord with the word and will of God—a source of comfort, help and blessing to some tried sister who has a similar cross to carry, and needs power, wisdom and grace to bear it as meekly, nobly and prayerfully, as did the wife of Nabal.

L. S. T.

"MY HALL IS THE HOUSE OF STRANGERS."

It is said that old age deadens the sensations, but some old people seem to possess hearts as young as their daughters or grand-daughters, and exhibit all the warmth and energy of early youth. We now and then behold bright eyes beaming upon us with tenderness and affection, sparkling with love from beneath a brow silvered by the winters of more than threescore years and ten; and if you can get them to talk to you of by-gone days, one can easily imagine, while listening to the lively tale, that we had joined them in their early sports, and had journeyed along by their side to the present day. Some have remarked that as people grow old, even when the intellect continues to be vigorous as ever, the thoughts continually revert to childhood; and that even the accent in speaking, which they had lost, again strikes upon the ear, and they think of occurrences that have lain dormant in the secret chambers of memory

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since the early days of life. Ah, how changed is the world to them since that time; often they ask,

"The friends of my youthful days,
Where are they now—oh where?
Fled as the summer's gladdening rays
When wintry storms appear."

How interesting are the reminiscences we sometimes read and hear from those who were pacing life's wilderness long before we beheld the sun. Listen to the language of one of them:—"Some years ago," she tells us, "I paid a visit to my native place, but all things seemed changed in that dearly-loved home, save the old church and our pew. In that old square pew I sat alone, feeling sad; the green baize linings had grown almost white with age. I looked on the worn hassocks, where my father and mother had knelt with their blooming sons and daughters all around them—all gone now, with their hopes and fears, their ambitions and expectations. I gazed on the painted windows and old monuments, where often as a child I used to fix my eyes while drowsily struggling to give my attention to the sermon. Oh, what had I suffered since I last sat there! My husband and children all gone to the grave of a foreign shore. The old house in its new dress was not half so agreeable to my faithful affection as in days past. The garden, too, they told me was improved—it was certainly altered, and all the new plants and trees very pretty, no doubt, but they said nothing to me.

"I wandered through the churchyard, beneath the old trees, and pored over the tombstones where slept those with whom I had often trod the same ground. I shall never revisit these scenes more. The church has been painted and beautified. Our seat is lined with crimson cloth, and filled with well-stuffed cushions and new, plump hassocks. The few old people who remained when I paid my last visit are dead, and repose in the old churchyard, where the sun ever seemed to shine brighter than in any other place,

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at least to me. Ah, well-a-day, our very dreams become again the dreams of youth!

"Not long ago I awoke in tears and distress, fancying that tall, sharp-nosed governess of my youth was going to punish me for a mistake in my lesson. The room—the fire—the old harpsichord—were as vividly present to my fancy as they could have been in reality so many years ago. I saw my young sisters in their low-cut frocks and diaper pinafores. I saw distinctly their healthy, mottled, bare arms, their stout black leather shoes, their close-cut hair—I saw the music book, and many of our old school books—the pattern of the paper on the wall, and the waving boughs of the trees. I heard footsteps which I recognised to be my mother's, and heard her speaking, though I could not distinguish the words. I was once more a child at home, and when I awoke it was difficult to realise to myself that I was indeed an old woman, with whom life was well-nigh over, and all those loved ones, who had been before me so distinctly, long since dead."

Mothers! what home-scenes will your children have to record when they are grown old, and you are gone to the grave? Shall they be of happiness—of love—of deep-toned piety? Do you believe they will never—no, never forget what you are *now* teaching them? Oh, let us always bear in mind we are working for future generations—yea, for ETERNITY!

HOME DUTIES.—No. II.

"Have mothers more than their share in the duties of domestic life?"

We said last month, that when a man marries he brings himself voluntarily under a new set of obligations; he is no longer alone in the world, and at liberty to go where he pleases; he has linked his fate with another individual, and he is bound to consider how far his movements may

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affect her happiness, and be guided accordingly. He has no right, for instance, to emigrate to a foreign country, and compel her to go with him contrary to her wishes. He has no right even to spend his money in a way which shall be injurious to his wife and family; but this implies no hardship, it is the natural result of his new position, and, rightly viewed, will increase his happiness. Their interests are one, and they cannot be happy separate and apart—they can only be happy together; hence it is evident the effort must be a united one, and if they both pull together it will be pleasant and easy; each must be willing to bear and forbear, and the struggle for the mastery, who is to be head, will come sooner or later. Without any doubt the man must be master in his own house, but, in general, the wife will have her own way by yielding; somebody must yield, and both Scripture and reason point her out as the person.

My excellent mother used to say, "You lords of the creation are very jealous of being the head, and you ought to be so; but the woman is the neck, and the neck turns the head which way it pleases." This is done by yielding; if it was as hard as an iron sinew it would not be able to move at all; therefore we strongly recommend to wives and mothers never violently to oppose their husbands, it revives the contest for power, and can only end in wretchedness whoever is victor, while patient submission will generally prove victorious.

We think we have shown there is a mutual obligation in conjugal life, to try to make each other happy. If the father has his trials, so has the mother—his are out, hers at home. He returns from work jaded and vexed, and looks to his wife to ease and soothe his troubles, but he finds her in the midst of her own, and by no easy mental effort does she lay them aside, so as to meet his lowered brow with a cheerful smile, and his short answers with words of love, and the tones of kindness; this is

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known to few, but it is one of the noblest and greatest efforts of our nature; the wife and mother who can do this, is worth her weight in gold—yea, her price cannot be told.

But all things here are shifting—progress is the order of the day, and our young wife hardly feels herself at ease in her position before she has to prepare for new duties; a little stranger makes his appearance, and draws largely on her time and energies; a mother's heart for the first time beats within her! With what fondness she looks upon that innocent babe; a love is kindled in her heart which is to thrive and grow as long as life endures; she never can cease to love that babe, whether it lives or dies—it is her first-born. Now she needs all her energies, for in attending to one imperative duty she is in danger of neglecting another. Her babe must be attended to—so must her household and her husband; they must all be made to harmonise; neither can be neglected without endangering the peace and happiness of the family. She is now ready to inquire, How can I do everything?—simply by doing one thing at a time. But this is lesson enough; if we are spared we will go a little farther; but in these awful times (written in the worst days of cholera) we know not what a day may bring forth. We have just heard of five dear children of one family committed to one grave; and in the same locality, three mothers in perfect health snatched away in one week; another went to see her mother, was taken ill on the Wednesday, and buried on the Thursday, even before her husband could arrive. Were those mothers prepared to die? I don't know; the important question is, Are you? M. B.

ALL'S WELL.

"Twelve o'clock at night, and all's well."

False prophet! Still and statue-like at yonder window stands the wife. The clock has told the small hours, yet

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her face is pressed closely against the window-pane, striving in vain, with straining eye, to pierce the darkness. She sees nothing, she hears nothing but the beating of her own heart. Now she takes her seat, opens a small Bible, and seeks from it what comfort she may, while tears blister the pages. Then she clasps her hands, and her lips are tremulous with mute supplication. Hist! There is an unsteady step in the hall; she knows it! Many a time and oft has it trod on her very heart-strings. She glides down gently to meet the wanderer. He falls heavily against her; and in maudlin tones pronounces a name he had long since forgotten "to honour." Oh, all-enduring power of woman's love! No reproach, no upbraiding—the slight arm passed round that reeling figure, once erect in "God's own image." With tender words of entreaty, which he is powerless to resist if he would, she leads him in. It is but a repetition of a thousand such vigils! It is the performance of a vow with a heroism and patient endurance too common and heavenly to pass unnoticed by the "registering angel" above!

"ALL'S WELL." False prophet! In yonder luxurious room sits one whose curse it was to be fair as a dream of Eden. Time was when those clear eyes looked lovingly into a mother's face—when a grey-haired father laid his trembling hand with a blessing on that sunny head; when brothers' and sisters' voices blended with her own in heart-music around that happy hearth. Oh! where are they now? Are there none to say to the repenting Magdalen, "Neither do I condemn thee; go, and sin no more?" Must the gilded fetter continue to bind the soul that loathes it, because man is less merciful than God?

"ALL'S WELL." False prophet! There lies the dead orphan in all the length and breadth of the green earth; there was found no sheltering nest where that lonely dove could fold its wings when the parent birds had flown. The brooding wing was gone, that covered it from the cold

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winds of neglect and unkindness. Love was its life, and so it drooped!

"ALL'S WELL." False prophet! Sin walks the earth in purple and fine linen; honest poverty, with tear-bedewed face, hungers and shivers and thirsts, "while the publican stands afar off." The widow pleads in vain to the ermined judge for "justice," and unpunished of heaven the human tiger crouches in his lair, and springs upon his helpless prey!

"ALL'S WELL." Ah! yes, all is well! for "He who seeth the end from the beginning" holds evenly the scales of justice. "Dives" shall yet beg of "Lazarus." Every human tear is counted. They shall yet sparkle as gems in the crown of the patient and enduring disciple! When the clear broad light of eternity shines upon life's crooked paths, we shall see the snares and pitfalls from which our hedge of thorns has fenced us in, and in the maturity of our full-grown faith we shall exultingly say, "Father, not as I will, but as thou wilt."—*Fanny Fern.*

FATHERS AND MOTHERS, ACT IN UNISON.

No. II.

I KNEW a young man well, who is now a pest to the village in which he resides, shunned by all who love virtue and honesty, and the ringleader of the idlers and mischievous. I knew him when but a little boy, petted and indulged by his mother; by her never contradicted, or, at least, not with sufficient firmness to be minded. His father would have curbed him, but his occupation took him from home for some hours in the day; he did what he could to restrain him when at home, but was always thwarted by the mother. He grew older and older, also more and more self-willed. His father sometimes resorted to punishment,

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and in one or two cases sent him supperless to bed, for misconduct. After the family evening-meal was over, the father was again absent for a short time; the mother would then bring that boy down to the fire, give him a good supper of the best she had in the house, let him stay till his father was expected in again, and then he would go back up stairs, knowing his father had this deception practised upon him. The result was what might be anticipated; the lad disregarded his mother altogether, only making a laugh of her commands, and unheeding her remonstrances; she did not secure his love and esteem, far from it, he only treated her with contempt.

Let parents act in concert with each other, and never let the child see that one thinks the other acts improperly. What one parent commands, the other ought to assist in having carried out; but never let one counteract an influence that the other sees necessary. How much evil might be prevented, if parents went hand-in-hand in the management of their children, and both governed with firmness, kindness, and decision, assisting each other to carry out their plans for their children's benefit! Each parent should endeavour, by all their words and actions, to leave an impression in the minds of their children of affection for the other parent, and a desire to please and obey them; and nothing is so calculated to effect this as, whatever the one enjoins, for the other to make it a matter of importance to be done, because father or mother said so.

R. T. P.

"CHRISTMAS IS COMING!"

"Edith! Edith! oh, are you not glad Christmas is coming? Oh! won't it be nice? I could jump, dance, run, scream, when I think of it. Why, cousin, how still you sit! Don't you remember how nice it was last year?

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what a beautiful Christmas-box I had, and what a charming New-year's-gift you had?" "Yes, Hetty, dear, I remember quite well—so well that I shall never—no, never forget." "Why, dear me, Edith, I am ready to give you not a Christmas-box, but a *hard* box, for being so tame about it, and talking so coldly. Let me see, how many sat round the table? Pa and Ma, Edward, John, Henry, Lucy, you, and——oh! dear, I see you are thinking all the time about poor aunty. She was there, too. Don't cry, dear Edith! I forgot all your sorrow; poor aunty, we all loved her. Why, Edith, look! look! there is Dr. Blake coming up the garden. Why, mamma must be *very* ill, or papa would not send for him." "Yes, dear Hetty, I fear she *is* very ill," replied the gentle Edith. "The nurse told me that dear aunt had scarlet fever." "Scarlet fever, Edith! Oh! how you frighten me! I hope I am not going to be motherless, like you. Oh! dear, I fear all my joy will be turned into sorrow; it will be a sad Christmas, if dear mamma is ill." "*We* may be ill, too, dear Hetty. My dear mamma used to say, after papa died so suddenly, we never know what a day of sorrow to-morrow may be." "Oh! Edith, you make me tremble; I will go up softly and ask nurse all about it." "No, dear, don't, please; we are told to go up the other way to our own rooms. I think uncle is afraid we may get the fever."

One week after this conversation, poor Hetty was in her coffin. The fever came and blighted the beautiful, blooming flower, and the reaper cut it down. The last words she said were—"Oh! where am I going?" "Christmas is coming," but Hetty's seat will be empty as well as her aunt's. What if you should be called away before Christmas comes? Will you have to ask—"Oh! where am I going?"

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